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MOSES

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

It was a long climb. The scent was cold, too; so faint that when he found it behind the barn he could hardly trust himself. He had just come back from Filmer's with a piece of meat, and he had sat down behind the barn and cracked it down; and a minute later he found that scent reaching off, faint as it was, right from the end of his nose as he lay.

He had had the devil of a time working it out at first, but up here it was simple enough except for the faintness of it. There did n't appear to be any way to stray off this path; there was n't any brush, there was n't any water. Only he had to make sure of it, when even for him it nearly faded out, with so many other stronger tracks overlaying it. His tail drooped, and he stumbled a couple of times, driving his nose into the dust. He looked gaunt when he reached the spot where the man had lain down to sleep.

The scent lay heavier there. He shuffled round over it, sifting the dust with an audible clapping of his nostrils to work out the pattern the man had made. It was hard to do, for the dust did n't take scent decently. It was n't like any

dust he had ever come across, either, being glittery, like mica, and slivery in his nose. But he could tell after a minute how the man had lain, on his back, with his hands under his head, and probably his hat over his eyes to shield them from the glare which was pretty dazzling bright up this high, with no trees handy.

His tail began to cut air. He felt better, and all of a sudden he lifted up his freckled nose and let out a couple of short yowps and then a good chest-swelled belling. Then he struck out up the steep going once more. His front legs may have elbowed a little, but his hind legs were full of spring, and his tail kept swinging.

That was how the old man by the town entrance saw him, way down below.

The old man had his chair in the shadow of the wall with a black and yellow parasol tied to the back of it as an extra insurance against the sun. He was reading the Arrivals in the newspaper, the only column that ever interested him; but he looked up sharply when he heard the two yowps and the deep chest notes that, from where he

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sat, had a mysterious floating quality. It was a little disturbing; but when he saw a dog was the cause he reached out with his foot and shoved the gate hard, so that it swung shut and latched with a sound like a gong. Only one dog had ever come here, and that sound had been enough to discourage him; he had hung round for a while, though, just on the edge, and made the old man nervous. He said to himself that he was n't going to watch this one, anyway, and folded the paper in halves the way the subway commuter had showed him and went on with the Arrivals.

After a while, though, he heard the dog's panting coming close and the muffled padding of his feet on the marble gate stone. He shook the paper a little, licked his thumb, and turned over half a sheet and read on through the Arrivals into the report of the Committee on Admissions. But then, because he was a curious old man, and kind-hearted, noticing that the panting had stopped, — and because he had never been quite up to keeping his resolves, except once, — he looked out of the gate again.

The dog was sitting on the edge of the gate stone, upright, with his front feet close under him. He was a rusty-muzzled, blue-tick foxhound, with brown ears, and eyes outlined in black like an Egyptian's. He had his nose inside the bars and was working it at the old man.

'Go away,' said the old man. 'Go home.'

At the sound of his voice the hound wrinkled his nose soberly and his tail whipped a couple of times on the gate stone, raising a little star dust.

'Go home,' repeated the old man, remembering the dog that had hung around before.

He rattled the paper at him, but it did n't do any good. The dog just looked solemnly pleased at the attention, and a little hopeful, and allowed himself to pant a bit.

'This one's going to be worse than the other,' the old man thought, groan-

ing to himself as he got up. He did n't know much about dogs anyway. Back in Galilee there had n't been dogs that looked like this one — just pariahs and shepherds and the occasional Persian greyhound of a rich man's son.

He slapped his paper along the bars; it made the dog suck in his tongue and move back obligingly. Peter unhooked his shepherd's staff from the middle crossbar, to use in case the dog tried to slip in past him, and let himself out. He could tell by the feeling of his bare ankles that there was a wind making up in the outer heavens and he wanted to get rid of the poor creature before it began really blowing round the walls. The dog backed off from him and sat down almost on the edge, still friendly, but wary of the shepherd's staff.

'Why can't the poor dumb animal read?' thought Peter, turning to look at the sign he had hung on the gatepost.

The sign read: —

TAKE NOTICE

NO
DOGS
SORCERERS
WHOREMONGERS
MURDERERS
IDOLATERS
LIARS
WILL BE
ADMITTED

When he put it up, he had thought it might save him a lot of trouble; but it certainly was n't going to help in the case of this dog. He expected he would have to ask the Committee on Admissions to take the matter up; and he started to feel annoyed with them for not having got this animal on the list themselves. It was going to mean a lot of correspondence and probably the Committee would send a memorandum to the Central Office suggesting his retirement again, and Peter liked his place at the gate. It was quiet there, and it was pleasant for an old man to look

through the bars and down the path, to reassure the frightened people, and, when there was nothing else to do, to hear the winds of outer heaven blowing by.

'Go away. Go home. Depart,' he said, waving his staff; but the dog only backed down on to the path and lay on his wishbone with his nose between his paws.

II

Peter went inside and sat down and tried to figure the business out. There were two things he could do. He could notify the Committee of the dog's arrival, or he could give the information to the editor. The Committee would sit up and take notice for once if they found the editor had got ahead of them. It would please the editor, for there were few scoops in Heaven. And then, as luck would have it, the editor himself came down to the gate.

The editor was n't Horace Greeley or anybody like that, with a reputation in the newspaper world. He had been editor of a little country weekly that nobody in New York, or London, or Paris had ever heard of. But he was good and bursting with ideas all the time. He was now.

'Say, Saint Peter,' he said, 'I've just had a swell idea about the Arrivals column. Instead of printing all the "arrivals" on one side and then the "expected guests" on the other, why not just have one column and put the names of the successful candidates in upper-case type? See?' He shoved a wet impression under Peter's nose and rubbed the back of his head nervously with his inkstained hand. 'Simple, neat, dignified.'

Peter looked at the galley and saw how simple it would be for him, too. He would n't have to read the names in lower case at all. It would make him feel a lot better not to know. Just check the upper-case names as they came to the gate.

He looked up at the flushed face of

the editor and his white beard parted over his smile. He liked young, enthusiastic men, remembering how hard, once, they had been to find.

'It looks fine to me, Don,' he said. 'But the Committee won't like losing all that space in the paper, will they?'

'Probably not,' the editor said ruefully. 'But I thought you could pull a few wires with the Central Office for me.'

Peter sighed.

'I'll try,' he said. 'But people don't pay attention to an old man, much, Don. Especially one who's been in service.'

The editor flushed and muttered something about bums.

Peter said gently, 'It does n't bother me, Don. I'm not ashamed of the service I was in.' He looked down to his sandals. He wondered whether there was any of the dust of that Roman road left on them after so long a time. Every man has his one great moment. He'd had two. He was glad he had n't let the second one go. 'I'll see what I can do, Don.'

It was a still corner, by the gate; and, with both of them silently staring off up the avenue under the green trees to where the butterflies were fluttering in the shrubbery of the public gardens, the dog decided to take a chance and sneak up again.

He moved one foot at a time, the way he had learned to do behind the counter in the Hawkinsville store, when he went prospecting towards the candy counter. These men did n't hear him any more than the checker players in the store did, and he had time to sniff over the gatepost thoroughly. It puzzled him; and as the men did n't take any notice, he gumshoed over to the other post and went over that, too.

It was queer. He could n't smell dog on either of them and they were the best-looking posts he had ever come across. It worried him some. His tail drooped and he came back to the gate stone and the very faint scent on it,

leading beyond the gate, that he had been following so long. He sat down again and put his nose through the bars, and after a minute he whined.

It was a small sound, but Peter heard it.

'That dog,' he said.

The editor whirled round, saying, 'What dog?' and saw him.

'I was going to let you know about him, only I forgot,' said Peter. 'He came up a while ago, and I can't get rid of him. I don't know how he got here. The Committee did n't give me any warning and there's nothing about him in the paper.'

'He was n't on the bulletin,' said the editor. 'Must have been a slip-up somewhere.'

'I don't think so,' said Peter. 'Dogs don't often come here. Only one other since I've been here, as a matter of fact. What kind of a dog is he anyway? I never saw anything like him.' He sounded troubled and put out, and the editor grinned, knowing he did n't mean it.

'I never was much of a dog man,' he said. 'But that's a likely-looking foxhound. He must have followed somebody's scent up here. Hi, boy!' he said. 'What's your name? Bob? Spot? Duke?'

The hound lowered his head a little, wrinkled his nose, and wagged his tail across the stone.

'Say,' said the editor. 'Why don't I put an ad in the Lost and Found? I've never had anything to put there before. But you better bring him in and keep him here till the owner claims him.'

'I can't do that,' said Peter. 'It's against the Law.'

'No dogs. Say, I always thought it was funny there were no dogs here. What happens to them?'

'They get removed,' said Peter. 'They just go.'

'That don't seem right,' the young editor said. He ruffled his back hair with his hand. 'Say, Saint,' he asked, 'who made this law anyway?'

'It's in Revelations. John was n't a dog man, as you call it. Back in Galilee we did n't think much of dogs, you see. They were mostly pariahs.'

'I see,' said the editor. His blue eyes sparkled. 'But say! Why can't I put it in the news? And write an editorial? By golly, I have n't had anything to raise a cause on since I got here.'

Peter shook his head dubiously.

'It's risky,' he said.

'It's a free country,' exclaimed the editor. 'At least nobody's told me different. Now probably there's nothing would mean so much to the owner of that dog as finding him up here. You get a genuine dog man and this business of passing the love of women is just hooley to him.'

'Hooley?' Peter asked quietly.

'It just means he likes dogs better than anything. And this is a good dog, I tell you. He's cold-tracked this fellow, whoever he is, Lord knows how. Besides, he's only one dog, and look at the way the rabbits have been getting into the manna in the public garden. I'm not a dog man, as I said before, but believe me, Saint, it's a pretty thing on a frosty morning to hear a good hound high-tailing a fox across the hills.'

'We don't have frost here, Don.'

'Well,' said the editor, 'frost or no frost, I'm going to do it. I'll have to work quick to get it in before the forms close. See you later.'

'Wait,' said Peter. 'What's the weather report say?'

The editor gave a short laugh.

'What do you think? Fair, moderate winds, little change in temperature. Those twerps up in the bureau don't even bother to read the barometer any more. They just play pinochle all day, and the boy runs that report off on the mimeograph machine.'

'I think there's a wind making up in the outer heavens,' Peter said. 'When we get a real one, it just about blows the gate stone away. That poor animal would n't last a minute.'

The editor whistled. 'We'll have to work fast.' Then, suddenly his eyes blazed. 'All my life I wanted to get out an extra. I never had a chance, running a weekly. Now, by holy, I will.'

He went off up the avenue on the dead run. Even Peter, watching him go, felt excited.

'Nice dog,' he said to the hound; and the hound, at the deep gentle voice, gulped in his tongue and twitched his haunches. The whipping of his tail on the gate stone made a companionable sound for the old man. His beard folded on his chest and he nodded a little.

III

He was dozing quietly when the hound barked.

It was a deep, vibrant note that anyone who knew dogs would have expected the minute he saw the spring of those ribs; it was mellow, like honey in the throat. Peter woke up tingling with the sound of it and turned to see the hound swaying the whole hind half of himself with his tail.

Then a high loud voice shouted, 'Mose, by Jeepers! What the hell you doing here, you poor dumb fool?'

Peter turned to see a stocky, short-legged man who stuck out more than was ordinary, both in front and behind. He had on a gray flannel shirt, and blue denim pants, and a pair of lumberman's rubber packs on his feet, with the tops laced only to the ankle. There was a hole in the front of his felt hat where the block had worn through. He was n't, on the whole, what you might expect to see walking on that Avenue. But Peter had seen queer people come to Heaven and he said mildly, 'Do you know this dog?'

'Sure,' said the stout man. 'I hunted with him round Hawkinsville for the last seven years. It's old Mose. Real smart dog. He'd hunt for anybody.'

'Mose?' said Peter. 'For Moses, I suppose.'

'Maybe. He could track anything through hell and high water.'

'Moses went through some pretty high water,' said Peter. 'What's your name?'

'Freem Brock. What's yours?'

Peter did not trouble to answer, for he was looking at the hound; and he was thinking he had seen some people come to Heaven's gate and look pleased, and some come and look shy, and some frightened, and some a little shame-faced, and some satisfied, and some sad (maybe with memories they could n't leave on earth), and some jubilant, and a whole quartette still singing 'Adeline' just the way they were when the hotel fell on their necks in the earthquake. But in all his career at the gate he had never seen anyone express such pure, unstified joy as this rawboned hound.

'Was he your dog?' he asked Freeman Brock.

'Naw,' said Freem. 'He belonged to Pat Haskell.' He leaned his shoulder against the gatepost and crossed one foot over the other. 'Stop that yawping,' he said to Mose, and Mose lay down, wagging. 'Maybe you ain't never been in Hawkinsville,' he said to Peter. 'It's a real pretty village right over the Black River. Pat kept store there and he let anybody take Mose that wanted to. Pretty often I did. He liked coming with me because I let him run foxes. I'm kind of a fox hunter,' he said, blowing out his breath. 'Oh, I like rabbit hunting all right, but there's no money in it. . . . Say,' he broke off, 'you did n't tell me what your name was.'

'Peter,' said the old man.

'Well, Pete, two years ago was Mose's best season. Seventy-seven fox was shot ahead of him. I shot thirty-seven of them myself. Five crosses and two blacks in the lot. Yes sir. I heard those black foxes had got away from the fur farm and I took Mose right over there. I made three hundred and fifty dollars out of them hides.'

'He was a good dog, then?' asked Peter.

'Best foxhound in seven counties,' said Freem Brock. He kicked the gate with his heel in front of Mose's nose and Mose let his ears droop. 'He was a fool to hunt. I don't see no fox signs up here. Plenty rabbits in the Park. But there ain't nobody with a gun. I wish I'd brought my old Ithaca along.'

'You can't kill things here,' said Peter.

'That's funny. Why not?'

'They're already dead.'

'Well, I know that. But it beats me how I got here. I never did nothing to get sent to this sort of place. Hell, I killed them farm foxes and I poached up the railroad in the *pre-serve*. But I never done anything bad.'

'No,' said St. Peter. 'We know that.'

'I got drunk, maybe. But there's other people done the same before me.'

'Yes, Freem.'

'Well, what the devil did I get sent here for, Pete?'

'Do you remember when the little girl was sick and the town doctor would n't come out at night on a town case, and you went over to town and made him come?'

'Said I'd knock his teeth out,' said Freem, brightening.

'Yes. He came. And the girl was taken care of,' said Peter.

'Aw,' Freem said, 'I did n't know what I was doing. I was just mad. Well, maybe I'd had a drink, but it was a cold night, see? I did n't knock his teeth out. He left them in the glass.' He looked at the old man. 'Jeepers,' he said. 'And they sent me here for that?'

Peter looked puzzled.

'Was n't it a good reason?' he asked. 'It's not such a bad place.'

'Not so bad as I thought it was going to be. But people don't want to talk to me. I tried to talk to an old timber-beast named Boone down the road. But he asked me if I ever shot an Indian, and when I said no he went along. You're the only feller I've seen that was

willing to talk to me,' he said, turning to the old man. 'I don't seem to miss likker up here, but there's nowhere I can get to buy some tobacco.'

Peter said, 'You don't have to buy things in Heaven.'

'Heaven?' said Freeman Brock. 'Say, is that what this is?' He looked frightened all at once. 'That's what the matter is. I don't belong here. I ain't the kind to come here. There must have been a mistake somewhere.' He took hold of Peter's arm. 'Listen,' he said urgently. 'Do you know how to work that gate?'

'I do,' said Peter. 'But I can't let you out.'

'I got to get out.'

Peter's voice grew gentler.

'You'll like it here after a while, Freem.'

'You let me out.'

'You could n't go anywhere outside,' Peter said.

Freem looked through the bars at the outer heavens and watched a couple of stars like water lilies floating by below. He said slowly, 'We'd go some place.'

Peter said, 'You mean you'd go out there with that dog?'

Freem flushed.

'I and Mose have had some good times,' he said.

At the sound of his name, Mose's nose lifted.

Peter looked down at the ground. With the end of his shepherd's staff he thoughtfully made a cross and then another overlapping it and put an X in the upper left-hand corner. Freem looked down to see what he was doing.

'You could n't let Mose in, could you, Pete?'

Peter sighed and rubbed out the pattern with his sandal.

'I'm sorry,' he said. 'The Committee don't allow dogs.'

'What'll happen to the poor brute, Pete?'

Peter shook his head.

'If you ask me,' Freem said loudly, 'I think this is a hell of a place.'

'What's that you said?'

Peter glanced up.

'Hello, Don,' he said. 'Meet Freem Brock. This is the editor of the paper,' he said to Freem. 'His name's Don.'

'Hello,' said Freem.

'What was that you said about Heaven being a hell of a place?' asked the editor.

Freem drew a long breath. He took a look at old Mose lying outside the gate with his big nose resting squashed up and sideways against the bottom crossbar; he looked at the outer heavens, and he looked at the editor.

'Listen,' he said. 'That hound followed me up here. Pete says he can't let him in. He says I can't go out to where Mose is. I only been in jail twice,' he said, 'but I liked it better than this.'

The editor said, 'You'd go out there?'

'Give me the chance.'

'What a story!' said the editor. 'I've got my extra on the Avenue now. The cherubs will be coming this way soon. It's all about the hound, but this stuff is the genuine goods. Guest prefers to leave Heaven. Affection for old hunting dog prime factor in his decision. It's human interest. I tell you it'll shake the Committee. By holy, I'll have an editorial in my next edition calling for a celestial referendum.'

'Wait,' said Peter. 'What's the weather report?'

'What do you think? Fair, moderate winds, little change in temperature. But the Central Office is making up a hurricane for the South Pacific and it's due to go by pretty soon. We got to hurry, Saint.'

He pounded away up the Avenue, leaving a little trail of star dust in his wake.

Freem Brock turned on Saint Peter.

'He called you something,' he said.

Peter nodded.

'Saint.'

'I remember about you now. Say, you're a big shot here. Why can't you let Mose in?'

Peter shook his head.

'I'm no big shot, Freem. If I was, maybe —'

His voice was drowned out by a shrieking up the Avenue.

'Extry! Extry! Special Edition. Read all about it. Dog outside Heaven's Gate. Dog outside . . .'

A couple of cherubs were coming down the thoroughfare, using their wings to make time. When he saw them, Freem Brock started. His shoulders began to itch self-consciously and he put a hand inside his shirt.

'My gracious,' he said.

Peter, watching him, nodded.

'Everybody gets them. You'll get used to them after a while. They're handy, too, on a hot day.'

'For the love of Pete,' said Freem.

'Read all about it! Dog outside Heaven's Gate. Lost Dog waiting outside . . .'

'He ain't lost!' cried Freem. 'He never got lost in his life.'

'"Committee at fault,"' read Peter. 'Thomas Aquinas is n't going to like that,' he said.

'It don't prove nothing,' said Freem.

'Mister, please,' said a feminine voice. 'The editor sent me down. Would you answer some questions?'

'Naw,' said Freem, turning to look at a young woman with red hair and a gold pencil in her hand. 'Well, what do you want to know, lady?'

The young woman had melting brown eyes. She looked at the hound. 'Is n't he cute?' she asked. 'What's his name?'

'Mose,' said Freem. 'He's a cute hound all right.'

'Best in seven counties,' said Peter.

'May I quote you on that, Saint?'

'Yes,' said Peter. 'You can say I think the dog ought to be let in.' His face was pink over his white beard. 'You can say a hurricane is going to pass, and that before I see that animal blown

off by it I'll go out there myself — I and my friend Freem. Some say I'm a has-been, but I've got some standing with the public yet.'

The girl with red hair was writing furiously with a little gold glitter of her pencil. 'Oh,' she said.

'Say I'm going out too,' said Freem. 'I and Pete.'

'Oh,' she said. 'What's your name?'

'Freeman Brock, Route 5, Boonville, New York, U. S. A.'

'Thanks,' she said breathlessly.

'How much longer before we got that hurricane coming?' asked Freem.

'I don't know,' said the old man, anxiously. 'I hope Don can work fast.'

'Extry! Owner found. Saint Peter goes outside with hound, Moses. Committee bluff called. Read all about it.'

'How does Don manage it so fast?' said Peter. 'It's like a miracle.'

'It's science,' said Freem. 'Hey!' he yelled at a cherub.

They took the wet sheet, unheeding of the gold ink that stuck to their fingers.

'They've got your picture here, Pete.'

'Have they?' Peter asked. He sounded pleased. 'Let's see.'

It showed Peter standing at the gate.

'It ain't bad,' said Freem. He was impressed. 'You really mean it?' he asked. Peter nodded.

'By cripus,' Freem said slowly, 'you're a pal.'

Saint Peter was silent for a moment. In all the time he had minded Heaven's Gate, no man had ever called him a pal before.

IV

Outside the gate, old Mose got up on his haunches. He was a weather-wise dog, and now he turned his nose outwards. The first puff of wind came like a slap in the face, pulling his ears back, and then it passed. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Freem and the old man staring at each other. Neither of them had noticed him at all. He pressed

himself against the bars and lifted his nose and howled.

At his howl both men turned.

There was a clear gray point way off along the reach of the wall, and the whine in the sky took up where Mose's howl had ended.

Peter drew in his breath.

'Come on, Freem,' he said, and opened the gate.

Freeman Brock hesitated. He was scared now. He could see that a real wind was coming, and the landing outside looked almighty small to him. But he was still mad, and he could n't let an old man like Peter call his bluff.

'All right,' he said. 'Here goes.'

He stepped out, and Mose jumped up on him, and licked his face.

'Get down, darn you,' he said. 'I never could break him of that trick,' he explained shamefacedly to Peter. Peter smiled, closing the gate behind him with a firm hand. Its gong-like note echoed through Heaven just as the third edition burst upon the Avenue.

Freeman Brock was frightened. He glanced back through the bars, and Heaven looked good to him. Up the Avenue a crowd was gathering. A couple of lanky, brown-faced men were in front. They started towards the gate.

Then the wind took hold of him and he grasped the bars and looked outward. He could see the hurricane coming like an express train running through infinity. It had a noise like an express train. He understood suddenly just how the victim of a crossing accident must feel.

He glanced at Peter.

The old Saint was standing composedly, leaning on his staff with one hand, while with the other he drew Mose close between his legs. His white robe fluttered tight against his shanks and his beard bent sidewise like the hound's ears. He had faced lack of faith, in others; what was worse, he had faced it in himself; and a hurricane, after all, was not so much. He turned to

smile at Freem. 'Don't be afraid,' he said.

'O.K.,' said Freem, but he could n't let go the gate.

Old Mose, shivering almost hard enough to rattle, reached up and licked Peter's hand.

One of the brown-faced men said, 'That's a likely-looking hound. He the one I read about in the paper?'

'Yep,' said Freem. He had to holler now.

Daniel Boone said, 'Let us timber-beasts come out with you, Saint, will you?'

Peter smiled. He opened the gate with a wave of his hand, and ten or a dozen timber-beasts — Carson, Bridger, Nat Foster — all crowded through, and started shaking hands with him and Freeman Brock. With them was a thin, mild-eyed man.

'My name's Francis,' he said to Freem when his turn came. 'From Assisi.'

'He's all right,' Daniel Boone explained. 'He was n't much of a shot, but he knows critters. We better get holt of each other, boys.'

It seemed queer to Freem. Here he was going to get blown to eternity and he did n't even know where it was, but all of a sudden he felt better than he ever had in his life. Then he felt a squirming round his legs and there was Mose, sitting on his feet, the way he would on his snowshoes in cold weather when they stopped for a sandwich on earth. He reached down and took hold of Mose's ears.

'Let her blow to blazes,' he thought. She blew.

The hurricane was on them. The nose of it went by, sweeping the wall silver. There was no more time for talk. No voices could live outside Heaven's gate. If a man had said a word, the next man to hear it would have been some poor heathen aborigine on an island in the Pacific Ocean, and he would n't have known what it meant.

The men on the gate stone were

crammed against the bars. The wind dragged them bodily to the left, and for a minute it looked as if Jim Bridger were going, but they caught him back. There were a lot of the stoutest hands that ever swung an axe in that bunch holding on to Heaven's gate, and they were n't letting go for any hurricane — not yet.

But Freem Brock could see it could n't last that way. He did n't care, though. He was in good company, and that was what counted the most. He was n't a praying man, but he felt his heart swell with gratitude, and he took hold hard of the collar of Mose and felt the license riveted on. A queer thing to think of, a New York State dog license up there. He managed to look down at it, and he saw that it had turned to gold, with the collar gold under it. The wind tore at him as he saw it. The heart of the hurricane was on him now like a million devils' fingers.

'Well, Mose,' he thought.

And then in the blur of his thoughts a dazzling bright light came down and he felt the gate at his back opening and he and Peter and Francis and Daniel and the boys were all drawn back into the peace of Heaven, and a quiet voice belonging to a quiet man said, 'Let the dog come in.'

'Jesus,' said Freem Brock, fighting for breath, and the quiet man smiled, shook hands with him, and then went over and placed his arm around Peter's shoulders.

V

They were sitting together, Freem and Peter, by the gate, reading the paper in the morning warmth, and Peter was having an easy time with the editor's new type arrangement. 'Gridley,' he was reading the upper-case names, 'Griscome, Godolphin, Habblestick, Hafey, Hanlon, Hartwell, Haskell . . .'

'Haskell,' said Freem. 'Not Pat?'

'Yes,' said Peter. 'Late of Hawkinsville.'

'Not in big type?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I'll be . . . Well, that twerp. Think of that. Old Pat.'

Peter smiled.

'By holy,' said Freem. 'Ain't he going to be amazed when he finds Mose up here?'

'How's Mose doing?'

'He's all right now,' said Freem. 'He's been chasing the rabbits. I guess he's up there now. The dew's good.'

'He did n't look so well, I thought,' Peter said.

'Well, that was at first,' said Freem. 'You see, the rabbits just kept going up in the trees and he could n't get a real run on any of them. There, he's got one started now.'

Peter glanced up from the paper.

Old Mose was doing a slow bark, kind of low, working out the scent from the start. He picked up pace for a while, and then he seemed to strike a regular knot. His barks were deep and patient.

And then, all of a sudden, his voice broke out — that deep, ringing, honey-throated baying that Freem used to listen to in the late afternoon on the sand hills over the Black River. It went away through the public gardens

and out beyond the city, the notes running together and fading and swelling and fading out.

'He's pushing him pretty fast,' said Freem. 'He's going to get pretty good on these rabbits.'

The baying swelled again; it came back, ringing like bells. People in the gardens stopped to look up and smile. The sound of it gave Peter a warm tingling feeling.

Freem yawned.

'Might as well wait here till Pat Haskell comes in,' he said.

It was pleasant by the gate, under the black and yellow parasol. It made a shade like a flower on the hot star dust. They did n't have to talk, beyond just, now and then, dropping a word between them as they sat.

After a while they heard a dog panting and saw old Mose tracking down the street. He came over to their corner and lay down at their feet, lolling a long tongue. He looked good, a little fat, but lazy and contented. After a minute, though, he got up to shift himself around, and paused as he sat down, and raised a hind leg, and scratched himself behind his wings.

PARIS

BY LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

I

To write about Oxford — that was my ambition! But first of all I must learn to write.

Oxford had been celebrated by Matthew Arnold in 'Thyrsis' and 'The Scholar Gypsy'; Bablock Hythe, the river above Godstow, Cumnor and Fifield and the road to Hinksey, the edge of Bagley Wood — all had won their place, and I believe their permanent place, in poetry. But what had been written of Oxford in prose that one cared to remember?

There was Lamb's essay on Oxford in the Vacation; there was Matthew Arnold's famous passage about the home of 'lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties,' and his description of the sight of Newman gliding into the pulpit of St. Mary's, and then breaking the silence in 'the most entrancing of voices.' Then there was Newman's own mention of the snapdragon growing on the walls of Trinity College, and of the spires of Oxford, seen after many years as he traveled in the train to Birmingham. These passages lingered in my imagination, but they were brief and casual; why should n't I try to repay my debt to Oxford by attempting to write a longer book about it? Would n't it be pleasant even to fail in such an attempt?

But the art of writing such a book as it should be written was not to be learned at Oxford. The *Cursus honorum* that led upwards from one academic and worldly success to another was not the way that led to any achievement of this kind.

The example of my prophet, however, seemed to justify the hope that somewhere, somehow, I might possibly create for myself the talent necessary for my purpose. For Pater's accomplishment was in no way due to what we call genius, but to perfected talent — was indeed a classical example of such a talent, created by almost infinite artifice and pains. It was talent, moreover, for writing prose; and with my delight in the beauty of English prose, — the 'fine writing,' as it is derisively called, of our older authors, — I welcomed his declaration that to limit prose to mere lucidity was no more than a narrow and puritanical restriction. It was and could be, he said, an instrument of many stops, musical, picturesque, intimate, and fervid; and, thus conceived, it was the appropriate and most promising medium for the rendering of modern life.

All this was to me the most precious gospel, and when I heard that, in a group of young men who were discussing poetry, Pater had said his ambition was to shine as a writer of good prose, I rejoiced the more, since I believed that this suggestion had come from the lips of the commander of that castle of the Philistines in which I then happened to be dwelling.

Pater, deep-buried among the aborigines of Brasenose, could pursue in that uncomprehending solitude whatever moral or æsthetic purpose pleased his fancy — no one there would have the slightest inkling of his purpose. But in Balliol

they were cleverer than that; they knew that I had openly professed my ambition to be a writer, that I had mocked at the examination system, declaring that none of the Oxford authors who had become famous, not Matthew Arnold or Newman or Walter Pater or Robert Bridges, had achieved anything but second or third class in its Schools, but only Frederic Harrison and Oscar Wilde. They knew, moreover, that I had persuaded more than one of my contemporaries to decline the membership of clubs, advantageous from a worldly point of view, to which they had been elected. Jowett was dead; rebels and mockers had no longer a patron in the college, and it was felt, and rightfully felt, that it would be well for me to betake myself elsewhere with my volumes of Pater, my French novels, and above all, perhaps, with the oil painting by Blake which I had acquired and which was regarded by the dons of Balliol with considerable suspicion.

Whither should I go? There was, of course, but one answer. In all the inhabited world there exists, and has existed, only one centre of disinterested artistic interest. Paris welcomes would-be artists with its urbane, heartless grace; it provides them with every facility for learning the art they will never learn to practise; it appropriates with a charming smile the savings they have brought with them, and with the same smile it watches them fade away or perish, knowing that new generations will soon appear to occupy their little hotels and lodgings. All are doomed, as Paris knows, to inevitable failure, but it goes on with its own business, remunerated and undisturbed.

Every year they arrive out of the darkness like flights of birds; they rejoice for brief or longer periods in the Paris sunshine, and then they disappear, and what becomes of them no one knows or cares. Do they return to their original homes, to teach art in provincial art schools and to paint the portraits of

local magnates, or do they simply moulder away and die? Nobody, as I say, knows or cares.

II

The immense forgathering, as if drawn by some irresistible magnet, of all æsthetic Americans in Paris was remarkable as a mass phenomenon, but the individuals who composed that mass, though I lived among them for a while, I did not find interesting. They had come to Paris from almost every region of my native country, at who knows what sacrifice to themselves and to their parents, to study art; but in art itself they seemed to take hardly any interest — they almost never visited the Louvre, nor did they discuss any of the great masterpieces of European painting. Their talk was all of their own or each other's pictures and of the little twopenny shows where they were to be seen on exhibition. These pictures, painted with elaborate pains, were all alike, all imitative of each other; the narrow space of their little shows was filled with a vast, an almost intolerable monotony.

Most interesting among these American art students I found the indomitable old ladies who, released by the happy demise of their husbands and the maturity of their children, had escaped at last, at the age of seventy, perhaps, or even eighty, to realize their dreams of studying art in Paris. But these old ladies, whom one would see seated in their prim bonnets in the art schools, industriously making drawings of huge and naked males, all painted the same picture as their young contemporaries — it was not possible to distinguish among them.

And yet no generalization is ever absolutely true. From among the thousands of indistinguishable art students of our race had emerged the American Whistler, the Englishmen Sickert and Charles Conder. Of these Whistler and Conder were then living in Paris.

On leaving Oxford, I had rented for

twenty pounds a year a charming apartment — three rooms looking on a great cherry tree in a little garden — in the curious, shabby, provincial, yet cosmopolitan, Montparnasse quarter of Paris, with its little shops, its vast mysterious convents, its broad boulevards close by. It so happened that Whistler had his studio almost round the corner, and I often saw him either at this studio or at the charming pavilion where he lived with his English wife in the garden of an aristocratic hotel not far off.

Whistler was then engaged in what was for him the almost interminable process of painting a portrait — the subject was the Comte de Montesquieu. This nobleman (whom Proust afterwards made famous), depicted in an aristocratic pose, standing with a fur coat on his arm, could not be expected to give the almost innumerable sessions which Whistler demanded of his subjects; but I could be easily called in to act as his substitute in certain aspects of his appearance. I was, like him, tall and slim, and could competently stand there with what was the principal feature of the picture, the fur coat flung across the arm. I was pleased to oblige the great painter, I was delighted to enjoy his company and watch him paint; but the task was one of the most arduous I have ever undertaken.

Whistler had not the slightest pity for his subjects; art was to him something sacred, and the sufferings of those in its service were a matter of complete indifference to him. If, when he had finished his portraits of his sitters, they should all perish, what could that have mattered to the world? From the point of view of eternity, there is much to be said for this attitude of the artist. Of what interest or importance to us now are all their models? They are now all dust, and, as Donne would have pointed out, dust that is no longer even capable of emitting an evil odor. Why should we bother ourselves about them?

But to die in the effort to make im-

mortal the fur coat of a stranger seemed to me a somewhat excessive sacrifice, and when I had stood until I felt I should die if I stood there longer, and would beg for a little rest or some change of position, 'In a moment, in just a moment,' Whistler would cheerfully answer, and then would go on painting.

His method, as I observed it, was first of all to arrange his subject with incredible pains and care, so that every detail was to his liking, and to paint it with infinite touches and retouches; and then, when it seemed finished and perfect in execution, to stand back, gaze at it, and cry 'Ha!' and rush at it in a kind of fury and paint the whole thing out. It was like an actor rehearsing a part over and over again till he gets it perfect; its final performance, which may take a minute, has been preceded by many hours of rehearsal. This was the case, I think, even with Whistler's life-size portraits — the actual painting of each, as we now see it, was performed in the briefest of periods, but these had been preceded by an almost infinite number of rehearsals.

Such at least were my reflections as I stood till I almost dropped, bearing on my arm the Count's fur coat, which would be painted again and again with exquisite care in every detail, then again and again be painted out. But all things have an end, and at last respite would come. Whistler would abandon his brushes, and we would sit down to an entertainment which consisted not only in a delicious luncheon, but in talk as amusing as any I have ever heard. Whistler was not only incomparable as a wit (his *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* is proof enough of that), but he had accumulated (and I think repolished by frequent repetition) a long series of anecdotes concerning his life in England, in which every person of distinction, every institution of importance with which he had come into contact in that country, was made more ridiculous than words can say.

Self-important people, who take them-

selves seriously, have always worn for me a slightly comic aspect, and Whistler's mockery of the official side of English institutions I found extremely amusing. Outside of his art I did not regard him as a person deserving of much estimation. The record of his quarrels is more funny than edifying, and he was too fond of publicity and self-advertisement for my taste. But these failings hardly matter in a painter who, with regard to his painting, possessed a conscience of the utmost delicacy, and a sense of honor surpassing all I have ever known or heard of in what is after all perhaps the most honorable of all the arts.

To do anything second-rate for money, or for any kind of personal or social advantage, would never have been possible to Whistler; and though at times there was a touch in him of the loud, bar-frequenting American, his taste in matters of art was infallible and exquisite; he loved his paintings, and I think he could have told at any moment in what gallery or private collection even the most insignificant of them could be found. The paintbrush was his appropriate weapon, and I remember once, when he was writing a series of outrageous letters, Mrs. Whistler's remarking that Jimmy would be all right if he could only be kept from the inkpot.

III

Whistler I came to know through the means of three Irish-American young women who were devoted friends of his. They were rich, were lovely, and all as good as gold. Both their parents dying suddenly, they had come to finish their education (for they were Roman Catholics) at the Sacré-Cœur in Paris, and had then stayed on vaguely month by month, year by year, in France. They lived in a charming manner, either in their Paris apartment or in a house in the noble landscape of the lower Seine, first at Giverny (where Monet lived) and then in the little town of Vétheuil,

not far off. Giverny was a village situated on a little brimming tributary of the Seine; Vétheuil stood on the banks of that noble stream itself. In each village there were enchanting little inns, and these inns were largely populated, especially in the springtime, by the young artists and writers.

We all adored these ladies, who, though they were not averse to the admiration they excited, preferred to live in the freedom of maiden meditation. They were willing to sit endlessly for their portraits, however, and no better subjects could be found. The second sister was, I think, with her blonde beauty, her golden hair, and her expression of gentle softness, the most lovely human being I have ever seen. Charles Conder, gentle, handsome, and silent, was invited at my suggestion to Giverny, and, falling in love with her at once, never really painted any other human being. She died too soon, but she still lives in the pictures he made of her amid the apple blossoms of Vétheuil, and in Whistler's portrait of her, where she stands, somewhat startled, like a forgotten princess, gazing at a fête in which she had no part.

Do I exaggerate the charm of these ladies? To prove that they are not creatures of my imagination, I will quote a letter written by Sir Walter Raleigh, after a visit they had paid to England: —

My wife and I are agreed — you do not care for us a bit. The plaguy part of the business is that we dote on you, so farewell to all hope of preserving dignity of attitude. May you never be crossed in love. Meanwhile how can we prevent your shameful escape to France?

And us with a beautiful house at that emporium of elegance and culture, Oxford, and never a day's pleasure to be had out of it, but breaking the furniture and all, because you are in a hateful little packet boat that plies for hire between Dover and Calais. O worthless world, O transitory things. And you laughing at us. Of all the ladies I have ever loved you display the least pretence of

reciprocity. It was not a sincere petition of that Prince of Insincerity, Mr. Robert Burns:

If love for love ye will not gie
At least be pity on me shown —

but it has been customary nevertheless to drop a pennyworth of pity into the hat that was taken off for love's sake.

If only I knew what string to pull, to agitate your hearts. And if only I could reach it. However dark or high, it must exist. . . . But there it is — we breakfast on it, lunch on it, dine on it, see it in the glass, and in the papers; get thin on it, pray on it, and swear on it: you don't care for us.

P. S. You know quite well we can't bear it. Tell us what to do.

The Raleighs came afterward to Vétheuil, joining our little community there. Thither came also D. S. MacCall, as well as other writers and painters I might mention, and one or two of my chosen Balliol friends. One day I was lunching in a little restaurant in Paris and happened to sit by two young Englishmen with whom I soon fell into conversation. We talked for a long time together and agreed to meet again. One was Roger Fry, with whom I formed a friendship that lasted till his death. The other was Lowes Dickinson. They represented the purest strain of Cambridge apostles, and thus was begun a relation with the Cambridge intellectuals which was much strengthened by the marriage, some years later, of Bertrand Russell to my younger sister. In the meantime, however, I told Roger Fry and Dickinson of the charms of Vétheuil and took them thither — at least I took Roger Fry, who fell (and fell badly) under the spell of that place and of those ladies.

I turn to my text from Homer: Why, Apollo asks of the great Earth-shaker, why should we concern ourselves with human beings who flourish only as the leaves flourish and then fall forgotten to the earth? Of those who frequented Vétheuil forty years ago almost all have perished. But to be remembered, or at least to save the places and people one

has cared for from being utterly forgotten, is not the least unworthy of human desires. Perhaps someone may read these pages when I am no longer living; more probably those April-blossoming days at Vétheuil will survive in Conder's pictures. I should be sorry if their petals were mingled in the unremembered dust.

IV

All this time I was working, either at Vétheuil or in my apartment in Paris, at my book about Oxford. Youth must find its nourishment in the work of its contemporaries. Of my contemporaries Whitman had died in 1892, Pater two years later, while Matthew Arnold had preceded Pater by six years. But Flaubert, martyr as he was of the art of writing, though he had died before I went to Paris, was my saint and hero. The four volumes of his letters were like a Bible to me, and now, when I look again at the texts I marked, the old flames illuminate those pages. The true writer is a kind of priest, he says; his devotion makes him proud, and we are none of us proud enough. 'But when I think of my solitude and my agonies I ask myself whether I am an idiot or a saint. But without fanaticism we can accomplish nothing worth while, and, folly for folly, why not choose the noblest among them?

'Genius is a gift of the gods, but talent is our affair; and with untiring patience one can acquire talent in the end. But why should one publish? I write for my own pleasure, as a bourgeois in his garret turns out napkin rings on his Pathé. . . . The wine of art is the cause of an intoxication that knows no end. . . . Speaking with all sincerity everything is ignominy here below but art.'

These are some of the sentences I copied out from Flaubert's letters. I believed them all — and, idiotic as it may seem, I still believe them.

From Flaubert's letters I turned to

the writings of his disciple, Guy de Maupassant, who died when I was in Paris, and whose short stories seemed to me just the hard, poignant, accomplished masterpieces I should have liked to produce myself. To these influences must be added the thrill of beautiful modernity (and than that can anything be more thrilling?) produced by the high noon of impressionism which was just then revealing to our young, astonished eyes a new, fresh-painted world of bright sunlight and mauve trees and blue grass and blue shadows which we had never seen before.

The inevitable product of all this was a volume of short stories about Oxford, impressionist in their coloring, and matching in form the neat, accomplished construction of De Maupassant. This labored, imitative, rather lifeless book was published in 1895, and of course it fell completely flat. On rereading it the other day, however, I felt that it was not entirely devoid of merit, and that probably if it were published now, when attention is somewhat more alert in these matters, it might perhaps win at least enough success to encourage its author to proceed in a way of writing for which he had no natural vocation. If I had had a gift for writing stories no one failure would have stifled it.

Still, I liked my little book, and was disappointed that it had no interest for the public. It brought me two friends, one of whom was Robert Bridges, who after reading it asked me to come to see him at Yattendon, where he was then living; the other was Phelps, the Dean of Oriel, who later became the Provost of that most charming of the little colleges in Oxford. Bridges and Phelps remained my friends till their death years later, and the other day I heard, after forty years of oblivion, my book of short stories mentioned with appreciation.

It occurs to me now that this was success after all, a success more to be valued than the sale of numerous editions.

But was there not then a great lion in my path with whom it was folly to think of competing? It was just about this period that my fellow expatriate, Henry James, was writing his best short stories; and in the year my little book was published appeared the volume called *Terminations*, in which are contained three at least of his masterpieces, 'The Death of the Lion,' 'The Coxon Fund,' and 'The Altar of the Dead.' I sent this master, with whom I was slightly acquainted, my little book; he mislaid it in the Underground, and after some weeks he wrote a letter full of apologies in which he told me that he had procured another copy, and asked me to come and see him and talk the book over.

Of course I went; Henry James was to me then but a revered master, not the friend he became afterwards, and I listened with reverent ears to what he said about my stories. His praise was kindly but tepid; I think he saw the gift for story writing was not my gift; and, as he said in another connection, although one may lie about everything else, about matters of art one does n't lie.

About the profession of letters in general, the desire to do the best one could with one's pen, — and this I confessed was my ambition, — he made one remark which I have never forgotten. 'My young friend,' he said, 'and I call you young, — you are disgustingly and, if I may be allowed to say so, nauseatingly young, — there is one thing that, if you really intend to follow the course you indicate, I cannot too emphatically insist on. There is one word — let me impress upon you — which you must inscribe upon your banner, and that,' he added after an impressive pause, 'that word is *Loneliness*.'

ARCHITECTURE AND GEOGRAPHY

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

FOR most of us it is difficult to realize that other people think differently from the way we do. I do not refer merely to differences of opinion on the same subject, but to real differences of thought and of ways of thought. For an educated Hindu or Chinese gentleman undoubtedly thinks about many things in quite a different way from what we do, and his thinking appears to him, I have no doubt, quite as sane, normal, and inevitable as ours does to us.

This is the reason why much of the highest literature, art, and music of these peoples is to us incomprehensible. We may admire it, only to find that we are admiring the wrong qualities in it, the qualities in which it approaches European art, not those for which the Hindu critic values it. We admire, for instance, Japanese prints, and they are indeed very admirable; but to the Japanese connoisseur they are contemptible.

Even in Europe it is difficult for us to-day to understand classic Greek and Roman art. We can write learnedly about it, and at great length, but if we know enough we realize that between us and the classic mind there hangs a veil.

It is possible to present a case for an international or cosmopolitan science: the atoms behave very much the same in Japan as they do in America, and the Japanese scientist adapts himself easily to the European scientific way of thought. Yet, even here, we should probably beware of imagining that there is only

one way of scientific thought, and that our way. Modern European science is, after all, changing some of its ways of thought even now. Perhaps we can look at the Universe differently.

But it is certain that there can be no such thing as a real cosmopolitan or international art unless, indeed, we are prepared to destroy all arts save our own and to call the ruins cosmopolitan. Art, literature, and music remain obstinately local; they rise from our way of life, and that has been moulded by climate and geographical position.

It is one of the sad things in modern civilization that to the no doubt beneficent spread of European sanitation, medicine, and physical science we have added the less beneficent spread of European art. The Chinese, poor creatures, are ignorant of the true laws of perspective and must learn to draw properly! Chinese art has just as much perspective as the artist requires, and its exquisite line will not be improved by any addition of picture planes or vanishing points. What is right in Paris may be quite wrong in Peiping. Art, like life, is local.

When Mr. Gandhi visited London the reporters laughed at him for continuing to wear a loincloth. But who remembered to laugh at Lord Willingdon when he appeared, beneath an Indian sun, in tall hat, frock coat, and gray-striped trousers? I do not condemn the Viceroy's costume; it may have been politically necessary; it was right in London,

but by all the rules of common sense it was as wrong in Delhi as was Mr. Gandhi's loincloth in London. Both gentlemen were, of course, giving political demonstrations; both were geographically wrong, and both were also artistically wrong.

II

Architecture has been particularly the victim of efforts to delocalize it. There is something broad and cultured about a universal and cosmopolitan architecture, something suggesting travel and acquaintance with the great cities of Europe. But this is all wrong, since architecture, owing to its close contact with our lives, is peculiarly and intimately governed by climate.

The Eskimo igloo is, I am told, a very snug home within the Polar Circle. It would be not merely uncomfortable but impossible at the equator. It would indeed rapidly change into a cold bath, refreshing as an incident but undesirable as a dwelling, as undesirable as a Californian bungalow at the Pole.

To take a less extreme example, that square, sensible, comfortable, and comely dwelling which our forefathers of the eighteenth century built and lived in, the Georgian brick house, would be nearly uninhabitable in central India; it would be too hot and airless. But the Indian house of colonnades and courts would be impossible to heat in a northern winter. The architecture grows from the climate.

On a hot day the cat lies stretched out to meet the sun, on a cold one she curls up tightly and uses her excellent system of central heating and insulated walls. Unfortunately we cannot uncurl our houses in summer and curl them up in winter. In a hot climate we stretch them out, in a cold one we make them tight and compact; and this is architecture.

Unfortunately, to many people, the architecture is the various ornamental trimmings which may be added to the

building. These constitute 'styles,' and must be kept 'correct.'

I was once in a house which, for sentimental reasons, was built in the Moorish 'style.' It was very well done, with horseshoe arches, Alhambra capitals, and a little fountain in the central hall. It was very romantic, and, of course, it was not a Moorish house at all. It was, and had to be, a Canadian house in Moorish clothes; they sat as comfortably as most fancy dress does, and the house, to northern eyes, looked like a Turkish-bath establishment.

Yet it was generally regarded as a house in the 'Moorish style' by people who ignored the building as architecture and applied that ill-used word to the ornamental trimmings.

We must not make this mistake. Corinthian capitals, pediments, columns, and entablatures are trimmings. So are pointed arches, tracery windows, and carved grotesques. They have their place; they are useful, often delightful, and despite our modern purists they are humanly necessary; but, alone, they are not architecture. We shall rather give that word to the manipulation of materials to form shelters — shelters not for the body alone, but for the mind; shelters in which we can live dignified and pleasant lives and which will aid us in filling our places in the community efficiently and well. The shelters will need trimmings, but these rise best from the nature of the materials and from the traditions of our lives; we need not worry very much whether they follow exactly any known 'style of architecture.'

What exactly do we mean when we speak of a 'style of architecture'? When we say that a house is in the 'Gothic' style, do we mean that it has strong walls for defense, no baths or drains, and rushes on the floor instead of carpets? We do not. We mean that it is a modern house, complete with too many bathrooms and a garage in place of a nursery, ingeniously trimmed with lit-

tle bits copied from fourteenth-century manors and parish churches.

Styles in architecture are historic facts. Their details can be found in numerous textbooks, and easily — all too easily — copied by any intelligent draftsman. The business of the architect is to provide a house good for living in and in which a good life can be lived. What historic style the details resemble — whether, indeed, they resemble any historic style — is, comparatively, unimportant.

But I am afraid that most people think a church 'Gothic' if it has pointed arches here and there, or a bank 'classic' if it looks like a Roman temple.

III

We will, then, regard architecture as the art of erecting shelters in which we live and conduct our activities. These shelters must help us to live healthily, economically of effort and of money, and pleasantly. They shelter our businesses, our religion, our politics, and our crime. They add reverence to our religion, efficiency to our business, dignity to our politics, and they should discourage our crime.

We live in a climate, hot or cold, dry or damp, and the first thing that we have to do is to make our buildings suited to the climate; the next is to make them suited to their object. I put them in this order deliberately. The best Canadian hospital would be of very little use as a hospital in Central Africa. It would be a bad hospital there. Climate comes first, for it controls the use.

When we have produced a building suitable for the climate and for its use, we will, being human, begin to add something to it. A little decoration will make the building more worthy, a scrap of carving or an inscription will add interest. If it is a building in which great public functions will be celebrated a great deal of ornament may be necessary.

In the greatest schools of architecture

this ornament grew slowly from the materials, the purpose, the traditions of the culture, and the imagination of the artist. So the ancient Greeks developed a whole series of decorative details and a great school of sculpture so perfectly adapted to the buildings of which they form a part that to-day we are apt to look upon these details as constituting the architecture.

The Romans, a businesslike but somewhat philistine people, borrowed these Greek details lock, stock, and barrel, and, with the aid of Greek hirelings, applied them to their own splendid engineering architecture, greatly to its detriment. The great architecture of the Roman baths lies in the disposition and proportion of the halls and in their magnificent construction, not in their gilt Corinthian capitals. Not until Byzantine times was this alien ornament brought into sympathy with the building. The crown of classic architecture is Santa Sophia at Constantinople, not the Baths of Caracalla or the Colosseum.

After the breakup of the Roman Empire, Western Europe was left to herself, without books or authorities and with only a dim recollection of Roman greatness. She was compelled to develop an architecture of her own. Classic architecture, developed in the sunny climate of the Mediterranean, was one of colonnades, verandahs, courts, and large, dimly lighted domes. Shade and coolness were essential. The house was a courtyard, and, as our summer holiday makers say, the people 'practically lived in the gallery.' But the north was colder, wetter, and darker. This demanded a more compact house, thicker walls, more provision for heating, and larger windows. Out of these climatic needs came Gothic architecture, and out of the abounding spirit of its builders came a system of ornament which, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, rose to heights of beauty unrivaled in the world.

Of course other influences went to

form the mediæval cathedrals. The French cathedral was a city building; like all city buildings on limited sites, it is high and compact, as is the skyscraper. The English cathedral, descended from the Benedictine abbey, was a country building standing in its close; like all country buildings, it is low and spreading.

But no southern building could endure the great window spaces of Beauvais Cathedral or of Hardwick Hall. The blaze and heat would be unendurable.

For this reason Gothic buildings were never really comfortable in the south. Milan or Orvieto cathedrals are not really Gothic; the famous Venetian Gothic is an architectural frippery. It is easily understandable that when, in the fourteenth century, Italy became prosperous, the minds of her people traveled back to the glories of the Roman Empire and in an ecstasy of historic patriotism produced the Renaissance.

We cannot deny a certain suitability in this revival. The courtyard plan of the Italian *palazzo*, the great dome of St. Peter's, are in the old Italian tradition, and the classical details with which they are decorated were developments of the Italian people. But these revived classic forms no longer rose from the feeling of the craftsman, as had the decorations of the mediæval churches; they were the products of scholarship. Architecture was, in fact, becoming a learned profession.

As an architecture of kings and courts, the Renaissance spread all over Europe. The old Gothic art was vulgar, and this learned and cultured Italian art imposed itself everywhere on a learned generation. Everywhere the new Italian details were grafted on to the old climatic needs of building. Architecture became a matter of such scholarly considerations as symmetry, dignity, proportion, scale, and correctness.

Europe was entering upon its search for knowledge, and architecture, too, had to become learned. Vitruvius, a minor Roman officer of engineers, be-

came the accepted authority, and after reading some of the treatises on architecture of the Italian masters one gets the impression that they really believed that, by careful adherence to the rules and by a sedulous use of the best models, a perfect architecture could be produced, perfect now and forever, perfect from Greenland to India.

As often happens, the men were a great deal better than their system, and the buildings were vastly superior to the theory. But, as a result, architecture became more and more concerned with the trimmings, while mere practical questions of construction and use were relegated to the base mechanic arts, unworthy of a scholar or a gentleman. A great eighteenth-century house had to be stately; what we should to-day regard as intolerable inconvenience was not merely tolerated, it was probably not felt. Yet Marlborough refused to live at Blenheim, the stately home provided by a grateful nation; he preferred a little square brick house.

IV

Europe was becoming more scientific. The desire for exact and tested knowledge began to dominate our culture, and this tendency culminated in the nineteenth century. The great classical archæologists of England and Germany — Stuart, Cockerell, Pennethorne, Dörpfeld, Dürm — dissected the buildings of Greek antiquity stone by stone, measuring their curves and mouldings to the hundredth part of an inch. Never was knowledge more accurate. Parthenons sprang up from Regensburg to Nashville; all Europe and America dreamt of a perfect architecture following these perfect models of Hellenic antiquity, perfect for every time and place.

But these cultured gentlemen forgot that a Greek colonnade is after all a verandah, a sunshade. They did not realize that the Parthenon was originally painted in bright hard reds, blues, and

greens which only a Mediterranean sun could subdue, and that every line of the architecture was intended for color. Such color would be impossibly garish in the dimmer light of the north; lacking it, the buildings are only skeletons, duly clanking their scholarly fetters. The Lincoln Monument and the Temple of the Scottish Rite at Washington have a spectral dignity, ghosts of Pericles and Mausolos still haunting the cities of the New World.

An art condemned to the constant repetition of perfect forms is dead; when a thing is perfect it is dead, it cannot grow.

Greater variety of corpses could, however, be obtained by having more models — not only Greek, but Roman, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, French, English, Spanish, Georgian, Queen Anne, Colonial, Mission. Europe and America ran riot in 'period' architecture, and, when we have run through all our periods, what have we but an ill-formed mess? Richardson, indeed, tried to found a national American style, but he based it upon the twelfth-century architecture of Southern France. America is not Southern France, nor twelfth-century, and Richardsonian Romanesque died. The English architects, indeed, produced a domestic architecture based upon a simple traditional structure and a close study of the English way of life. It was, like all good architecture, local. It was purely domestic, and English public buildings continued to be on the whole messy.

In America the calm stately copybook architecture of the Chicago Exposition led to a revival of the Greek revival, which had died in Europe nearly a century before. A stately colonnade is necessary to a public building, and we buy our railroad tickets in the central hall of a Roman bath, unconscious that the steel roof of the adjoining concourse is far finer and more real architecture than the pseudo-Roman trimmings of the great hall.

V

America is still suffering from the Monumental Building. She has shown that a new and fresh architecture can be produced from commerce, but — those monuments!

Public buildings — museums, art galleries, and the like — are presented by public-spirited donors, who desire that their names shall be preserved, and they must be monumental. They are vast, utilitarian tombstones. A great row of Ionic columns leads to a dignified and symmetrical interior, usually of cold gray marble. Practical considerations seem to be almost ignored to allow of a symmetrical plan with lots of corridors. (If only the collections were symmetrical! But they are not.) I hardly know of one museum or art gallery in which there is not some great central hall or grand staircase, useless for the purposes of the building, devoted to the display of its own old-fashioned graces.

Architecture is the provision of shelters for our activities. Go into one of our picture galleries, to admire and study its masterpieces. The floor is of polished marble or hardwood, so hard that a short walk through the galleries leaves one's feet aching. The only seats are fixed settees in the middle of the rooms, and rare at that, upholstered with that combination of luxury and discomfort found to perfection in hotel lounges. They are intended, I believe, to discourage loungers.

The gallery itself is usually too big and always very much overlighted. Color is killed by a bright light. The ancient Greeks knew that, when they painted their buildings in garish blues and reds to withstand a southern sun. We ignore it when we look at a delicately colored landscape by a brilliant top light. Watch a real landscape some clear summer evening while the sun is setting. There comes a moment of the dusk when the colors suddenly sing out in brilliancy far greater than ever they showed at

noonday. A meadow shows a brighter green on a dull wet day, not only because the day is wet, but because it is dull.

A well-known art critic has advocated the provision of roller skates for our art-gallery visitors. They could thus combine culture and exercise, and the floors are evidently designed as rinks.

The familiar gallery headache is probably due to hard floors, overlighting, and lack of seats on which to rest while looking at the exhibits. It should be possible to sit quietly in front of a great picture for half an hour. A short time ago, visiting a monumental picture gallery, I was struck by the great beauty of a portrait. I went over to it, looked at it, became conscious that my feet were very tired, and — went away. There was not a seat in the room.

Picture galleries should be places in which to enjoy pictures; the floors should be soft enough to walk upon, and there should be plenty of comfortable chairs. The galleries should be suited to the size and character of the pictures; the light should be bright or dim to suit their color. (Much of the rather blatant color of some modern art is a gallant attempt to fight gallery lighting.) But perhaps these things would interfere with the empty dignity of the late Mr. So-and-so's tombstone.

Broad, sweeping marble staircases are all too common; they are slippery, dangerous, and, in use, very undignified. Like the galleries, they look best when empty.

I have attended a reception at which the receiving personage stood at the head of a lofty flight of marble steps, twenty feet broad. Most of the guests, being elderly, inclined to the right side of the stair, where they could have the aid of a handrail. The personage, greeting his guests, found himself imperceptibly inclined to his left, and presently the reception resolved itself into a string of people scrambling up one side of a twenty-foot monumental stair. Possible remedies: first, a carpet up the middle;

second, a handrail on each side of the carpet; third, and best, no monumental stair at all, but elevators and small stairs where required, with short, easy flights and seats at the landings.

I would further suggest a close time for colonnades over ten feet high.

Such are the fruits of a cosmopolitan architecture which ignores country, climate, and geographical position.

Contrast this pretentious absurdity with the Quebec farmhouse, compact and easily heated; the patio house of Mexico, spreading and airy; the many-gabled manor of England or France; the wooden houses of old New England, with their central chimney; the verandah houses of the sunny South, all suited to their place and their climate. Is it any wonder that to many of us these are truer architecture than the most monumental picture gallery?

VI

In recent times a school of modernistic architecture has appeared which prides itself upon being 'functional.' It professes to be founded solely upon the practical use of modern materials to fulfill modern needs. These are noble principles; they are, of course, the principles of all great architecture. The new architecture is justified as a revolt against 'period' and 'monumental' architecture. Unfortunately the modernists, being enthusiastically cosmopolitan, are quite un-geographical.

The typical 'modern' house has thin concrete walls, flat roofs, and from outside the appearance of being made of a number of boxes of various sizes. It has very large plate-glass windows, innumerable mechanical gadgets, and no ornament whatever. Decoration is by flat washes of color.

In themselves there is nothing wrong with these characteristics. They result in a house very suitable for a warm temperate climate, with no great extremes, abundant and competent service, and

owners sufficiently sophisticated to like extreme severity. The form was, in fact, developed in Central Europe; it is quite unsuited to Northern America, with its extremes of climate and little service.

Thin concrete walls may give admirable insulation tests in the laboratory; in practice they do not retain heat as do thick ones. The old thick-walled houses, once heated, remained warm for quite a time; the new thin-walled ones go cold very quickly. Large plate-glass windows admit heat in summer and cold in winter. They are very heavy, and a special electric motor has to be installed in the basement to open and close them. Such devices are expensive, and, like all gadgets, are great fun when new and never in order when old. The large plain polished surfaces are easily marked, and show it. One fingerprint on a large plate-glass window cries out for the cleaner. Now it is well to be clean, but there are impossibilities. We cannot spend all our time cleaning, or afford the services of a gang of ex-naval men with polishing rags and bottles. Yet this is what the modern house needs.

Roofs are very climatic. The flat roof, usually thick, is in common use in all tropical countries. Being thick, it keeps out the heat; being flat, it provides a convenient and safe promenade or open-air bedroom. The flat roof is also a good snow roof: it holds a blanket of snow in winter and so keeps the house warm; but it is a bad rain roof.

The steep-pitched roof has been generally used in wet, temperate climates. It was developed quite independently in Europe and in Japan, a proof that it has great qualities in a temperate climate where frosts and thaws alternate in win-

ter, rain and sun in summer. The pitched roof is also a good snow roof if uninterrupted by gables, dormer windows, or similar obstructions. The many-gabled, many-dormered roofs of a French château are the products of a mild, wet climate and will not do in a snowy winter.

This modern architecture is apparently going through a phase of exhibitionism and of revolt not uncommon in young things. But it will learn — learn that too great severity defeats itself, that gadgets get out of order and are not worth repairing, that place and climate must be respected, and that a cosmopolitan architecture is not only impossible but very dull.

So at present we seem to have three architectures — the 'monumental,' a cosmopolitan art based upon scholarship; the 'period,' based upon a sentimental love of a romantic past; and the 'modern,' based upon a carefully unsentimental practicality. At present all alike agree to ignore locality. Classic colonnades, Tudor half-timber manors, François premier châteaux, and concrete boxes spring up from Montreal to New Orleans regardless of differences of climate and tradition. History is bad to copy from, but it is accumulated experience. It tells us that every good architecture has been local — the product of local needs, local materials, and local climate. Our present age is not so widely different from other ages as some would like to imagine. A few telephones and aeroplanes are not going to change human nature, and for us, as for our forefathers, our locality will remain the moulding feature of our lives and of our architecture.

CRASH IN THE DESERT

BY ANTOINE DE SAINT EXUPÉRY

[In the July *Atlantic* this distinguished French aviator and author began his account of a daring test flight from Paris to Indo-China. Between Benghazi and Cairo he and his mechanic, Prévot, 'crashed' in the Libyan Desert at 160 miles an hour! For a day they explored the endless sand; by night they burned parts of their plane as flares. Then, supplies exhausted, they seemed to face an infinity of thirst and heat and mirage.

— THE EDITORS]

At daybreak we mopped up the dew on the wings of our plane with a wad of cotton waste, and squeezed out a few spoonfuls of water foul with grease and enamel. It tasted horrible, but we drank it; anyhow it moistened our lips.

After this apology for a breakfast Prévot observed: 'It's as well we have a revolver.'

The remark infuriated me; I swung round on him in a sudden passion that I immediately regretted. There was nothing I should have loathed more at that moment than a display of mawkishness. I have a habit of regarding everything as simple. Birth is simple; growing up is simple; to die of thirst, simplicity itself.

From the corner of an eye I watched Prévot, ready to take a firm line, if need be, and shut him up. But Prévot had spoken without emotion; he was alluding to a simple obligation of hygiene, as who should say, 'We'd better have a wash!' Indeed, we were of the same mind, and the sight of the leather holster the day before had set me thinking, too. I had thought about it coolly, not emotionally. The 'tragic sense,' indeed, applies only where others are involved. It was our inability to reassure those dependent on us that was tragic now — not the revolver.

So far no planes had crossed our empty sky; they must be searching for us in

some other region. Probably, I decided, in Arabia.

A fortnight may be needed to locate an airplane fallen in the desert when the searchers have to cover a strip of country two thousand miles from end to end, and they were probably looking for us all the way from Tripoli to Persia. Yet, frail as was this hope, we had no other, and must provide for it in our plans. Accordingly on this, the third day, I changed my tactics and set out alone across the desert. I asked Prévot to lay a fire and kindle it if visitors showed up in the offing. But that day, too, we had no visitors.

As I started I wondered if my strength would hold out for the return journey. I pieced together all I could recall about the Libyan Desert. In the Sahara the humidity in the air is 40 per cent; here it drops to 18 per cent, and life goes up in vapor. Bedouins, travelers, and colonial officers tell us that a man can survive for nineteen hours without drinking. When in the twentieth hour his eyes begin to flood with light, the end comes swiftly. Dying of thirst is a rapid process.

To the northeast wind, abnormal in these parts, the very wind which had falsified my reckoning and marooned us on the plateau, we obviously owed the prolongation of our lives. How long a reprieve would it accord us before our

eyes began to glaze with light? I felt as if I were setting out to cross the Atlantic in a canoe. Yet, somehow, in the dawn light our surroundings seemed less lugubrious. And I stepped out, with my hands thrust into my pockets, like a gypsy taking the road again. On the previous evening we had laid snares across the mouths of some mysterious burrows, and my poaching instincts were on the alert. I began by examining these traps; all were empty.

So I was not to have a drink of blood — in point of fact I'd hardly expected it. But, if little disappointed, I was decidedly puzzled. How did these creatures manage to survive in the desert? Presumably they were fennecs, little fox-like carnivores with enormous ears. I could not resist an impulse to follow up the tracks of one of them. They led me to a narrow river of sand in which every footprint was plainly inscribed. They were graceful little footprints, each with the three toes splayed out fanwise. I pictured my small friend loping along in the half-light, licking the dewy stones. Presently the footprints were wider apart; here my fennec had put on speed. And here a friend had joined him; they had trotted along side by side. I found something curiously thrilling in this reconstruction of their morning stroll — how fascinating were these tiny vestiges of life! — and I forgot that I was thirsty.

At last I reached their feeding ground. Every hundred yards or so a small dry shrub stood up from the level sand; the branches were festooned with little yellow snails. Here the fennec had come for his early morning marketing. And now a curious mystery of nature held my attention. My fennec had not paused at all the shrubs; some, though they were thick with snails, he had disdained. Others he had skirted with obvious circumspection. Others, again, he had approached, but had not stripped them. After eating two or three snails he had moved on to another hostelry.

Was it to enable the snails to repro-

duce themselves, I wondered, that he took such pains not to exhaust the stock on any single shrub, indeed on any bough? Or was it a sort of game for him, not to glut himself at once, so as to prolong the pleasures of the morning's jaunt?

Finally the spoor led me to the animal's burrow. I pictured him pricking up his ears, startled by the rumble of my footsteps overhead. And I addressed a valediction to my unseen friend. '*Mon petit*, my number's up, I know; but, queerly enough, that has n't damped my interest in your little ways!'

And, as I stood there musing, it struck me that one adapts oneself to everything. No man lets the thought that thirty years hence he will probably be dead impair his present zest for life. Thirty years, or three days — it's all a matter of perspective. . . . Still, certain vistas of the imagination are best ignored. When I set out again I felt that, as my strength declined, a subtle change was coming over me. Now, if there were no mirages, I invented them.

'Coo-ee!'

I beckoned wildly, but that man whom I had just seen waving his arms to me was only a black rock. All the desert was coming to life. The sleeping Bedouin whom I tried to rouse changed suddenly into a coal-black log. But what on earth was a tree trunk doing here? Bending down, I tried to lift a broken branch. It was in solid marble. I drew myself up and looked around me; marble logs lay everywhere — the soil was littered with the wreckage of a prehistoric forest. Myriads of years ago it had been devastated by some primeval hurricane; countless centuries had rolled up to my feet these petrified logs, massive as the shattered pillars of a vast cathedral, jet-black and polished smooth as steel. Each knot in the branches, every torsion of the living stem, stood out, and I could count the rings along the trunks.

Once this forest had been loud with birds and rustling leaves; then the doom

had fallen, and it had been transformed to pillars of salt. I could feel the hostility of this landscape that was blacker even than the chain mail of the dunes; these mighty derelicts would have none of me. What place had I, a living man, in this land of marble incorruptibility? My flesh would perish, dust to dust; here all things were eternal. . . .

Since the previous day I had walked nearly fifty miles. My dizziness was due most probably to thirst; partly, perhaps, to the glare. Sunlight blazed on the marble hulks, which shimmered with an oily lustre; as far as eye could reach, the desert shone with scabs of polished stone. Here no sand was visible, no fennec's track. Only a gigantic anvil on which the sun beat insistently; I could feel the hammer strokes resounding in my temples. But — what was that . . . over there?

'Hi — you! Hi!'

'Don't excite yourself, old chap! There's nothing over there — it's a hallucination.'

I was arguing against myself, trying to invoke the voice of reason. But how hard it was to deny the evidence of sight, to disown my eyes! And to refrain from running towards the caravan slowly moving yonder! 'There it is,' I murmured, 'as large as life.'

'Don't be a damned fool! You know you're making it up, out of your imagination.'

'So *nothing* in the world is real?'

Nothing was real — except that cross standing on a hill ten or twelve miles away. Or was it a lighthouse?

The sea, I knew, was not in that direction. Then it must be a cross. I had been studying the map all night, though nothing could come of it, since I could not fix our whereabouts. But I had feasted my eyes on every token of that miracle of miracles, man's presence. Somewhere my eye had lighted on a little ring topped by a cross. Looking up the explanation of the symbol, I found it meant a 'Religious Institution.' Beside

the cross there was a small black dot which I likewise found to indicate a 'Permanent Well.'

My heart had missed a beat, and I had repeated the magic syllables aloud. 'That's a Permanent Well . . . a Permanent Well!' What were Ali Baba and all his treasures compared with a permanent well? Further on I discovered two white circles. They stood for 'Temporary Wells.' Not quite so good. Around them were no marks at all — the blankness of despair. . . .

That cross, I decided, belonged to my 'Religious Institution.' On the hill the monks had set up their landmark calling to shelter the pilgrims of the desert. Now I need only hasten to the cross to be welcomed by those kind Dominicans.

'But there are only Coptic monasteries in Libya,' my other self protested.

'*Dominicans*, I say; studious, kindly folk. There's a big, cool, red-tiled kitchen and a wonderful old rusty pump in the courtyard, and under the pump — you've guessed it! — is the Permanent Well. And won't there be a grand to-do up there when you tug the bellpull at the gate and set the great bell jangling!'

'But, you fool, that's a monastery in Provence you're describing; what's more, there is n't any bell there.'

'When I set the great bell jangling the gatekeeper will throw up his arms in amazement and exclaim, "The Lord has sent you!" and shout for the monks. They'll rush at me in a body and fuss over me as if I were a prodigal son come home. Then one will say, "Wait a moment, my son, just a moment, while we draw some water from the Permanent Well." And I'll be trembling with joy. . . .'

No, I won't — I will *not* weep because there's no cross on the hill.

The treasures of the west were only dross; I set my eyes towards the north. Anyhow the north had something to offer — the music of the waves.

'Look! See how the horizon has

widened since you crossed the ridge! And there — the loveliest of cities!’

‘You know quite well it’s only a mirage.’

‘Of course I do. D’you take me for a fool? But if I feel like hunting down a mirage, what’s to prevent me? Why should n’t I indulge in hope? Suppose I’ve taken a liking to that fine old city with its crenelated walls beflagged in sunbeams? Suppose it pleases me to put my best foot foremost and walk ahead, now I’ve got over my fatigue and feel in form again? Old Prévot and his revolver — what damned nonsense! Much better to be tight, as I am now. Dead drunk — and dying of thirst!’

The twilight sobered me down. Suddenly I halted, appalled to realize how far I was from our base. Mirage dies with the nightfall. Horizons are stripped of their pomps and palaces, their priestly vestments, and the desert comes into its own again.

‘A lot of good it’ll do you! You’ll only get benighted on the way, and have to wait for daylight. And by then your footprints will have been effaced and you’ll be . . . nowhere.’

‘Then I’d do just as well to carry on. What’s the good of turning back yet once again? Why, it’s unthinkable, turning tail just here and now — just when very likely I’m within arm’s length of the sea.’

‘The sea! Whereabouts is that sea of yours? Anyhow you could n’t walk that distance. And don’t forget that Prévot’s looking out for you by the *Simoon*. Quite likely he’s been spotted by a caravan.’

Yes, I decided, it was wiser to return; but first, on the off chance, I’d try a call for help.

‘Coo-ee!’

No answer — and I’d always thought our planet was inhabited!

‘Coo-ee! Anyone there?’

The last word was a croak — my voice was gone. Still I tried one more ‘Coo-ee!’ before turning on my tracks.

After two hours’ tramp I saw a glow on the horizon; panic-stricken at the idea I might have lost my way, Prévot had launched a signal on the sky. Thoughtful of him — but how futile! . . . Another hour’s walk; five hundred yards to go, then fifty.

‘What?’

I halted in sheer stupefaction. Joy surged up in my heart, irresistibly, triumphantly. There, in the firelight, Prévot was chatting with two Arabs, who were leaning against the engine. Engrossed in his delight, he had not seen me yet. If I’d had the sense to stay behind with him, I’d have been saved already!

‘Ahoy!’ I cried exultantly.

The nomads gave a start and stared in my direction. Turning his back on them, Prévot hastened towards me. I flung my arms out wide. Prévot caught me by the elbow and steadied me — was I tottering?

‘So they’ve come?’

‘Eh?’

‘The Arabs?’

‘What Arabs?’

‘Those two chaps over there, damn it! The ones you were talking to.’

Prévot eyed me strangely; when he spoke I had the impression he was imparting to me, reluctantly, a profound secret.

‘There are n’t any Arabs.’

And now it seemed no use fighting back my tears. . . .

II

All we had had to drink for twenty-four hours — since the last sundown — was a spoonful of dew water gleaned at daybreak from the wreckage. Happily for us a northeast wind had prevailed throughout the day, and retarded to some extent the evaporation from our bodies. As usual when a northeaster blows across the desert, a towering mass of clouds had banked up on the horizon. Fervently we longed for them to drift

towards us, and break in rain. But in this desert rain is never known to fall.

'I've an idea, Prévot! How about dismantling one of the parachutes and clamping the pieces down with stones? If the wind does n't turn they'll be soaked with dew by sunrise and we can wring the water out into one of the tanks.'

Accordingly we spread out under the stars the six triangles of white cloth that compose a parachute, and Prévot took down a tank. Now there was nothing we could do but await the dawn.

Meanwhile, however, we had had a stroke of luck. Prévot had unearthed an orange amongst the débris. We shared it between us. I felt like crying for joy — yet what was half an orange when what we needed was several gallons of water each?

Lying beside our campfire, feasting my eyes upon the glowing rind, I murmured half aloud: 'An orange — nobody on earth has an idea of what it really is!' And then: 'Again to-night the certainty we're done for does n't spoil my pleasure in the least. Rarely have I enjoyed anything so much as the piece of orange that I'm squeezing.' I rolled over on to my back and, while I sucked the fruit, counted the shooting stars. For a moment I felt preposterously happy. 'No one,' I thought, 'has any inkling of the world of men, the scheme of human things, until he's plunged into the thick of it.'

For the first time I guessed the feelings of the condemned prisoner when he is handed a cigarette and a tot of rum on his way to the gallows. Hitherto I had pictured him waving away, disgusted, this last indignity. Now I knew better; he thoroughly enjoys it. When he smiles we think him a stout-hearted ruffian, when, in reality, he is relishing his rum! We fail to realize he sees things in a new perspective, and of his last ten minutes makes a lifetime. . . .

At dawn we found we had collected a large supply of water, almost two quarts.

So the long agony of thirst was ended; we could drink our fill; we were saved.

From the tank I ladled up a draft in a tin mug; the water was tinged a brilliant yellow-green, and at my first gulp I found its flavor so appalling that, thirsty as I was, I could not bring myself to swallow it. If need be I might put up with liquid mud, but that acrid, metallic taste turned my stomach.

I glanced at Prévot; he was walking round and round, his eyes fixed on the ground, as if he were hunting for something. Suddenly he bent forward and vomited, without ceasing to walk in a circle. Thirty seconds later I followed suit, retching so violently that I fell forward on my knees, digging my fingers into the sand. Neither of us said a word. For a quarter of an hour we stayed thus, our bodies racked with spasms of vomiting, bringing up only a little bile.

At last it was over; all I now felt was a faint, evanescent nausea. But our last hope was gone. (I never found out if this mischance was due to the coating of the parachute or to some chemical deposit in the tank.)

It was high time to make a move. The day was breaking. *En route!* Now we would turn our backs on this accursed plateau and walk straight ahead across the desert till we dropped. Since the previous day I had been turning over in my mind Guillaume's experience in the Andes; we must follow his example. I would disobey the airman's golden rule — that he must stand by his fallen plane; no one would come to look for us here.

Once more we realized that we were not the shipwrecked party; victims of a wreck were, rather, those who were awaiting us. It was they to whom our silence was a menace. Already, perhaps, they were blundering in a maze of errors; it was for us to make our way to them, to set them right. Just so Guillaume, when he came back from the Andes, had said to me: 'They were lost; I found my way to them.' That was the truth of it — a universal truth.

'If I were left to myself,' Prévot remarked, 'I'd just lie down and sleep.'

'En route!'

We set out, side by side, on the day's march, heading east-northeast. If we had crossed the Nile it meant that with every step we were plunging deeper into the unfathomable desert.

Of that day my memory is a blank. All I can recall is an impression of desperate hurry — of hastening towards no goal, to an inevitable breakdown. I kept my eyes fixed on the ground; the mirages were more than I could bear. Now and again we corrected our course by compass; now and again, lying on the sand, we took a breather. Somewhere I flung away the cape I had brought with me for the night. All the rest of that day has faded from my memory; it was as if I, too, had turned to sand, my thoughts to dust. Only with the twilight, the first cool hour, did my memory return.

At nightfall we decided to halt. I knew we should have done better to push on; another waterless night would be the end of us. However, we had brought with us the strips of parachute cloth; if the poison did not come from the chemicals with which they had been dressed, we could reckon on a drink at dawn. So once again we laid our dew traps under the stars.

But that night the north was cloudless; the wind had veered, and changed its savor. It was as if the desert had wakened to our presence and stalked us down. Now we were in its clutches; I could feel its rough tongue licking my hands and cheeks, could smell its fetid breath.

Yet, if I set out on the march again, I should not last six miles. In three days I had covered a hundred miles, with practically nothing to drink.

Just as we halted, I heard Prévot's voice. 'That's a lake over there, I'll stake my soul on it.'

'You're raving.'

'Don't forget it's sunset. There can't be any mirages at this hour.'

I did not reply. I had long since given up believing my eyes. Perhaps it was not a mirage; only a hallucination, a figment of delirious fancy. How could Prévot still believe in what he saw? But he would not give in.

'Well, I'm going to have a look, anyhow. It's not twenty minutes' walk away.'

His obstinacy got on my nerves.

'Have it your own way. Take the air a bit; it's excellent for the health. But if that lake of yours exists, it's salty — that's a certainty. And, salty or not, it's an invention of the devil. Not to mention that there is n't any lake!'

Prévot was up and moving, his eyes fixed in a glassy stare, before I had finished speaking. These imperious obsessions were nothing new to me. Had n't I read of somnambulists flinging themselves under the wheels of locomotives? I *knew* Prévot would never return. The void around him would go to his head, he would be seized by a sort of vertigo and find himself unable to turn back. A few steps farther and he would collapse, to die out there in his tracks . . . as here I should die in mine. Anyhow — what difference did it make?

It struck me that this feeling of indifference was a bad sign. Once before, submerged and almost drowned in the cabin of my plane, I had felt that unnatural placidity. I took advantage of it to write a 'farewell letter,' lying face downward on the pebbles. How far gone was I, I wondered. I tried to summon up some saliva on my palate, — how long was it since I last spat? — but none would come. I had no spittle left. When I closed my mouth some gluey substance sealed my lips, forming, as it dried, a solid crust upon them. However, I still could swallow, and as yet no flashes of light had developed in my eyes. Once I was treated to that spectacular display, the end, I knew, would lie an hour or two ahead.

Night came, lit by a moon perceptibly enlarged since I last saw it rise. Prévot

showed no sign of returning. Stretched on my back, I turned these facts over and over in my mind. A memory, a dim impression, was hovering in the background of my thoughts; I tried to give it form. I was . . . where was I? I was at sea. Yes, on a ship bound for South America. I was lying on the deck, watching a masthead swinging slowly to and fro across the stars. Here there was no mast, but I was outward bound again — to a bourne not of my choosing. Fate had manacled my hands and feet and thrown me down on the deck.

My thoughts drifted back to Prévot, my lost companion. A fine fellow, Prévot. Never once had I heard him whimper. I could n't have endured it had he done so. Yes, Prévot was a *man*. . . .

What? What was that? There he was five hundred yards away, swinging his lamp. He must have lost the trail. I had no lamp with which to signal back, so I stood up and shouted. He did not seem to hear. Then another lamp flashed out two hundred yards from his; then a third lamp. So that was it — a search party!

'Coo-ee!' I shouted.

Still they seemed not to hear. The three lamps went on signaling towards me. 'I'm sane,' I murmured. 'I've all my wits about me. There's nothing wrong with my sight. And there I see three lamps, five hundred yards away.

'Coo-ee!'

Still no one heard. A gust of panic swept over me — that was the only time I felt it. Thank goodness, I still could use my legs, could run. 'Damn it! Wait! I'm coming!' They seemed to be turning away, going to look elsewhere. And I felt myself tottering, falling on the very threshold of escape, when friendly arms were stretching out towards me.

'Coo-ee! Coo-ee!'

An answering call — at last! My breath caught in my throat, but I kept on running towards the voice. It was Prévot. I stumbled forward, fell.

'When I saw all those lights I could n't help . . .'

'What lights?'

Then I saw — he was alone. And now I felt no despair, only a rankling sense of outrage.

'Well, how about that lake of yours?' I asked sarcastically.

'It kept moving farther away as I went on. I followed it up for half an hour, but it was n't any use. So I turned back. Anyhow, I'm positive it was a lake.'

'You're mad — stark, staring mad! Why did you do that? Tell me — why?'

What had he done? Why had he done it? I could have wept with rage — but I had no notion why I was indignant. Prévot stammered out an explanation.

'I hoped to find some water, for you to drink. Your lips have gone so white. . . .'

So that was it. My anger fell. I passed my hand over my forehead, as if I were waking from sleep. I felt dejected. Now it was my turn to explain.

'I saw those lights as clearly as I see you,' I said in a low voice. 'There were three lamps. I'll swear I saw them.'

Prévot sat silent for a moment; then, 'Yes,' he said at last, 'we're in a damned bad way.'

III

In the vaporless air the radiation from the soil was rapid, and already the night was turning cold. I got up and began to walk about. I had not gone far when a violent trembling fit pulled me up. Deprived of its water ration, my blood was circulating sluggishly, and an icy chill, due not only to the coldness of the air, was numbing my body. My teeth began to chatter, my limbs to twitch convulsively. My fingers were shaking so much that I could not switch on my electric torch. I have never been worried by low temperature, yet now it seemed I was to freeze to death — and that, oddly enough, as the effect of thirst!

Tired of carrying my cape in the heat,

I had dropped it somewhere on the way. A bitter wind was rising, and I made the discovery that there is no shelter in the desert. Smooth as a marble pavement, by day it holds no shadows, by night it turns you over, naked, to the wind. There is no hedgerow, no tree, no rock behind which to take cover.

Like a cavalry charge across open country the wind bore down on me. Vainly I twisted and turned to avoid it; lay down and stood up again. Lying or standing, I could feel it jabbing my limbs with ice-tipped lances. There was no escaping its fierce onslaught; my limbs gave way under me, and falling on my knees, my head between my hands, I waited for the death stroke.

Some time later I realized what had happened; I had struggled to my feet and, shivering with cold, started to walk ahead once again. Where was I? Then I heard Prévot's voice; his shouts must have aroused me. I went back to him, still trembling from head to foot, my whole body convulsed by a sort of hiccup. 'It is n't only the cold,' I murmured. 'It's something more. It's the end. All the water's been drained out of me; I overdid it yesterday and the day before when I went off on my own.'

I loathed the thought of dying of cold; far preferable had been those phantasms of my mind: the trees, the lights, the cross. Indeed, I had been beginning to find them rather fascinating. But to be whipped to death like a slave revolted me.

I sank once more on to my knees.

We had brought along some of our medicines; a hundred grammes of ether, a hundred of ninety-degree alcohol, and a bottle of iodine. I tried some sips of pure ether; it was like swallowing a razor. Then a little of the alcohol, but it closed my gullet.

I dug a trench, lay down in it, and blanketed myself with sand. Only my face emerged. Prévot had collected some twigs and lit a fire, but there was little warmth in it. He declined to bury him-

self as I had done, thinking it better to keep on the move. He was wrong.

My throat stayed shut — a bad sign, that. Still I was feeling better now; and preposterously calm, calm with a peace that passed my understanding. I was being carried overseas, lashed to the deck of a slave ship, under the stars. Yet somehow I felt little or no distress.

The cold no longer troubled me, provided I did not stir a muscle. My body was asleep under the sand; I forgot its existence. I resolved to keep quite motionless; thus I should have no more pain. Really in such a death one suffers very little; exhaustion and delirium weave their fantasies upon the pain's insistence, till everything becomes like a child's picture book, a quaint and rather cruel fairy tale.

A little while ago the wind was after me; now, to escape it, I turned in circles like a frightened animal. Then I had found it hard to breathe, as if a knee were planted on my chest. I had wrestled with the angel and he had downed me. Never, so far, had the desert left me to myself. But, now I had said good-bye to the world around me, I could withdraw into myself; my eyelashes had stopped fluttering, my eyes were shut. Now I could set my mind adrift upon a stream of fancies sweeping me away towards a quiet ecstasy, as every torrent comes to rest at last in the abysmal slumber of the sea.

I bade farewell to eyes that I was never to see again under their golden aureole. Was it my fault if the human body cannot survive three days of drouth? Never had I dreamed myself so tributary to the water springs; I had not suspected that a man's autonomy gave him so short a rope. He always thinks that he can 'forge ahead,' that he is master of his fate. He cannot see the rope that tethers him to the well; that, like a navel cord, links him with the belly of the earth. One step beyond it, and he dies.

'Physical suffering apart,' I mused,

'there's nothing to regret. When all is said and done, I've had the better part, and, if ever I return, I will set out again. The great thing is to lead a human life — and such a life is no longer feasible in cities. Not that aviation is the only way out. The airplane is a means, not an end. A man does n't risk his life for the sake of his plane, any more than a peasant tills his field for the plough's sake. But thanks to the plane a man can quit the city and the market place; he can regain the ploughman's solid foothold in reality.

'Aviation is a man's job; its problems are the proper study of a man. He is in touch with the winds, with darkness and the stars, with sand and sea. He must finesse against the forces of nature. As a gardener waits for the spring, he waits for the dawn, looking forward to the next halt as to a promised land. And in the stars he seeks and finds his verities.

'No,' I mused, 'I won't complain. For three days I have tramped the desert and endured the pangs of thirst, staking my hope upon a thimbleful of dew. I have tried to regain contact with my kind, whose very place on earth has passed out of my memory. These, anyhow, are vital preoccupations, and I can't help ranking them higher than, let's say, the choice of a music hall at which to spend the evening. I have ceased to understand those good folk who day after day crowd suburban trains, conditioned by forces of which they have no inkling, like the ants, to the service of utility. When Saturday comes round, how, I wonder, do they fill their hollow little week-ends?'

I have been in Russia, where Mozart is played to workers in the factories. I published an account of my experiences and, for my pains, received a couple of hundred abusive letters. I have nothing against the people who prefer the noise that goes for music in our popular cafés; they know no better. But I have my knife in the owners of those restaurants — I do not like to see men bestialized.

I remembered having read in the *Ra-*

dio News a letter from a woman who complained that there was 'too much Ravel in the programmes.' I gathered that she wanted more 'light music' — crooners and so forth. I do not blame the young woman for remaining — why mince matters? — at a rudimentary stage of evolution; but I do blame the editor who printed the letter and endorsed her grievance.

Mozart and Ravel — for me an airplane always evokes music. A night flight on the Saigon air route — what a counterpoint of sounds! Flying and music. . . . Yes, some occupations are fit for man; others are subhuman. These are the only criteria I admit. What distinction is there between the musings of a pilot at his task and those of an astronomer? One man writes; another flies; the gardener tends his rose trees that they may bring forth flowers in due season. All three are men. Personally I enjoy my calling; I see myself a peasant ploughing the waste of air.

My sufferings at that moment were less than those I'd undergo in a suburban train. By contrast, all things considered, this was luxury!

'No,' I said to myself, 'I regret nothing. I have staked my life, and lost. It was all in the day's work. Yet not all was loss, for I have tasted the sea wind on my lips. Those who have known its savor once can never forget it.

"Living dangerously" is not the point; I can make nothing of that Nietzschean formula; toreadors do not appeal to me. It's not danger that I enjoy. I know what I like; it is — life.'

There was a hint of brightness in the air. One of the panels of the parachute was within reach, and, lifting an arm out of the sand, I ran my fingers over it. It was dry. Too early, I supposed; the dew begins to fall only at dawn. . . . But now the dawn was rising and still no moisture formed upon the cloth. My thoughts grew turbid in the waxing light and I heard myself murmuring, 'Here the heart of things is parched, dry as a

stone; a heart that scorns the grace of tears.' I pushed aside my coverlet of sand and stood up.

'Let's make a start, Prévot. Our throats are open still, and we'd best keep moving while we can.'

IV

A west wind, the wind that desiccates a man in nineteen hours, was blowing. My throat was not quite closed as yet, but it was getting hard and painful, and felt as if a rasp were lodged inside it. Before long, no doubt, the dry cough I had heard described would start; I was on the watch for it. My tongue, too, was giving trouble. But — worst symptom of all — motes of light were dancing in my eyes; once they changed to flames, there would be nothing for it but to lie down.

We set off at a quick pace, to make the most of the cool early hours. Only too well we knew that when the sun was high we should walk no more. We had no right to sweat; no right even to a breather. For all the coolness of the air, there was only 18 per cent humidity in it; the wind that fanned us had come across the desert, and under its soft, insidious caress our veins were gradually running dry.

On the first day we had eaten a few grapes; during the last three days half an orange each and half a spongecake. Now, even if food had been forthcoming, we could not have masticated it; we had no saliva left. Still I was not hungry in the least; all I felt was thirst. And, from now on, I suffered less from actual thirst than from its consequences: the hardening of my throat, a tongue that felt like plaster of Paris, a rasping in the gullet, a foul taste in the mouth. These sensations were wholly novel to me; presumably water would have alleviated them, but I had no memories associating water with their relief. Thirst was becoming more and more a malady, less and less a craving.

When I conjured up a mental picture of fruits and flowing streams I found that their appeal was losing poignancy; everything, indeed, was growing dim, even the lustre of that heaven-sent orange, of those dark, haunting eyes under the wide sun hat. I was already halfway to complete oblivion.

We had given up walking long distances without a pause. After a stretch of five hundred yards our legs gave way beneath us. What a relief it was to lie down for a few minutes! But always something urged us on and on.

After a while the landscape changed. The pebbles grew less abundant, giving place to a bare expanse of sand. A mile or so ahead a line of dunes, dotted with low shrubs, closed the horizon. Anyhow the sand was preferable to the black, metallic crust of pebbles over which we had been toiling. The reaches of pale yellow sand had a familiar look; I fancied myself back in the Sahara.

Now we broke down every two hundred yards.

'Let's carry on anyhow,' I whispered, 'as far as those bushes over there.'

We were at the end of our tether. When, a week later, in a car, we retraced our tracks on our way back to the *Sîmoon*, I found that this, our last lap, totaled forty-eight miles. So, all told, I had walked a hundred and twenty miles — what wonder if my legs would carry me no farther?

'Yesterday,' I mused, 'I abandoned hope; to-day the very word is meaningless. We are walking blindly, mechanically on, like oxen harnessed to a plough. Yesterday I dreamed of paradisaical orange groves; to-day I have lost faith in paradise, I do not believe in oranges. . . .'

When I took stock of my feelings it seemed as if my heart had dried up, like my throat. I was on the verge of collapse, yet I felt no despair, not even much distress. 'So much the worse,' I reflected; 'grief would have been refreshing as a draft of water. There is comfort in self-pity; it is like a friendly consola-

tion. But now I have no friend left on earth.

'When our bodies are found, our eyes burnt out, they will imagine we have cried despairingly for help, have suffered horribly. But emotions, regret, the solaces of grief—all these are luxuries; and we have done with luxury. When first love dies, a young girl learns the meaning of sorrow, and finds relief in tears. Grief is implicit in the vibrant heart of life. But I have no grief left.'

Suddenly . . . what was it I had seen? Like a breeze ruffling the sea, a gust of hope swept over me. Instinct had lit on something before my consciousness had taken its meaning. Nothing had changed—yet everything was different. Now the waste of sand, the knolls and tufts of brushwood, were suddenly transformed from a mere landscape into a stage setting. True, as yet the stage was empty, but everything was set in readiness. I stared at Prévot. He seemed to share my stupefaction, and to be equally unable to clear up his impressions.

At that moment I could have sworn that something was about to happen. I could have sworn the desert had come to life; the silence of the sand was charged with rushing sounds, loud with the cheerful bustle of a country fair.

We were saved. I had seen footprints in the sand.

Like derelicts of a world-wide migration, we had been abandoned in the wilderness; outcast from the tribe of men, we had lost all traces of our kind. Now suddenly the ban was lifted. We had found, graven on the sand, that divine emblem, the imprint of a human foot.

'Here, Prévot, two men parted company.'

'And here a camel knelt down.'

'And just here . . .'

Still, we were not saved yet. We could not afford to dawdle. In an hour or two we should be past rescuing. Once the 'thirst cough' sets in, death gives a man

short shrift. And just now our throats were in a bad way.

Yet I did not lose heart. Somewhere near by I knew a caravan was floundering through the sands, laden with all the riches of the earth. We forced ourselves ahead—then suddenly I heard a cock crow. What was it Guillaume told me? 'Towards the end I heard cocks crowing and railway trains passing in the distance.' The words flashed into my mind at the precise moment I heard the cock-crow. 'First of all,' I thought, 'my eyes played me false. Now, I suppose, my thirst is playing tricks on me. Still, so far, my ears have held out better than my eyes.'

Prévot gripped my arm. 'Hear that?' he asked.

'What?'

'A cock.'

'Why, then . . .'

Then—there was no disputing it—we were saved!

I had one last hallucination—of three dogs running after each other. Prévot, looking in the same direction, saw nothing. But both of us together beckoned to a Bedouin who suddenly appeared; both of us racked our throats shouting to him. And both of us burst out laughing with delight.

But our voices did not carry fifty yards. The Bedouin who had just loomed up beyond a hillock moved slowly out of sight with his camel. 'Perhaps,' I thought, 'the man is alone; some evil genius has shown him for a moment only to tantalize us.' And we had no strength left for running after him.

Another Arab showed up in profile on the dune. We shouted to him, but our voices failed again. Then we began to wave our arms, churning the sunlight with our frantic gesturings. But the Bedouin persisted in looking away, to his right.

At last, with an agonizing slowness, he swung round. 'Once his eyes meet ours,' I thought, 'it is the grand finale; on the instant that he sights us, he will banish

mirage and thirst and death. See! He is beginning to turn in our direction, and already the whole world is changed! With a casual movement of his body, by a mere deviation of his eyes, godlike he is creating life.'

The miracle had come to pass! He was walking towards us across the sands, as a god walks the waves.

You, our rescuer, will dwell forever in my memory, yet never shall I be able to recall your features. You stand for Man; I see in you incarnate the lineaments of all mankind. Our paths had never crossed before, and yet at once you knew us. We were your kin, and you a well-beloved brother, and I shall see you in the guise of all men.

I saw you then, as still I see you, invested with all nobility and loving-kindness. All my friends, all my foes, personified in you, were coming towards me. And it seemed to me that you were bringing, not deliverance, but forgiveness. Water lay in your gift; yours was the surest patent of nobility. And I felt I had no enemy left in all the world.

Beyond the pale of race and language we understood each other. The Arab merely glanced at us. Then, laying his hands on our shoulders, he pressed on them. Yielding to the pressure, we sank down on the sand. At that moment racial distinctions, difference of language, were of no account. All that counted was the poor nomad of the desert, laying angelic hands upon our shoulders.

For a while we waited, our foreheads pillowed on the sand. At last the man came to us with a basin of water and, lying on our bellies, we plunged our mouths in it, like cattle drinking at a pool. Our eagerness alarmed the Bedouin, who forced us to stop drinking from time to time. The moment he released us we plunged our lips again into the water.

As I drank, my mind was ringing with a pæan of water, the element that, more than a necessity of life, is life itself.

Tasteless, colorless, scentless, it eludes description; we relish it unwittingly. It thrills us with a joy far subtler than any satisfaction of the senses. With the first draft of water, feelings we have prized and lost are given back to us; by its grace the dried-up wellsprings of emotion flow again.

Of all things hidden in the womb of earth, water is the purest; nothing in the world is so precious — and nothing so precarious. A man may die of thirst beside a mineral spring, or within arm's length of a salt lake; and he may die despite a gallon of dew when it holds certain chemicals in solution. For water, that fastidious nymph, allows no promiscuity. . . . And yet how infinitely simple is the joy pervading us when we quench our thirst!

That is the end of my tale. The Bedouins conveyed to us as best they could that there were Europeans in the neighborhood. Mounted on a camel's back, we set out to join them, but after three hours' jolting we had had enough of it. We persuaded our rescuers to leave us in a camp while the cameleers went ahead to fetch help.

Towards six in the evening a car manned by armed Bedouins picked us up. Half an hour later we alighted at the bungalow of M. Raccaud, a Swiss engineer who manages a soda factory far out in the desert, near a saltern. By midnight I was in Cairo. . . .

I awoke to find myself between white sheets, with the sun, an enemy no longer, stealing past the curtains. I buttered a roll and spooned honey on to it; I found it tasted exactly like the rolls and honey of my boyhood. And, with my sense of taste, the childish sense of living in a perpetual wonderland had returned to me. My eyes strayed back to the telegram lying on the counterpane; three common French words, yet, coming from those dearest of all to me, most wonderful of messages: —

'Sommes tellement heureux . . .'

MANKIND, TAKE CARE!

BY THOMAS MANN

I

IT is no more than honest to begin by saying that the writer is in the early years of his seventh decade. Now it may be that oncoming age colors our attitude toward the 'new' in the world and the times in which our lot is cast. The fact may, to some extent, invalidate our opinion of them. And yet not many people will contradict me when I say that one need not be sixty to be shocked by the world's present plight.

No; one has plenty of younger men on one's side — perhaps one even has everybody who is at all able to put himself at a little distance from the world of our day and look at it objectively, instead of simple-mindedly and blithely fitting in with the rest.

The gift of detachment is of course a doubtful good, from a eudæmonistic point of view. Yet a man possessing it is not only justified in making use of it, but bound by sacred duty to do so, as long as life is in him. Life itself, which is not a matter of chance, is responsible for his possessing it, and only death can take it away.

Thus it is that men with eyes and hearts have never shrunk, simply because of age, from sharp criticism of the younger world about them. And their judgment may even have been right. Goethe in his age confessed his hearty love of youth; he even said that he loved himself when young much more than he did in age. Yet that very utterance stands between two others displaying his impatience with and lack of belief in

the new breed. He writes in 1812: 'When one sees not only how the world in general, and particularly the young, are given over to passions and desires, but also how their higher and better natures are distorted and distracted by the grave follies of our time; how, even aside from the unspeakable pressure of outward circumstance, all that might bring them happiness becomes instead a curse — when one sees all this, one no longer wonders at the monstrous acts by which men express their fury at themselves and each other.'

How familiar all that is: the scorn of the young for higher and better things; the unspeakable pressure from without; and also the monstrous acts. The timidity of age must not prevent us from calling these things by their right names.

The same sixty-year-old man says, in another place: 'The young folk no longer listen; indeed, to do that takes a certain kind of culture.' Culture! The scornful laughter of a whole generation mocks at the word. It refers, of course, to the cherished goal of our whole liberal bourgeois outlook. As though genuine culture were anything else but precisely this: liberalism, good citizenship! As though it were not the exact opposite of crudeness and human impoverishment, and no less the opposite of a wretched inertia and flabbiness which remains flabby no matter how stiffly it stands at salute! As though, in a word, culture, whether as a matter of form, as desire for freedom and truth, as the conscien-

tious guiding spirit of life, as endless painstaking, were anything at all but moral discipline itself!

I love a certain poem of Goethe's, written when he was old, that begins: —

*Wo ist einer, der sich quälet
Mit der Last, die wir getragen?*

Yes, where is there one who troubles himself over the burdens that we bore? The children of the age assert that their youth is harder than ours was: necessitous, full of risks, completely insecure; whereas we grew up in the economic security of the bourgeois age. But they overestimate the importance of the material factors, the shift from ease and satiety into shabbiness and heroics — though we elders too have had to get used to that shift in our old age. Far more important is the fact that they have lost knowledge of 'culture' in its higher and deeper sense; of work for its own sake, of individual responsibility, of individual painstaking. As a substitute, they must take refuge in the group.

For the collective is a comfortable sphere by comparison with the individual — comfortable to the point of laxity. What the collectivist wants and concedes to himself and others is a perpetual holiday. What he loves and longs for is ecstasy. That very state has high and holy elements, indispensable for the religious heightening of our lives; the use of the word in this connection shows that the collectivist pattern of life to-day is only a popular distortion, a modern mass consumption and mass misuse of elements long understood and revered in Europe.

'With these words virtue lays aside its clashing harness, the spirit of man lays the sceptre down, from the bond of being death disappears, and eternal youth, one and indivisible, animates and beautifies the world.' That is the Dionysiac ecstasy. We rediscover it, debased, in the collectivist intoxication, in the purely egotistic and hedonist craving of youth — which has nothing real at

the bottom of it — to march together, keeping step and singing songs which are a mixture of degenerated folklore and propaganda.

Youth loves for its own sake this absorption into the mass, this complete relief from personal responsibility. It has not much concern with the goal of the march. Challenged to define more precisely the gratification it gets, it displays a distaste for further analysis. The mass intoxication which releases youth from the burden of its ego is a goal in itself; the ideologies involved — Socialism, the State, the Greatness of the Fatherland — are more or less subordinate; they are decidedly secondary, indeed superfluous. The main thing is the intoxication, the release from the ego, from the obligation to think — in short, from moral and reasonable obligations altogether. From fear too, of course — the fear of life which urges youth to huddle close, to feel the human warmth, to sing right lustily. And this is the aspect of the situation which most of all helps us to pity and to understand.

II

The priceless experience of being emancipated from the ego, the release from personal responsibility, was a product of the war period. Indeed, when we speak of the modern man, the man of to-day, it is agreed that we refer to the post-war European, the type which went through the war or was born into the post-war period. We tend to consider the state of the world to-day — economically, intellectually, and morally — as the result of the war; and probably we exaggerate. The enormous wastage the war caused, materially and spiritually, is beyond question. But it did not create our post-war world; it only magnified, clarified, and exaggerated what was already there. We have to admit, in the interest of truth, the incredible cultural loss, the moral retrogression, as measured by the preceding century; they

may have been aggravated but they were not produced by the war. They were in full swing before it. They were the phenomena of their age, conditioned first of all by the rise of the mass man to power — as José Ortega y Gasset has shown us with great brilliance in his book, *The Revolt of the Masses*.

It is tragic to realize how the very liberality of the nineteenth century was responsible for the twentieth; how its mighty productivity, whose social and economic benevolence could triple the population of Europe, and its enormous goodwill were to blame for all the helplessness of our present state; how this crisis, which threatens to hurl us all back into barbarism, has its roots in the nineteenth century's shortsighted generosity.

Ortega gives a capital description of the invasion of the new masses into a civilization of which they make use as though it were nature, without knowing its highly complicated antecedents and thus lacking all respect for them. It is an instance of their attitude toward the conditions to which they owe their lives that they trample on liberal democracy, or rather they make use of it to destroy it. And quite possibly, with all their childish, primitive love of the machine, they may destroy that too, because they do not dream that it is only the end product of a free research practised disinterestedly for the sake of knowledge, and because they despise idealism and everything that is bound up with it — in other words, freedom and truth.

It is here very much in place to speak of primitivism. Put before an audience of to-day (if this word, with its implication of selectness, is applicable to the modern masses) a play like Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, and you will see that in the course of thirty years it has become quite incomprehensible. People think it is a farce and laugh in all the wrong places. In the nineteenth century there was a society capable of grasping the European irony and innuendo, the idealistic bitter-

ness and moral subtlety of such a work. All that is gone; and that it could go, that there is such evidence of an abrupt decline of standards and descent to the primitive, — displayed not alone in insensibility towards the nuance but even in a savage hatred of it, — is a startling phenomenon. The nineteenth century could not have believed it possible, because the nineteenth century believed in continuity. The phenomenon is startling, in that it opens up the possibility of much greater losses; it suggests that we may lose and forget all that we have gained, that civilization itself is by no means secure against the same fate.

I repeat that the atrophy of European culture was not brought about by the war, but only made swifter and more striking. Not war alone flung up the huge wave of unreasoning barbarism and the primitive, county-fair crudity of mass democracy. Modern man is at once the product and the prey of wild, distracting impressions which assault him, intoxicate his senses, and stimulate his nerves. The amazing development of technology, with its triumphs and disasters, the noisy sensationalism of sports records, the fantastic adulation and overpayment of popular stars, the boxing bouts before hordes of people for million-dollar stakes — these things and more like them make up the picture of our time, together with the decline and obsolescence of civilizing, disciplinary conceptions such as culture, mind, art, ideals.

For those are conceptions from the bourgeois age, idealistic trumpery out of the nineteenth century. And in fact the nineteenth century was above all an idealistic epoch — only to-day, and with some emotion, does one realize how idealistic it was. It believed not only in the blessings of a liberal democracy, but also in socialism — that is, in a kind of socialism which would raise and instruct the masses and bring them science, art, education, the good things

of culture. To-day we have convinced ourselves that it is both easier and more important to dominate the masses, developing to greater and greater perfection the clumsy art of playing on their emotions — in other words, of substituting propaganda for education.

And the masses, it seems, are not inwardly averse; they feel themselves at bottom more intimately drawn to a smart propaganda technique than to any educational ideas. They are easily organized, and it seems that they are grateful for every form of organization, no matter in what spirit, be it even the spirit of violence. Violence is an extraordinarily simplifying principle; no wonder that it is understood by the masses.

If they were simply primitive, these modern masses, if they were only blithe barbarians, then one could do something, one could hope for something from them. But they are two-sided — they are sentimental, and they are given to philosophizing. And that is a catastrophe. The mass mind, extravagantly up-to-date though it is, yet speaks the jargon of romanticism: talks about the 'folk,' about 'blood and soil,' and all the old and sacred things; it rails at the industrial age — with which it is one. The result is a false and lying muddle of soulfulness and humbuggery, submerged in raw sensibility. Truly a triumphant combination; it conditions and determines our world to-day.

As for the philosophy of the masses, that is even worse. Of course, it is not their own; it has merely trickled down on them from above, from more intellectual regions. The rôle which for some years now the intellect has played is of the strangest. It has turned against itself. First it made itself prey to its own irony, and then in a burst of emotion abdicated in favor of life and the forces of the unconscious, the dynamic, darkly creative, holy-conceiving mother-world, which alone is life-giving.

We all know how the mind can turn

on itself, turn against reason; can curse it and put it in the pillory as the destroyer of life. It is an amazing and fascinating spectacle, but by its nature so bewildering that perhaps it ought not to have been shown to the general public. Of course the war against idealism was itself idealistic. The nineteenth century loved truth with such vehemence that through the mouth of Ibsen it even declared that illusions were indispensable to life. There is, certainly, a great difference between admitting the lie out of a thwarted and ironical love of truth and doing the same thing out of sheer disregard for it.

This difference is not clear to everybody to-day. Nietzsche's highly irritable polemic against Platonism, Socratism, and Christianity was that of a man with more likeness to Pascal than to Cesare Borgia or Machiavelli. His was the ascetic self-conquest of the born Christian. Very similar was the struggle of Marx against the German idealistic conceptions of truth and morality. His struggle was idealistic; it was for the sake of a new truth and justice — it was not born of contempt for mind.

That attitude was reserved for decades which romanticized the idealistic revolt against idealism, and thereby lent to it dangerous possibilities of popular favor. They did not see, or they recked not of, the dangers for humanity and culture which lie in all intellectual anti-intellectualizing; they did not see the seeds of reaction in such a revolution. They did not realize the sinister possibilities of its abuse, or how in the turning of a hand it could become a license for unintellectualism and anti-intellectualism *pur sang* — and for every sort of human indecency, every sort of contempt for truth, freedom, justice, and humanity. We must admit that mind has been irresponsible; it has failed to perceive that the moral and the intellectual are linked, that they stand or fall together, and that the consequence of contempt for mind is moral bewilderment. Ten

thousand preachers of the irrational have troubled themselves not at all that they might be educating the people to moral sans-culottism and to callousness in the face of atrocities.

The new masses heard talk of the epochal dethronement of reason and intellect which had taken place in the upper spheres. They took it in, as the very latest novelty; and they could not have been greatly astonished, for much the same thing had been in practice among them for some time. Many things were now possible which the stricter humanism of the nineteenth century would not have tolerated; all sorts of occult sciences had slipped in, to the blaring jazz accompaniment of the time — half-sciences, charlatanry, obscure sects, and silly backstairs religions, sheer humbug, superstition, and quackery. They had hordes of believers; they set the tone of the time. And many educated men saw in all that not modern vulgarity, not cultural blindness, but a mythical rebirth of deep living forces and a lofty manifestation of the folk soul. The ground was prepared for the most absurd and disgraceful mass superstition: not the dumb, unthinking superstition of earlier times, but a modern, democratic kind, which presupposes the inborn right of every man to think — in short, a superstition with a philosophy.

No doubt necessity teaches people to think. But one must ask how. We have seen what happens when the middle and lower-middle classes, impoverished, dispossessed, resentful, begin to think and to indulge in mysticism. The *petit bourgeois* learned by actual experience that reason had been liquidated and that mind may be insulted with impunity; that these bogies, in some way connected with socialism, internationalism, and Judaism, were to blame for his plight. He had sanction from on high when he began to reason against reason and to twist his tongue round that blessed word 'irrationalism.' The popularization of the irrational, during the second and

third decades of this century, is probably the most ludicrous and pathetic spectacle in history. The intoxicated little bourgeois himself invented an expression: he talked about the 'intellectual animal.' It is an idiotic term, yet to some extent sanctioned by the anti-intellectual upper spheres. And how brutally effective it is! How it reduces to a single death-dealing formula the assault upon the rational will in the social and political sphere, upon the desire for peace, upon European civilization, and quite explicitly upon all intellectual discipline and restraint!

But the anti-intellectual intellect cannot escape being intellectual, after all. And its inferior offshoot, the mass mind, is in the same case. It talks — yes, verily, it writes and philosophizes; and its product is nothing but distorted intellectualism, intellectual small change. The air is thick with mass ideas stirred up by clumsy propaganda. Miasmatic literary vapors hang in the atmosphere and make it hard to breathe. Mass man, philosophizing against the reason, has arrogated to himself alone the right to think, to talk, and to write. He has forbidden to everybody else the expression of opinion; and then, secure against contradiction, he uses his prerogative in such a way that we are blinded and deafened, and would fain curse our liberal democracy which has taught the masses to read and write.

We cannot help feeling that the Word, that thought itself, are forever dishonored by this miserable abuse. This half-educated pseudo-knowledge, stimulated to the top of its bent, flings about its malicious propositions and mystagogic rubbish unchecked; while true science stands there, in part intimidated, in part shockingly sympathetic, and now and then weakly ventures a soft rejoinder. It will not be long before this kind of thinking will hold the field alone, and arrogantly rejoice in its power to translate its ideals into history. And the history will be according to the fact.

III

But is there not something touchingly Christian in this triumphant uprising of the poor in spirit, this abasement of science, learning, and culture before the feet of the humble, the fisherfolk, the publicans and sinners? I feel that we must use the parallel with great caution. For between the early Christian revolution and the modern revolt of the masses there is a great difference. To put it in the simplest possible way, it is a difference of character, of goodwill and brotherly love; and it warns us against confusing the two. Our time has brought about this paradox: a mass aggregation of the poor in spirit applaud with pathological frenzy that abrogation of human rights which has been proclaimed to them through a loud-speaker from on high.

Truth may come of simpleness; of degradation, never.

I may be answered that the Christian conquest of the world, like the French Revolution, was altruistic in its character, whereas the modern movement is heroic. I love and reverence the great manifestations of the heroic spirit; but, however much I try, I cannot believe in the heroism of the underdog. His world is not heroic. It is the world of the short story and the detective novel, of the penny dreadful and the sensational film; there is nothing heroic about it.

We object to applying the word to the modern fanatical invention of crime and murder as a policy. Even to grasp the meaning of the word 'heroic' one must possess higher moral standards than those of a philosophy based on violence and treachery. It is the philosophy of the small man crazed by the fury of thinking. He believes in violence, and in only one thing more; he believes, even more passionately, in the lie. Among all the European ideals — truth, freedom, justice — which he thinks to have liquidated, truth is the one he most hates and rejects. In its place he puts the 'myth.' It is a word which bulks as

large as the heroic in his vocabulary; and what he means by it, one discovers, is the abolition of the distinction between truth and humbug.

This problem of truth — truth as absolute, and truth as conditioned by life, truth in its everlastingness and in its eternal permutations — is the most serious we have to face. What is truth? Thus asked the skeptical Roman — but not only he. For philosophy itself, the critical, self-examining mind, puts the same question. It is on the side of life; it grants that life needs a truth which helps and advances it. 'Only the life-promoting is true.' Granted. Yet we must add, that morality may not sink in the bog of cynicism, 'Only truth is truly life-promoting.' And since truth is not given us once and for all, but is mutable, the more profoundly, the more sensitively and conscientiously careful for it the intellectual man must be, the more watchful for stirrings of the time spirit, for changes in the garment of the truth — in other words, for the will of God, which the intellectual man must serve, regardless of the hatred of the stupid, the fearful, and the insensible, of all those interested to uphold the domination of the false and evil.

Such, in brief words, is the problem of truth, as it presents itself to the mind of the reasonable, well-disposed, and God-fearing man. It has been reserved to the mass mind of which I speak to set up the lie as the single life-giving, history-shaping force, to create out of it a philosophy which abolishes all distinction between it and truth, and to enthrone in Europe a shameful pragmatism which denies spirit itself for the sake of gain; which commits or condones any crime that is to the advantage of its pseudo-absolutes, and does not shrink from placing any advantageous lie on a level with the truth.

I will not go so far as to equate this human type with modern man as a whole. But it is a widely prevalent type, a mass type. And when I call it charac-

teristic of our time I am only repeating this kind of man's very own conviction: the conviction that gives him the smashing élan with which he sets out to overrun a world so hampered by its moral scruples that he may well make himself its lord and master.

And the issue is abundantly clear and certain. It would be war: the ultimate catastrophe, the collapse of our civilization. It is my firm conviction that this and only this must be the consequence of the activist philosophy of this type of man; for this reason I feel constrained to speak of him and of the awful threat which he embodies. It is heartbreaking to see the weakness of the older cultural group in face of this barbarism; its bewildered, confused retreat. Dazed and abashed, with an embarrassed smile it abandons one position after another, seeming to concede that in very truth it 'no longer understands the world.' It stoops to the foe's moral and mental level, adopts his idiotic terminology, adjusts itself to his pathetic catego-

ries, his stupid, spiteful, and capricious propaganda — and does not even see what it is doing. Perhaps it is already lost. It certainly is unless it can take thought and wrench itself free from the creeping hypnosis.

In all humanism there is an element of weakness, bound up with its hatred of fanaticism, its tolerance and love of skepticism — in short, with its natural benevolence of spirit. That weakness may become its nemesis. What we need to-day is a militant humanism, conscious of its own virility and inspired by the knowledge that the principles of freedom, tolerance, and skepticism must not be exploited by shameless and unscrupulous fanatics. If the ideas of European humanism are incapable of a militant rebirth, if it can no longer possess itself of its own soul in a new and vital capacity to fight, then it will be destroyed. A new Europe will be born, in which only the name will remain, and from which one would wish to find a refuge lying outside space and time.

THE CEMETERY OF EUROPE

BY M. W. FODOR

I

At the edge of Boston's Public Garden stands a statue of Wendell Phillips. I read and then reread its inscription: —

Whether in chains or in laurels,
Liberty knows nothing but victories.

And I thought to myself: I hope that the youth of America will engrave these words in their hearts! Only those who were forced to live in the dark atmosphere of Central Europe realize the precious heritage that is freedom. Only they can appreciate the true value of liberty, free thought and free speech. Here, four thousand miles from that cemetery, it is hard to realize the effects of terror, persecution, and oppression.

Many of my American friends tell me that, after all, the Austrians must have been Nazis at heart if they received Hitler with such enthusiasm in Vienna. Yes, everybody tries to judge the tree by the fruit it brought forth. But who really knows the strange methods that were used by the gardeners to graft such fruit? I thought that nineteen years' experience in Central Europe had made me acquainted with the soul of the Viennese. And I can vouch that, even at the beginning of last March, 80 per cent of the Viennese (I consider this a moderate estimate) were anti-Nazi. The great majority of the population of Lower Austria was also anti-Nazi. But it is equally true that a preponderance of the population of the western provinces sympathized with the National Socialists. Most of my American and English

friends who visited Austria spent part of their holidays in Salzburg or in the Tirol, where they seem to have received the impression that the country was strongly Nazi. I do not deny that the Nazis were strong in these particular provinces, yet I doubt if their strength exceeded 40 per cent.

Why did the foreigner obtain the impression that Austria was Nazi? The tourist, as a rule, comes into contact with the lower bourgeoisie and their satellites, with the baker, the grocer, the innkeeper, the hotel owner, his waiters and maids. Naziism is the creed of just this group. Before the war a clever Spanish philosopher said that the monism of Haeckel and Bölsche was the religion of the half-baked. Naziism is the political creed of the half-baked. But the workingman was busy in the factories or in the sawmills and out of reach of the tourist; the peasant was grumbling — perhaps his discontent was mistaken for Naziism. But neither the peasants nor the workers were Nazis. They were opposed to the then-existing régime in Austria, they were skeptical of the achievements of Schuschnigg, but their opposition did not mean that they approved Naziism.

Yet I had long realized that if Hitler took Austria he would find an enthusiastic crowd, or at least a crowd whose cheering would create the impression of being enthusiastic. Years ago I described in an English newspaper a conversation with some Socialist workers who told me

that in case of a Hitler invasion they would vote for Hitler. When I asked why, they explained: 'We shall not be able to vote for the creed in which we believe — namely, Social Democracy. And if we cannot vote for our faith, then naturally we are not going to risk our life — we simply will vote for Herr Hitler, to avoid persecution.'

Yet this is not enough to explain the enthusiastic reception which Hitler received in Vienna. The Social Democrats were responsible for some cheering, but there were other factors. When the Social Democrats were in power in Vienna, they thought that their rule would last for a long time to come; and in carrying out their social-reform schemes they converted the Municipality of Vienna into the largest single enterprise in Austria, employing more than 65,000 people. This meant that the bread of 250,000 people was dependent upon the Vienna Municipality. Another quarter of a million people were dependent on the city indirectly through contracts, tenders, and so forth. The magnificent achievements of the Socialists assured a Socialist majority at the polls; the voters were grateful for the new housing, the fine welfare institutions, and the first-class educational system for their children — and their bread also depended on the goodwill of their benefactors.

When, in February 1934, the Socialist Party was destroyed in the civil war, its heritage went into the hands of the followers of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, and it will be remembered that Schuschnigg was able to mobilize large masses at his various Fatherland Front gatherings. The cheers were spare, but the crowd was large. The reason is clear: the masses felt it obligatory to appear at the meetings. But Schuschnigg did not bother about the intensity of the enthusiasm.

Naziism is more thorough. When the Nazis took over Vienna on March 12, they in turn controlled the half-million men who were dependent upon the city for their livelihood. The Nazis were not

satisfied with ordering out the crowd to cheer — they ordered people to cheer at the top of their voices. And the masses knew that this was no joke. Twenty thousand German police, storm troops, and Gestapo were rushed to Vienna to keep order during Hitler's stay; scores of Dr. Goebbels's agitators came in planes and automobiles to make the reception of Hitler as impressive as possible.

My house was opposite a school. We saw how German agitators spent hours teaching youths to cheer, and to sing the 'Horst Wessel' song. Well-trained German cheer leaders were practising in other schoolrooms. And the people cheered because — who knows? — perhaps the man next to you belongs to the Gestapo and will make a note of your name if he sees you standing with sealed lips when the Führer is passing by. This is the psychology of terror, which is hard to understand in a free country.

I remember the open postcard which an Austrian lady sent to a friend of mine in New York and which passed the vigilance of the German censor: 'There is much apparent enthusiasm here, but very little rejoicing.' This postcard expressed the true spirit of Vienna.

II

For five consecutive nights aeroplanes circled in almost uninterrupted sequence over Vienna — heavy bombers. One of them was enough to keep you awake, but scores of them drove away all sleep from your eyes, and so you lay sleepless, terrified in your bed. At 4 A.M. when the planes returned to their hangars and you were just prepared to fall asleep, then suddenly the drums of the S. S. (the Black Guards) were heard, drumming as if at an execution.

Then came the crowds, cheering, singing, marching, apparently hysterical. But those who know Vienna, and the Viennese, were not deluded: 'There is much apparent enthusiasm, but no rejoicing.' Not even Seyss-Inquart had

cause to rejoice. He soon was degraded to an inferior position, though he could keep his high-sounding title of *Statthalter*, or governor. But the master of Austria was Herr Joseph Buerckel, whose merit was that he terrorized the Catholic Saar district into submission to the Nazis. Those Austrian Nazis, who believed that Naziism meant their heyday, were gravely disappointed. German officials were thrust into all posts of vantage, leaving the Austrians to carry out the dirty part of the work.

The Germans came as conquerors — their entry became a huge looting expedition. Austria, after all, had milk and cream and butter and cheese; it had cattle and meat and sausages and bread; the doorknobs were of real brass, the trolley wires real copper — goods which Germany badly needed. And these goods were systematically carried away to Germany.

The German looting went hand in hand with the hold-up campaign of the Austrian Nazis, especially of the *Sturm-Abteilungen*, the S. A. Here robbery was combined with torture. The treatment of the Jews during the first weeks in Austria was such that even Göring was terrified. 'We must stop this immediately after the plebiscite,' he muttered to a friend the day after his entry into Vienna. He feared that the Austrian Nazi youth would completely disorganize Austrian economics by the persecution of the Jews. He had no sentimental sympathy for the Jews — he only thought that a too quick elimination of the Israelitic population might jeopardize his four-year plan in Vienna.

The Nazi youth were hysterical. I remember that a long time ago I discussed with a former Nazi leader the possibility of the *Anschluss*. I was of the opinion that the civilized nature of the Viennese would not permit such excesses as occurred when the National Socialists took over power in Germany. But my friend remarked with a knowing look: —

'Don't you cherish any such illusions! I know my "golden Vienna heart,"' he remarked. 'The excesses will be more terrible and brutal than in Germany.'

Novelists and writers liked to talk about the 'golden Vienna heart' (*goldenes Wiener Herz*), which was a euphemism for the reputed kindheartedness of the Viennese. But my friend knew his Vienna better than I did. And the terror was incredible. The brutality of the Austrian S. S. and S. A. surpassed all 'achievements' of their fellow storm troopers in Germany.

How can we explain this phenomenon? As a rule, the majority of the Viennese were, and I suppose still are, extremely kindhearted and gentle. The revolution of 1918 in Vienna was bloodless chiefly because the well-disciplined and intelligent Social Democratic Party took over the leadership. But I once saw the Vienna underworld out of control on July 15, 1927. Two Socialists had been killed by Fascists, and when the Fascist offenders were acquitted (by a jury consisting of Social Democrats) the Socialists grew angry and arranged a monster demonstration in the city. I noticed how, early in the morning of that day, strange crowds of the Vienna underworld joined the demonstrating groups of Socialists. Harangued by mysterious leaders, this mob was determined to make trouble. The Palace of Justice was set on fire, and opponents were brutally attacked. When the fire brigade was ordered out to extinguish the fire, the hooligans attacked the fire engines and mobbed Mayor Seitz, the Socialist leader, who, standing on the running board of a fire engine, tried to pacify the angry crowd.

I analyzed that turbulent crowd and came to the conclusion that it was the underworld from the outlying proletarian districts of Simmering, Meidling, Hernals, and Ottakring. Here were elements which prior to 1927 had joined the Communist Party. But in recent years this mob of the periphery was

increasingly attracted to the National Socialist crowd. Its members realized that in the Socialist and Communist camp there was no longer any hope for a revolution, and their adventurous nature therefore drove them into the Nazi Party, where they hoped one day to witness the coming 'fun.'

The Nazi Party could enroll these people readily — first because most of them were unemployed (in many cases they did not seek serious work); secondly because the anti-Semitic motto of the Nazis appealed to idlers who saw that the Jews had money whereas they were poor; and thirdly because the underworld of every big city supports an extremist party, whether of the Right or of the Left.

By 1933 these dark figures of the subterranean life of Vienna hoped to see the Nazi Party rise to power. But the 'conquest' of Vienna was delayed, and, with the impatience of the crowd, their bloodthirstiness increased. Thus the sudden conquest of Austria by Hitler found a mob intent on making the celebration a 'big business.' It was terrifying to see these hooligans in action. They were the same badly dressed crowd that had appeared in 1927, except that the swastika armband now denoted that they were acting, not as hooligans, but as a kind of police of the Nazi Party. The goat had been made gardener in the cabbage patch.

Their first act was, quite characteristically, to commandeer the automobiles of rich Jews. More than five hundred automobiles were so requisitioned in the first five days — and, incidentally, many of the owners were not Jewish. On commandeered motor lorries these armed brutes systematically visited the Jewish quarters and looted the shops and flats of Jews. Not only were the stores robbed, but even the counters, desks, and shelves were removed on these vans.

If a Jew resisted or protested, he was beaten up and taken to prison. Many were delivered to the mercy of their

servants and concierges. The first question which these storm troopers asked of the concierges and servants was whether the Jews had treated them well. If the concierge was decent, it often meant alleviation for the Jews, though it did not save them from having their flats plundered. I know of several cases where the decency of a servant girl saved the Jewish landlord. In one instance when the storm troopers started to loot in the bedroom, the servant went to a distant telephone and called out the police motorized unit. And the police intervened in time, arresting the looters. But later these same decent policemen and servants found their way to concentration camps.

The treatment of less prosperous Jews was equally horrible. They were beaten up and tortured and sent to prison. In the prisons and the storm troop headquarters they were ordered to clean lavatories. It was a heartbreaking scene to see Jewish men and women cleaning the streets of Vienna, scrubbing hard at the pavements in their best clothes.

One of the favorite occupations of the storm troopers was to visit the cinemas, order the attendants to switch on the lights, and then command: 'All those women who are Jewish stand up!' They would examine the vanity bags of these ladies, take out the purses and the money, and then order them out to clean the streets.

The president of the Jewish community of Vienna, Desider Friedmann, was ordered to scrub the streets. So was General Sommer, but he begged to be excused for a second, and then returned in his full-dress uniform, with all his war-time decoration. He was let off that time, but was taken to prison later on.

The palaces of the rich Jews were sacked by the hooligans. An American friend was eyewitness when the Nazis entered the proud mansion of Baron Louis Rothschild and emptied it of everything to the last nail. In 1931 the Austrian Government officially estimat-

ed the value of the furniture and art treasures in that house at five million dollars. In one night all these art treasures were loaded on trucks and removed to an unknown destination. Titians and Tintoretos were thrown together with furniture and carpets and hastily carried off.

III

It would be a mistake to believe that only the Jews were victimized. The entire Austrian Government was arrested, except Guido Schmidt and Seyss-Inquart. The Chancellor himself is kept in custody at the villa where he used to live. This villa was in reality one of the household buildings of the entourage of the former crown princes in the Belvedere, and it is a simple building. It is surrounded by three other houses which are jammed with storm troopers who guard the former Chancellor. His friends fear that Schuschnigg will meet a sad fate.

Major Fey, once upon a time Vice Chancellor, was found dead in his house in the Reiserstrasse. Even if this former Vice Chancellor did play a sinister rôle in Austria's recent history, one cannot help regretting the brutal revenge upon him and his whole family. The German reports alleged suicide, but the rumor still persists that he and his family were exterminated by storm troopers. And the same fate met Guido Baron von Neustädter-Stürmer.

Why did the Nazis try the extermination of these two men, who had both, at one time or another, tried to help the Nazis into power? The reason is that the National Socialists attempted to stage a trial in which Otto Planetta (now the Austrian Nazi martyr, like Horst Wessel in Germany) should be exculpated from the charge of having murdered Dollfuss. The Nazis want to make the world believe that Planetta did not kill Dollfuss, but that Fey was the little Chancellor's murderer and that Schuschnigg's régime sent Planetta unjustly to the gallows. But Fey would

not have confessed, like the Russian commissars, and it was safer to make him the victim of his own suicide. And Neustädter-Stürmer had to die because he promised a safe-conduct to the 144 Nazis entrapped in the Chancellor's office during the ill-famed *Putsch* of July 25, 1934 and did not keep his promise.

Among those who are suffering within the barbed wires of the Dachau concentration camp we must mention the permanent secretary of the Austrian Foreign Office, the pro-French Baron von Hornbostel, one of the most pleasant men of the old régime. A much-hated man in the same camp is Richard Schmitz, mayor of Vienna from 1934 to 1938. Schmitz was confessedly pro-French and was one of the most active men in organizing the success of Schuschnigg's plebiscite. Since he was a monarchist, and in addition had tried to gain the workers' support for the plebiscite, he is especially hated by the Nazis, and will probably be tried on a high-treason charge.

The two former press chiefs of the Schuschnigg régime, Colonel Walter Adam and Eduard Ludwig, had to wash lavatories and automobiles for weeks, and now are submitted to physical ill-treatment in Dachau. Probably even worse is the lot of the polite and able press officer of the Austrian Chancellor's office, Dr. Ludwig Kleinwächter. Though many years ago he was known as the author of a book in favor of the *Anschluss*, he is tortured to-day because he is of Jewish origin, and because he allegedly asked help on the phone from England after the Schuschnigg régime had fallen.

It would be impossible to enumerate all those who either are imprisoned or have committed suicide. The witty Egon Friedel, author, playwright, and actor, killed himself. Professor Nobel, one of the best men of the Vienna medical school, committed suicide with his wife. Professor Freud escaped im-

prisonment only because of the intervention of foreign powers. Professor Heinrich Neumann, though he was the physician of the Duke of Windsor, was for many weeks imprisoned. Official figures put the suicides at less than five hundred, but a conservative estimate places it close to three thousand.

Vienna's entire cultural life was ruined overnight. The famous Vienna medical school exists no longer; its professors are either in exile or in prison, or have lost their jobs. Vienna's music has been silenced. The great attraction of the Salzburg Festivals, Arturo Toscanini, swore not to conduct any more in Austria. Bruno Walter, the Jewish-born musical director of the Vienna Opera, cannot return to his native land. Lothar Wallenstein, the scenic manager of the Opera, was dismissed. The famous Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra lost its first violinist, Professor Artur Rosé, and full half its talented musicians.

Even the stars of the lighter music are taboo in Nazi Austria. Franz Lehár, though an Aryan, cannot produce his works in Austria because he has a Jewish wife; probably Johann Strauss, composer of the 'Blue Danube,' will be put on the proscribed list because he had Jewish blood and his third wife was Jewish. Eysler, composer of many famous operettas and well-known tunes, committed suicide, according to an official report.

Herr Hitler, who knows his compatriots, wants to break the spirit of Vienna. The American music lover and intellectual adored the easygoing, light-hearted spirit of Vienna. But Hitler decided that the Prussian drill sergeant must convert Vienna to an efficient city. There is no place for *Gemütlichkeit* in Vienna — Göring proclaimed in Linz that the easygoing spirit must disappear.

And the Germans settled down to carry out this command. Thousands of children will be taken to Berlin and elsewhere to receive schooling in German institutes; German foremen, agitators, and organizers are being sent to the Austrian factories.

And the doom of the café has also been decreed. The Vienna café was an institution: a meeting place where one could have a cup of coffee, read the local and foreign papers, and talk to one's friends. It was a substitute for the club, but more democratic and less exclusive. The café was responsible for the spirit of a Schnitzler, of a Molnar, of Johann Strauss and Lehár. This spirit is not permitted to survive. If the storm troopers come to a café and find too many 'idlers,' they take the unfortunate people to a concentration camp. And with the café the gay spirit of Vienna will be stamped out. Hatred is celebrating its victories in Vienna.

THE PARADOX OF FRANCE

BY GEORGE SLOCOMBE

I

I AM not sure that America is a good place from which to obtain an accurate view of Europe.

Distance may lend perspective and sometimes enchantment to a scene, but as often it distorts it. Detail is lost, and in the lives of men and of nations detail may happen to be of vital importance. In the small-scale map of Europe which offers itself to the American eye the bigness and blackness of the Fascist countries seem overwhelming. Germany, with her new Austrian province, her vassals or near-vassals in Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, her benevolently neutral neighbor Poland, seems to bestride the continent. Italy, with her bombing planes and submarine bases dotted over the eastern and western Mediterranean, her new empire acquired in northeast Africa and on the shores of the Red Sea, her active espionage and diplomacy among the Arabs in Syria, Palestine, Yemen, and Saudi Arabia, seems to have acquired a strangle hold on the life lines of the great empire whose financial, moral, and economic centre is so precariously fixed within two hours' flight from the German air bases on the Rhine.

So must have seemed, to American spectators in 1914, the aspect of Europe, dominated by the military might of the Central Powers, with the Turkish Empire sprawling across British communications with the Far East as Mussolini's new Roman empire does to-day. Yet that 1914 continent of Europe con-

tained, almost imperceptible to the eye at the American end of the telescope, the small country of Belgium, with a population less than one half that of Greater New York. And it was the existence of Belgium which proved, directly and indirectly, fatal to the war plans and the world ambitions of the Central Powers.

The decision of Belgium to fight, and the toughness of her resistance, were the first of the unknown and unforeseen factors in the World War of 1914-1918. The desperate resistance of the Serbian army, against Austria and Bulgaria, was another. Greatest of all perhaps, and in the end most damaging to German morale, was the long, tenacious, and unconquerable resistance of the French nation — a nation which survived four years of war without surrendering any of its democratic privileges, without investing even in Clemenceau, its ultimate organizer of victory, the powers possessed by Lloyd George and his Downing Street junta, without yielding supreme political, naval, and military power to the General Staff; a nation dispossessed of the wealthiest part of its territory and the greater part of its coal field, and equipped with an industrial organization and war machine infinitely inferior to those of its enemies; a nation frequently harassed by changes of government and once by a mutiny in its army in the field, disillusioned and at length abandoned by one of its allies, Tsarist Russia, with its other allies, Belgium and Serbia, invaded and conquered, and a

fourth ally, Italy, disabled and almost impotent in the third year of the war.

The survival of France, politically and economically intact, territorially even aggrandized by the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, economically in far better plight than Great Britain, since she inherited practically none of the great and terrible legacy of unemployment which was Britain's permanent heritage from the World War, was perhaps the greatest miracle of the war. Can the miracle be repeated? The danger which threatens France is greater than in 1914. Her politics are in greater disorder. She has been weakened internally by a quarter-century of political confusion, parliamentary futility, class struggle, and the multiplicity of political parties in the Chamber. Her finances have steadily grown more unstable, shaken by three successive devaluations of the franc, by a long series of unbalanced budgets, by the flight of capital abroad, by the higher and higher interest exacted by the banks on short-term loans to an empty state treasury, by the refusal of the small investor to entrust his meagre savings to long-term government bonds.

Her economic structure, which long escaped the ravages that shattered British economy in the immediate post-war years, which miraculously was the last to be affected by the world depression of 1929, and then comparatively lightly, has lately been shaken if not destroyed by a combination of ruinous taxation, strikes and lockouts, high wages, short hours, and the bitter hostility between big business and the labor unions, on the one hand, and a series of Popular Front governments on the other. Many factories are idle altogether or are working on half time. Strikes in the steel and allied industries arrested aircraft production completely during the most critical week France or Europe has known since 1918, the week of the German invasion of Austria.

The formation of the Daladier Government in April did indeed arrest the

flight of capital and call a temporary truce in the industrial war. But the underlying causes of financial, political, and economic instability are left intact.

II

From the military point of view the defenses of France seem less assured to-day than at almost any time since 1914. The native-born population is steadily decreasing. The effects of the war shortage of males are evident in the statistics of recruits called to the colors. France is now living through that long and gloomily anticipated period of conscript deficiency which began in 1935 (the year which Mussolini and other prophets predicted as the fatal year for European peace) and which will not end until 1939. To a foreigner, and above all to the experienced eyes of the numerous agents maintained by Hitler and Mussolini in this country, France presents a dramatic contrast to her Nazi and Fascist neighbors. Here are no legions of men in uniform, highly trained and drilled, lean and muscular, obedient to discipline, marching eagerly to the beat of military music. Uniforms, indeed, are strangely absent from the French scene.

In garrison towns and along the German and Italian frontiers an apparently insignificant force of French troops in shabby horizon blue or in the dark blue of the Chasseur Alpin may be identified. But in Paris and the other great French cities there are few signs of a military machine which once numbered four or five million men in its ranks, and at the first hint of war might be expected to mobilize at least two millions. Even the formidable and almost fabulous Maginot Line, with its hidden fortresses, its concrete gun shelters, its hundreds of miles of underground roads, its concealed munition dumps, its network of mysterious communications, is as yet an unknown and little-considered factor in the moral and material preparedness of the

French nation for war. Its value cannot be calculated. Aerial strategy might render it useless. And at its best, since Germany has lately constructed a similar line of concealed fortifications along her Rhine frontier, the Maginot Line might merely transform the next war into the immobile and sterile war of positions which proved so exhausting, futile, and fatal in the last world struggle.

Diplomatically, France is in worse case than at any time since 1914. Her post-war system of alliances, of which the newly created state of Poland was the foundation in eastern Europe, and the newly created or newly enlarged states of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia were the bases in south-eastern Europe, has been badly damaged. Poland, under the Russophobe Pilsudski and his Colonels, turned secretly and at last openly from her alliance with France as French influence weakened in Europe and that of Germany under Hitler increased. Yugoslavia, for long a bulwark against Italian expansionism in the Balkans, has steadily moved away from the orbit of French diplomacy and into that of Germany since the assassination of King Alexander in Marseilles in 1934. Rumania has moved rapidly into the Fascist camp since the elimination of the Francophile Titulescu from the direction of her foreign policy.

Czechoslovakia, alone of France's onetime allies of the Little Entente, with her concentration of forty-five million people and her triple army against Hapsburg or German or Italian imperialism, is left as a lone and much-threatened sentinel on Germany's eastern frontiers, and is now almost completely isolated from her friend and protector in Western Europe by a hostile Germany, an Austria now become German, a Hungary hungering for revenge for the humiliations and mutilations of the Treaty of the Trianon, and a Poland which has no love for the Czechs, which protested violently against the absorption of three hundred thousand Poles into Versailles-

created Czechoslovakia in the region of Teschen, and would probably watch complacently enough the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia by Germany, if only as the temporary price of her own retention of the Polish Corridor, with its minority population of Germans.

As the only sources of consolation and relief in this dismal outlook there remain the alliances between Soviet Russia and France and Czechoslovakia, and France's new understanding with Great Britain. The Russian treaty was not entered into lightly by France, nor with the unanimous consent of her people. After years of fruitless negotiations and repeated delays and hesitations, the Pact of alliance was only signed by France when it seemed to some of her military advisers that further delay would encourage the long-feared realization of an agreement between the German Reichswehr and the Red Army. Even then M. Pierre Laval, who signed the Pact in Moscow, was the first to denounce it privily by word and deed. Only the rearmament of Germany, the weakening of the League of Nations, the hesitations of Great Britain, and the collapse or partial collapse of France's alliances in eastern and southeastern Europe have transformed a purely paper treaty with the Soviet Union into one of the mainstays of France's security and the guarantee of Czechoslovakia's independence.

Nevertheless, there are obvious weaknesses in this new military system of defense. France and Russia agree to go to the assistance of Czechoslovakia only if the latter is invaded from without, and if both powers lend assistance simultaneously. No provision was made in the Pact for such an emergency as that which occurred in Austria, and which now appears to have become the typical pretext for armed invasion — an insurrection begun by a national minority within the threatened country, fomented and organized from without, and aided by regular troops from the aggressor country. This gap has since been filled in

verbal negotiations between France and Czechoslovakia, and France has now stated her intention of taking military measures to protect Czechoslovakia from intervention of any kind, whether open or masked.

The other weakness in Czechoslovakia's (and therefore in France's) system of defense arises out of geographical conditions. Czechoslovakia is separated from France by Southern Germany. During the few days which would precede an inevitably general war in Europe, the French could at best hope to prevent the lightning conquest and occupation of Czechoslovakia by sending several air squadrons from their base at Nancy to reinforce the Czechoslovak air force and to attack the invading German army from the rear. Czechoslovakia is separated from Soviet Russia by a hostile or at least malevolently neutral Poland in the north, and by a doubtfully neutral and pro-Fascist Rumania in the south. Aerial reinforcements from the Soviet Union, with possibly one or two battalions of infantry and machine-gun units transported by plane and dropped by parachute, would have to be flown over one or another of these intervening territories, with the risk of attack or reprisals from the Poles and Rumanians.

Since time is of the very essence of surprise and conquest in the new Hitler technique of warfare, and the German invaders of Czechoslovakia would presumably have dispensed with the old-fashioned convention of declaring war by diplomatic procedure, it cannot be assumed that the French and Russian air forces will be able to intervene in time to spare their Czechoslovak allies the brunt of the German aggression. The main weight of the German thrust will already have been felt by the army and air force of President Beneš before his allies appear in the air over his war-stricken territory, and their intervention will be of efficacy to prevent the rapid conquest of Czechoslovakia, and the uninterrupted advance of Germany

to the oil fields of Rumania and hence to the wheat fields of Russian Ukraine, only if the Czechoslovaks, like the Belgians in 1914, are valiant enough and desperate enough to hold up the invaders for at least two weeks.

Militarily, as well as politically, the chances of France's victory in the next general European war are therefore meagre. They depend for the first time in her history, perhaps, less upon circumstances under her control than upon circumstances remote and independent of all direction by her. For the first time, equally, France will be unable to declare and to influence the time and circumstances of her going to war. It is true that as a result of Hitler's conquest and absorption of Austria the long hesitation of Great Britain has at last been ended, and that since M. Édouard Daladier's visit to London at the end of April Mr. Neville Chamberlain has apparently pledged British support to Czechoslovakia in the event of an unprovoked German invasion. But the strategy of European warfare has been revolutionized since 1914. British intervention on the side of France no longer assures to the French the security of their northern ports. The aerial command by Germany of the English Channel may isolate the two democratic allies from each other much more effectively than a victory of the German Navy might have done in 1914. Moreover, it is conceivable, and even probable, that Germany will strike at England first, rather than France, and seek to overcome or at least to immobilize the slower war machine of Great Britain before she turns to dispose of France at her leisure.

III

For these and for other reasons, therefore, the situation of France in the summer of 1938 may well seem precarious if not desperate. Viewed from the United States, as I viewed it recently, it seemed a subject for the gravest fears.

Yet it was in the United States, and not in France, that I found the friends of European democracy in panic. On landing on French shores I, like other visitors, have found anxiety but not fear, and even a kind of desperate calm very curious and impressive in view of the political confusion, the bitter and ruthless controversies over social, financial, and economic issues, which divide the many political parties here, and seem fated to divide them without surcease to the very day when France finds herself again at war.

Whether the calmness of her leaders in the face of the external danger proceeds from an almost Oriental fatalism, or from an almost mystical faith in her destiny, the fact is that France alone in Europe to-day faces the future steadily and without fear. Great Britain, as I found since my return, is more alarmed by the trend of European events than at any time since 1914, not even excluding that dark day in March 1918 when the Germans broke through before Amiens. Germany, in spite of her state of artificially induced exaltation, is apprehensive and uncertain — witness the nervous and apologetic terms of Hitler's letter to Mussolini explaining his seizure of Austria. Italy is still heavily involved in Ethiopia and in Spain. Soviet Russia has one eye on Japan and another on Germany, and is too concerned for the success of her fifty-year industrial experiment to regard the oncoming of war with anything but dismay.

The Succession States in Europe can only see in war their ruin or dismemberment, the end of the Versailles dream of independence. Even the neutrals cannot hope this time to escape the general calamity. Denmark is already menaced by the ferment among her Germans in Schleswig-Holstein. Norway and Sweden might escape only if they became the vassals of Germany. Holland and Belgium already know their fate. Czechoslovakia is doomed. Poland could

not survive the victory of either Russia or Germany. Hungary will go, if she is not already going, the way of Austria. Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, may survive as vassals. Turkey might escape, since she is more Asiatic than European, and so long as Kemal Atatürk lives it will be difficult to destroy him in the uplands of Anatolia.

By a paradox without parallel in history, France alone, weakened, underpopulated, poverty-stricken, torn by dissensions as she is, looks at the remorseless advance of history with a certain heroic equanimity. One of her recent governments, on the eve of certain defeat in the Chamber on a financial question, even had the temerity to assert to the world that France would fight to protect Czechoslovakia. And doubtless Hitler knows that this is no mere idle boasting. It is significant that, for all his almost reckless acts in eastern and southeastern Europe, the Nazi dictator has scrupulously refrained from attacking or denouncing France directly. Indeed, he has repeatedly announced that he has no territorial or other claims against France.

It may be that in this knowledge of France's intention to go to war in certain circumstances lies her only strong card. Hitherto Hitler's aims have been achieved without fighting. The conviction that war with France would inevitably result from certain provocations may prove the ultimate deterrent in Germany's case. The leaders of the Reichswehr are familiar with France's fighting record, and have a healthy respect for it. The leaders of the French Army know that France will mobilize to the last man to defend her territory. And the leaders of the rival political parties in Parliament know that, whatever the feuds which now divide them, they will clasp hands and sing the 'Marseillaise' bareheaded in the Chamber of Deputies at the outbreak of war, as they or their predecessors did on that historic day in August 1914.

TIGHT SPOTS IN TENNIS

BY GEORGE LOTT

I

DON'T worry, Cap, I won't let the team down.' The words were whispered by Donald Budge to Captain Walter L. Pate as he crossed the net to change courts at the crucial moment of the fifth and deciding match of the Interzone Final between the United States and Germany. The score was four games to one in favor of Baron von Cramm. Things had indeed looked black all afternoon for the American team. In the previous match Henkle had evened the Tie by easily defeating Parker. This had been expected, but Budge now seemed to be just as easy a victim for von Cramm. Budge was obviously playing under his best game, and it was just as apparent that von Cramm was inspired. When Budge had evened the match at two sets all, Captain Pate's hopes and expectations must have risen considerably, but when the Baron ran up a 4-1 lead in the fifth set his feelings hit a new low.

It was a foregone conclusion that the winner of the Interzone Final would be returned victor over England in the Challenge Round the following week-end. The American team had entered the match an overwhelming favorite. Budge had won the Wimbledon Singles, defeating von Cramm easily in three sets, and, paired with Mako, had won the Doubles from von Cramm and Henkle in the final round. If Budge lost this all-important match, Pate would be subject to severe and bitter criticism. Budge would be accused of overconfidence, lack of courage, and all the other

things a loser is usually accused of. Instead of returning home the conquering heroes, the team would be just another Davis Cup team that had failed when the going got 'tough.' If the Cup was to be won, Budge was the only one who could do it, and here he was facing a 1-4 deficit in the final set of the deciding match.

Budge won the next game on his own service to reduce his deficit to 2-4. Rising to superlative heights, he broke von Cramm's service and followed this break with three service aces to win his own service and even the match to a 4-4. The situation looked better, but was still precarious. Von Cramm, fighting desperately, held his service to 6-6. At this point Budge broke through again, with the aid of three lovely backhand passing shots, to assume the lead for the first time that afternoon, 7-6. With the average player an unconscious letdown might have occurred, but not with this champion. His concentration increased, if possible, and he ran out the final game with the loss of one point, thus completing one of the greatest rallies in Davis Cup history. One may well imagine Captain Pate's sigh of relief.

Von Cramm seems to be very unfortunate in the matter of winning important matches. Three years ago in an Interzone Final doubles match, paired with Lund against Allison and Van Ryn, he was on the threshold of a victory which would have given his team an opportunity to reach the Challenge

Round, in which they had an even chance of victory. The matches were one-all, and a victory in this match meant certain victory in the Tie, as von Cramm appeared a winner the next day in his singles engagement. The doubles progressed up to two sets to one in favor of the Germans. The set score was 4-5, thirty-all, Allison serving. Two points from victory! Von Cramm had been playing what Allison afterwards described to me as the greatest one-man doubles match he had ever seen or played against.

Allison served, the ball was returned by Lund, and after a brief rally the Germans advanced to the net. Van Ryn hit the ball down the centre of the court, and von Cramm volleyed for a placement to bring up match point. At this juncture there occurred an incident, heretofore unexplained, that was unparalleled in Davis Cup history. Von Cramm walked over to the umpire's stand and informed the umpire that the point belonged to the Americans. He explained that the ball he had just hit had touched his partner's racket before he had hit it. Not one of the ten thousand spectators present had noticed this, so slightly had the ball touched Lund's racket. Even Allison and Van Ryn were dumbfounded. They assumed, as did the reporters and onlookers, that the Baron's racket had hit the net. Consequently, instead of the Germans' needing one point to win the match, they needed three. The tide of the game turned, and the Americans went on to win.

It was the finest and most instinctive display of true sportsmanship I have ever seen. Often a player will accidentally touch the net and, of course, lose the point, but that is usually obvious to everyone. Von Cramm wanted victory in this match as much as anything in the world, but he wanted it in the right way.

II

Now let our thoughts drift back a decade. One sunny July afternoon

in 1928, some 14,000 howling, frenzied Frenchmen, all loyal patriots, rose to their feet and wildly acclaimed the once greatest tennis player of the world with shouts of 'Tilden, Tilden! Bravo, Tilden! Bravo!' For at that moment the great American player was entering the Stade Roland Garros with his opponent, the then world's champion, René Lacoste, the French ace. It was to be the first match of the Davis Cup Challenge Round. It would seem unusual that this crowd, which had heretofore been very partisan, should be cheering Tilden. It was not only a great tribute to the American, but a tribute to French sportsmanship, because the crowd realized what a great mental strain Tilden was under.

Eight days previously the United States Lawn Tennis Association had announced that owing to a violation of the 'player-writer rule' William T. Tilden was ineligible for Davis Cup competition. This decision had been a terrific blow to us of the American team, because Tilden was our mainstay. We also knew that the violation of the rule was purely technical and entirely unintentional. Tilden's articles were being printed in American newspapers and were not supposed to contain current news, which in this case meant that if he covered any of the matches in which he played the story could not be printed until forty-eight hours had elapsed from the time of the event of which he wrote. The article which had been cited and used as the cause of Tilden's suspension was printed only a few hours short of the forty-eight-hour limit. Tilden had many caustic critics, and it was due mainly to this fact that such a strict interpretation was put upon his story.

The team that year was composed of Tilden, Hunter, Hennessey, and me. Without Tilden we were hopelessly weakened. Immediately following the announcement that Tilden was barred, a great cry of protest arose from the French press, claiming the actions of the

U. S. L. T. A. to be unfair not only to the American team but to the French team as well. It was pointed out that this was France's first defense of the Cup and that the French team wanted to defend it against the best American team that could be put into the field. These protests reached a climax seven days later when the United States Ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, cabled the U. S. L. T. A. stating that it was his opinion that a great deal would be accomplished in the way of international goodwill if the U. S. L. T. A. would rescind its action and allow Tilden to compete in the Challenge Round. Under this pressure the U. S. L. T. A. finally acquiesced.

In the meantime Tilden was practically in a panic. He was nervous and upset, and played very little tennis. It was impossible for him to concentrate on his game under such conditions. He was reinstated the afternoon before the match. The draw was made and he drew Lacoste, a young man of twenty-three who had beaten him in the three previous matches. So, while that July afternoon may have looked sunny to some people, to Tilden and the rest of the American team it looked dark indeed. Tilden was thirty-five at that time and past his peak. It was the beginning of the French ascendancy. As Tilden walked on the court I could not help thinking to myself that if any tennis player had ever been in a worse spot than this I had never known of it.

What happened in the next hour and a half was a revelation to me; I have never witnessed its equal before or since. Tilden gave the greatest exhibition of brainy tennis ever seen. He was facing a man often referred to as a 'human machine.' Lacoste was typically a base-line player, and one of the greatest. He had beaten Tilden in the previous Challenge Round and also won the United States Singles Championship. Psychologically and mentally he had a big advantage over Tilden.

Tilden used chops, slices, flat shots, top-spin drives, drop shots, lobs, and varied acute-angle shots. By the middle of the second set the rhythm of Lacoste's stroke was completely broken. He would start his ordinarily fluent strokes in his usual manner and end up by jerking at the ball, as he could never tell just what spin Tilden was going to use. Tilden won the match in five sets, and I was so excited I jumped from the grandstand, a drop of fifteen feet, in order to get down to congratulate him and help him get off the court before he became mobbed by enthusiastic admirers. It was truly a grand exhibition of iron nerve and super-intelligence.

While things were very serious during the week of Tilden's suspension, there was one situation which struck me as being rather funny. Tilden has a slight flair for the dramatic, and, with popular opinion so heavily on his side, I am not at all certain that he did not actually enjoy the situation. Immediately upon the announcement of his violation of the player-writer rule, Tilden called a meeting of the Paris press. John Hennessey and I also attended this meeting. The newspaper men were gathered in a small lounge of the hotel, and when Tilden came in he mounted an orchestra stand and delivered his address, which was written in English on a piece of paper. I gazed around the room and whispered to Hennessey that less than one of every five reporters knew what Tilden was saying. As the reporters filed out we noticed a group gathered around the Associated Press man, so we walked over. Sure enough, Abbott was explaining to his French colleagues what Tilden had said. Abbott was the only one who had understood.

III

John Doeg won the National Singles with as little stroke equipment as any national champion ever possessed. He had very little more than a tremendous

service and a fine volley. Off the ground he was defensive on both sides, chopping both his backhand and his forehand. To offset this deficiency, he had a fighting heart that has never been equaled. In winning the Singles in 1930, Doeg defeated Tilden in the semifinal in a torrid five-set match where only his great determination pulled him through.

Tilden was still a fine player at that time, having every stroke in the game at his command, while Doeg gave an exhibition of sheer fighting ability that was beautiful to behold. His plan was to serve and run to the net at every opportunity, regardless of the score. Many games he rescued from 0-40. When it was Tilden's serve it was still the same plan — get in to the net and force, force, force. Of course Tilden passed him many times, but as the match progressed Tilden began to miss more often, until finally Doeg's tenacity wore him down.

But this was only half the battle with Doeg. He had made up his mind that he was going to win the tournament and that nothing could stop him as long as he could stay on his feet. The final found him facing Frank Shields, his equal physically, and possessor of a far superior stroke equipment. In fact, it seemed as though Shields were better in every department of the game except possibly the service, in which he was at least Doeg's equal. The betting around the Stadium was 2-1 on Shields. But very few people reckoned on that indefinable something within Doeg. I call it *spark*.

When Doeg won the match at 16-14 in the fourth set, the gallery of 10,000 could scarcely believe their eyes. We had seen Shields making beautiful shots as Tilden did the day before, yet Doeg had won the match. A concentrated *spark* had carried the day.

Being a close friend of Doeg's, I sat with tears of admiration in my eyes as he flung himself on the ground after the final point. He had given everything he had.

IV

'Bill' Tilden had probably the most unusual experience a first-class player ever went through. It is not customary for him to show a reversal of form, yet he was the victim of perhaps the most exciting rightabout-face ever witnessed in a tennis match. In the 1926 Wimbledon, Tilden was leading Cochet two sets to love and 5-1 in games. Just what happened at this point I don't suppose will ever be known; Cochet began to win one game after another, taking the third set 7-5 and running out the last two sets and the match easily. There have been explanations, among them that at this moment King Alfonso of Spain had just arrived and Tilden, with his great love of showmanship, decided to toy with Cochet for a game or two for the benefit of the King. In doing so he completely lost his touch and could not get started again.

Tilden had a great faculty of creating his own dramatic situations. He delighted in allowing his opponent to accumulate what seemed like a commanding lead and then proceeding to pull the match out of the 'fire.' There were times when he got in too deep, however. Once this happened when I was his opponent. He had let me get a two-to-one set lead in one of the early tournaments in Florida, and had been playing around with me in the fourth set up to the point where I reached 5-4 and 30-40 on his service. All I needed was one point to accomplish what seemed to me the greatest thing in the world. I do not doubt that Tilden thought he would pull the match out with a service ace. He served a fast service, but I got my racket on the ball and sloughed back a weak return. As he came in to the net to put the ball away he slipped on the line and fell down, so that I won the match! For five minutes all I could do was yell like a wild Indian. This did not strike Tilden as being the slightest bit funny, and for

the next three weeks, in the finals of the three succeeding tournaments, he proceeded to toy with me but never to the point of allowing me to get close to victory. His method of punishing me struck me as a variation of the old Chinese tortures.

There is such a thing as talking one's way out of a tight spot. Let me take you back to one of the most interesting players of all time — Jean Borotra. He was a great actor on the tennis court. I well remember his match with 'Little Bill' Johnston in the 1927 National Singles Championship. 'Little Bill' had won the first two sets, and Borotra began his most successful act — that of appearing to be completely exhausted and saying to his opponent, 'I am so tired I can't walk. You are much too good for me.' Johnston was a sympathetic sort of person, and the first thing he knew the match was over and Borotra was the winner. That night in the clubhouse a number of the officials of the U. S. L. T. A. were gathered around Vincent Richards, Borotra's opponent the following day. Advice was coming from all sides, and it was pointed out that above all things Richards should not allow Borotra to work that same trick again.

The match came along, Richards in a commanding position with a lead of two sets. Suddenly the Frenchman began letting it be known he was all in: he was so tired, no more strength left, and Richards was much, much too good. Richards, like Johnston, was of a sympathetic disposition. In about one hour Borotra was once again the winner, and Richards, like Johnston, was relegated to the side lines. It was a great act, but could only be successful against a player who did not know him, for the next afternoon Borotra met his teammate, René Lacoste, in the final round and attempted the same strategy unsuccessfully. Lacoste went into a commanding lead as did Johnston and Richards, and as usual Borotra let it be known to every-

one present that he was tired, and so forth. As he was resting in between games and telling his story to Lacoste he was interrupted by his phlegmatic countryman, who said coldly, 'When you are ready we will continue.'

V

When Mrs. Helen Wills Moody defaulted to Helen Jacobs at 0-3 in the final set in the Women's Singles Championship she placed herself in a precarious position as far as public opinion was concerned. She had injured her back. If she had continued with the match permanent injury might have resulted. The gallery had been rooting for a Jacobs victory because Mrs. Moody had been winning from Miss Jacobs for so many years, and in this match it did seem as if Miss Jacobs were about to realize her ambition — winning the National Championship from her great rival.

When Mrs. Moody was unable to continue any longer without suffering great pain she informed the umpire that it was impossible for her to go on. This action caused a great howl from the press. It was contended that, regardless of her condition, Mrs. Moody should have continued the match until the finish, if only going through the motions. Unwittingly she had placed herself in a so-called 'spot,' from which she did not extricate herself for several years. Having known Mrs. Moody for over ten years, I never doubted that she had done the right and sensible thing.

Over a year passed before she was able to play any tennis, and it began to look as though her tennis days were a thing of the past. When an athlete, man or woman, reaches thirty, it becomes increasingly difficult, after a year's absence, to regain the peak of past effectiveness. In the case of Mrs. Moody, with over a year's complete absence from the courts, a successful comeback was doubly difficult, as she had mental as well as physical troubles to overcome. But when, a

year and a half after the Forest Hills incident, Mrs. Moody announced that she would play at Wimbledon the coming year, I was pleased beyond bounds. No one knew better than she just what she would have to go through. The women players of the world had improved tremendously, and no longer was she considered invincible. She knew that the odds against her winning were great, but, win or lose, she was going to silence her critics.

It had been the custom of the United States Lawn Tennis Association to pay Mrs. Moody's expenses on such trips. But they evidently did not have complete faith in her. Thus Mrs. Moody played in this tournament, six thousand miles from her home, as an individual; she was on her own. By dint of hard work she reached the final round, but only after several close matches against players she would have beaten easily earlier in her career. Her opponent was none other than Miss Jacobs, who was playing the finest tennis she ever played.

Every seat in the Centre Court was sold. It was impossible to buy a ticket even from the London speculators, who had already sold their tickets at \$100 per pair. And the match was well worth whatever price was paid. The first two sets were divided, but it was obvious that Mrs. Moody was far from her former self. In the past she had beaten Miss Jacobs as badly as 6-0, 6-0. Of course Miss Jacobs had improved, but Mrs. Moody had gone back. The third set went along with Miss Jacobs slightly ahead until the score reached 5-4 and 40-30, with Miss Jacobs serving. Match point. A rally began, Miss Jacobs advanced to the net, and Mrs. Moody put up a rather short lob. In her excitement and hurry, Miss Jacobs flubbed the ball weakly into the net. The game was brought back to deuce. Miss Jacobs was still dangerous. But Mrs. Moody, calm and unruffled at this point, pulled herself out of this predicament and,

playing steady, consistent tennis, won the game. She was past the crisis, and took the next two games, winning the third set and the match. She had proved herself under fire. Even her severest critics were cheering her loudly and wildly at the conclusion.

VI

There comes a time in every athletic career when the winning or losing of close matches depends upon quick thinking and brainwork. In tennis, after one reaches thirty, court-covering ability depends upon one's ability to conserve his energy. A younger man will invariably win a long match from an older opponent if the two are fairly equal in skill, unless the older man lets his brain do the hard work. Even with the most careful conservation, the older man is apt to find himself lost if it is an especially long affair. Then he has to depend entirely on his own intelligence and ability to outthink his opponent.

Last fall Vincent Richards and I met Karel Kozeluh and Bruce Barnes in the doubles final of the first open tournament ever held in the United States. Barnes is a younger man just in his tennis prime, and Kozeluh is the type of player who can play all day and never tire. He has played tennis every day of his life, and like 'Ol' Man River' he goes on and on. Richards had been in a terrible automobile accident three years ago in which he had broken his arm and dislocated his hip. He was lucky to be playing tennis at all, let alone championship tennis. And, like the 'Old Gray Mare,' I was n't what I used to be.

At the start of the match I knew that our opponents' strategy would be to wear us down. By no process of reasoning could we be figured to last a hard five-set match. That is what they thought. We lost the first two sets, 6-1, 6-4, and our case looked hopeless. We eked out the third set and gratefully accepted the ten-minute rest. At the

beginning of the fourth set I thought I noticed a peculiar psychology on the other side of the net. Even though they were ahead and looked like certain winners, they were much more nervous than we were.

The set went along until they finally reached match point with Richards serving. Up to this time I had not crossed over once on Kozeluh's return of service, as I knew that I needed to save my strength. But here at match point I decided to poach. It was to be all or nothing.

Richards served, Kozeluh returned his usual cross-court shot, and I ran over to hit it. The return was higher than usual, but I made a wild stab at the ball, going up in the air like a ballet dancer. I managed to catch Barnes at his feet so that all he could do was put up a short lob, which I smashed for a placement to bring the score back to deuce. The tide turned from then on and we won that set and the fifth. The final set was close, but we had them beaten mentally, as they were never sure just what we might do. The threat of unexpectedness had pulled us out of a bad hole.

VII

During my career as an amateur tennis player I often wondered just what it was that kept me playing the game year after year. It seemed to me that perhaps it was the plaudits of the crowd, or maybe it was the personal satisfaction I derived from seeing my name in headlines. I accidentally stumbled upon the solution of the mystery at the Longwood Cricket Club one afternoon back in 1932. I was coming down the stairs of the club on my way to the Stadium. On the clubhouse court were two gentlemen I knew very well. They were close friends, and I had never seen them in other than a friendly mood — Fred ('Pop') Baggs and 'Doc' William

Rosenbaum. Their opponents were two men I did not know so well. These four were playing the finals of the Veterans' Doubles. They had an umpire, but no gallery.

I stopped a second to see what 'Pop' was up to, as he is usually doing something amusing. Much to my surprise, 'Pop' was in deadly earnest, with a most serious expression on his face. Well, I thought, anything that commands such serious attention from 'Pop' is certainly worth at least a few minutes of my time. So down I sat.

'Pop' was n't talking to 'Doc,' and the only indication he gave of being aware of 'Doc's' presence was to groan loudly every time the latter missed a shot. And 'Doc' ignored 'Pop' altogether. Well, I had played a lot of matches all over the world that I had wanted to win, but my partner and I had always maintained at least a speaking acquaintance while the match was in progress. And both 'Pop' and 'Doc' completely ignored their opponents. There were no cries of 'Good shot' or 'Well played.' No sir. This was a match for blood, no quarter given or asked.

The tennis itself was good. Of course there were no shots of blinding speed. It was more like a game of checkers; each team was trying to outmanœuvre the other before trying for the kill. And it seemed as though life itself depended upon the outcome. I watched the match to the finish, becoming so completely engrossed that I forgot I had started for the Stadium. At the conclusion, as I walked slowly on to the Stadium, the realization came to me that the reason I had played so many years of tennis was that I liked to win, and that when I got past the age of battling for big titles I could still play the game as I had in the past, even if only for the championship of Paducah.

Oh yes, Dr. Rosenbaum and Mr. Baggs won.

HOW TO REDUCE THE PUBLIC DEBT

BY NORMAN S. TABER

[In these days of mounting governmental expenditures and rising tax rates, taxpayers are an object of pity and censure — pity because they stagger along under a heavy and increasing burden; censure because, with remedies at hand, they too often fail to apply them. Always they grumble, frequently they protest, sometimes they organize. And between these spasms of righteousness they are apt to reflect the same old crowd to public office. But the truth is that losses due to lack of planning in debt creation and liquidation far exceed those caused by graft and blunders in performance. This article shows what can be accomplished by going beneath the surface to repair and restore the foundations of public credit. — THE EDITORS]

I

COMBINED debt service charges on the grand total of over-all public debt of this country are more than \$3,000,000,000 annually, or one sixth of all governmental (national, state, and local) expenditures. In thousands of instances the present cost of caring for previous debts takes $33\frac{1}{3}$ cents out of every tax dollar, and in many cases the debt charge runs as high as 50 cents. Many a citizen must wonder how public debt grew so large with so little opposition. Here is one reason.

Public debt springs from two sources: (1) the construction of public improvements such as schools, hospitals, state houses, city halls, courthouses, streets,

sewers, highways, waterworks, and so forth; (2) 'deficit borrowing,' failure of a governing body to meet current operating expenses from current cash receipts. The first type of debt usually can be justified as creating a definite asset value behind the loan, with continuing benefits for the next twenty to forty years. Often the taxpayer has a chance to vote on these issues, but he usually is powerless against deficit borrowing. The latter debt comes to public attention as a *fait accompli*; the money is already owed, and all that can then be done is to find the best way of carrying the burden. This second type of debt is dangerous, usually unnecessary, and always unfair to the citizen of to-morrow. It benefits the taxpayer in the current year only, creates no new asset value, and burdens the taxpayer of to-morrow not only with the principal on the debt but with excessive interest charges as well.

Debt caused by deficit borrowing has reached astounding heights. At least one third to one half of all public debt has been created by the accumulation of annual operating deficits, or by the extension of maturing obligations beyond the useful life of the public improvement for which the money was originally borrowed. The Federal debt alone has increased from one to four billion dollars a year in the past seven years as a result of unbalanced budgets. Direct state debt in the form of deficit funding increased 183 per cent from 1930 to 1937. Many cities can blame deficit funding for one third to one half of their total debts.

This trend, if continued, must lead eventually to bankruptcy, repudiation, chaos. Fortunately, during this same period, many cities and some states have been quietly initiating constructive financial programmes. Some through necessity, and others through foresight, have returned to time-tested economic principles and are setting worthy examples for other political subdivisions as well as our national government to follow. By adopting a 'pay-as-you-go' policy, they are achieving the following results:—

(1) Elimination of further deficit funding;

(2) Orderly annual retirement of existing debt;

(3) Lower total interest charges each year as the debt decreases;

(4) Restoration of sound credit which will enable necessary future financing of required new improvements at low interest rates.

II

An encouraging illustration can be found in New Jersey. Although one of the wealthiest states in the Union, its municipal credit from 1932 to 1934 fell extremely low. One out of every five of its municipalities was in default. A number of its cities were paying employees in scrip or were behind in pay rolls. Many could not borrow, and such cities as had bank credit were paying the top interest rate of 6 per cent. Their bonds were selling at from 40 to 80 cents on the dollar.

While various factors contributed to this collapse of municipal credit, the basic cause was failure to keep current

operations on a cash basis. For budget purposes, New Jersey municipalities had long been allowed to anticipate 100 per cent collection of the current tax levy and to overestimate receipts from miscellaneous revenues. Annual operating deficits accumulated rapidly. Customarily these deficits were financed by the issuance of tax-anticipation and tax-revenue notes. By 1934, floating debts included overdue tax notes, delinquent state, county, and school district taxes, unpaid bills, and, in many cases, defaulted principal and interest on funded debt. Floating indebtedness constituted 15 to 50 per cent of the gross indebtedness outstanding December 31, 1933, of the majority of New Jersey cities. The schedule at the foot of this page shows typical cases.

In 1934 the New Jersey Legislature, recognizing this emergency, enacted Chapter 60, known as the 'Cash Basis Act.' The Act was permissive and not mandatory, yet within two years a majority of all the large cities in New Jersey took advantage of its provisions. It permitted any municipality operating thereunder to fund its current floating indebtedness by issuance of serial bonds maturing from one to twenty years in the future. But if a city elected to do this, it was required thereafter to operate on a cash basis with balanced budget. In estimating the receipts from taxes and miscellaneous revenues a city could anticipate no greater percentage of collection than that achieved during the preceding year. How the Act restored the credit of New Jersey municipalities and thereby reduced interest costs can best be illustrated by specific examples.

DEBT AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1933

	<i>Current Floating Debt</i>	<i>Total Net Debt</i>	<i>Ratio of Current Floating to Net Debt</i>
Newark.....	\$20,534,166	\$103,478,987	20%
Jersey City.....	21,501,474	62,075,692	34
Paterson.....	5,611,441	20,517,267	27
Passaic.....	4,315,900	12,185,228	35
New Brunswick.....	1,730,101	5,645,001	30

East Orange, endeavoring to dispose of \$160,000 of improvement bonds on a 6 per cent basis in January 1934, received no bids, as its outstanding bonds were then selling on a 6.50 per cent basis. However, acting under Chapter 60 six months later, it sold \$2,700,000 of bonds on a 4.375 per cent basis, an improvement in interest rate of over 30 per cent in six months. This saving encouraged other cities to put their finances in order.

New Brunswick was paying 6 per cent in 1934 on all of its tax-revenue notes; it has since sold Chapter 60 bonds on a basis of less than 3 per cent, one half of the former rate.

In October 1933, Jersey City's bonds were nominally quoted at 65. In January 1936, it sold 3.75 per cent bonds maturing in one to fifteen years for a fraction above 99.

Paterson early sought the advantages offered by Chapter 60. Operating on a true cash basis for the past four years, it has reduced its net debt by \$4,605,000, more than 22 per cent. This performance required courage on the part of both officials and taxpayers, but was essential, as the gross indebtedness had reached a danger point. Debt liquidation, restoration of salary cuts, increased educational costs and relief expenditures, caused a \$1,570,000 rise in the annual tax levy over a four-year period. However, a continuation of this policy for another five years will reduce the annual interest requirements to approximately one half of what they were in 1933. Paterson deserves commendation for its heavy sacrifices to achieve solvency.

An even more remarkable showing has been made by Garfield, New Jersey. Its conditions had long been regarded as perilous. During 1931-1933 the city's operating deficits ranged from \$250,000 to \$450,000 per annum, or about 20 per cent of each year's tax levy. As of December 31, 1933, the gross debt was \$6,535,000, of which more than half was

floating debt. Garfield's gross debt has now been reduced \$1,240,000 by an average pay-off of more than \$300,000 per annum. Efficient operating methods and stimulation of tax collections were rewarded by a substantial reduction in the tax rate, from \$7.54 in 1934 to \$4.69 in 1938.

Although Chapter 60 was enacted as an emergency and permissive measure, its benefits are so apparent that the cash-basis provision has been made mandatory under the new Bond and Budget Act of New Jersey. In that state there has been a definite halt in creation of unnecessary and improper debt arising from annual operation deficits, and each year is showing a steady reduction in existing municipal debts.

III

In creating public debt, officials should weigh rigidly these factors: (1) the necessity for each improvement; (2) the capacity of the taxpayers to meet interest and principal charges within the useful life of the improvement; (3) the cost of maintaining and operating the improvement as a useful asset; and (4) the method of financing the project so as to secure the lowest possible interest rate and to amortize the principal of the indebtedness with the least burden to present and future taxpayers. In the zeal to get money, far too little thought is given to the carrying charges and terms of repayment. Often additional debt is created and repayment fixed without reference to burdens already created by previous bond issues or without weighing the effect upon future borrowing. Instances of improper planning and later corrections of expensive mistakes are common; but a concrete typical illustration can be found in a brief résumé of the debt structure of the State of Tennessee.

Governor Browning, since taking office in January 1937, has effected a debt revision which is saving the taxpayers

millions of dollars annually. Tennessee's troubles of a year and a half ago were due primarily to poor structural planning as debt was created. Its debt was large, but by no means excessive; it could be compared to a sturdy mediæval castle to which various wings had been added here and there as necessity dictated until it looked awkward and was expensive to operate. No complete architectural plan had ever been prepared to guide state officials in creation of new debt or reduction of old debt. A clumsy array of ill-conceived funding arrangements existed, each fund operated individually and without relation to economical servicing of the total indebtedness. Millions of dollars were evaporating through vents in the debt structure.

At the beginning of 1937, Tennessee's debt stood as follows:—

(1) Gross indebtedness was approximately \$129,000,000.

(2) Average interest rate was high, 4.78 per cent, owing to lack of planning and timing of bond issues. For example, temporary notes were issued at 4 per cent, refunded by 4.15 per cent bonds, again refunded by 5.75 per cent bonds, and finally reissued as long-term bonds at 6 per cent, an over-all increase of 50 per cent in interest rate.

(3) Maturities were unbalanced. One third of all Tennessee bonds, as originally issued, matured in a single year.

(4) Special revenues were pledged for debt service on certain issues, while none had been allocated to others, with the result that there was excessive coverage on one third of the debt and insufficient coverage on the remaining two thirds. For example, \$1,000,000 of 6 per cent funding bonds, maturing in 1941, were issued in 1932 with one cent of the gas tax pledged for servicing. Within four years this gas tax accumulated more than \$1,000,000, which would have retired the entire issue in 1936, but as the bonds were non-callable the state continued to pay 6 per cent interest while it had \$1,000,000 idle cash in the sinking fund. Yet on other issues, such as the \$15,545,000 of General Fund Bonds, no revenues had been pledged and the state was refunding these bonds at high rates each year as they matured.

This summary indicates, but by no means exhausts, the complications which combined to raise Tennessee's costs and hurt its credit. Idle cash which would not be needed for years could not be used to pay bonds of short maturities. The state lost money because it had to pay more for its borrowings than it could get for its deposits. And it faced the dire prospect of refunding an estimated total of \$60,000,000, with probable interest costs of \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000.

In May 1937, the Tennessee Legislature passed an act to reorganize this jerry-built debt structure, to the end that existing revenues pledged for only a portion of the debt could be utilized to service the entire state indebtedness. To do this without breaking contractual pledges or obligations on the existing bonds was a delicate matter, and the method by which it was accomplished has been called a unique achievement in public finance.

Under authority of the Debt Reorganization Act, the state issued Sinking Fund Retirement Certificates in an amount equal to the outstanding non-callable bonds in the hands of the public. These certificates were non-negotiable and did not increase the net debt of the state, as they were turned over to a newly created Board of Liquidation to be held in sinking funds for all outstanding issues. The certificates matured either on or prior to the date of maturity of the bond issues for which they were pledged. In this way all existing assets in the old sinking funds were released, and the then existing pledges of future revenues were transferred to benefit the entire debt. No contractual obligations were broken.

The Act also authorized the state to issue Consolidated Bonds to replace the callable bonds and also some \$31,000,000 which the state owed to the counties for monies spent on state highways. The Sinking Fund Retirement Certificates and Consolidated Bonds, in addition to

being direct obligations of the state, were secured by pledges of revenues annually exceeding 150 per cent of the debt service requirements. Excess revenues over and above interest and principal charges immediately became available for necessary current expenses.

The benefits of this reorganization programme can be summarized as follows: —

(1) Total state indebtedness is now served with less money than formerly was pledged for only a portion of the debt.

(2) Prompt payment of interest and principal as it matures is assured.

(3) The necessity of refunding some \$60,000,000 of debt with extended maturities has been eliminated, with a saving of some \$20,000,000 in interest.

(4) Both idle cash and future revenues can be utilized to advantage.

(5) From \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 can be released annually to the Highway Department for new construction.

(6) The general fund has been relieved from service expenditure to the extent of \$1,500,000 per annum.

(7) Total debt can now be rapidly retired; there will be a reduction of \$57,000,000 by the end of 1944 and an additional reduction of \$49,000,000 by the end of 1951, or a total retirement of more than 80 per cent of the total debt within fourteen years.

Governor Browning has thus remodeled Tennessee's financial house by cutting out obstructing partitions, closing the vents, and installing a modern heating system which burns less coal but gives more heat. To-day Tennessee commands the lowest interest rate in its history.

IV

What has been accomplished by the New Jersey municipalities and by Tennessee can be matched by many other cities and states. Kentucky during the past two years has reduced the interest rate on all of its outstanding warrants from 5 per cent to 3 per cent and has cut in half the outstanding principal indebt-

edness, which at the beginning of 1936 amounted to over \$25,000,000. Mississippi this year refunded on advantageous terms over \$20,000,000 of road indebtedness which was created in 1936. At the same time it provided for an enlarged road programme to be financed on terms far less costly to the taxpayers than those called for in the original financing, which was done under legislation of two years ago. North Dakota is reducing its outstanding debt by substantial amounts, thus saving interest to future taxpayers. Texas is now conducting a study of \$200,000,000 of road indebtedness with a view to stopping leakage in the tax dollar. Indeed, reforms to effect tax savings can never be completely successful unless programmes of correction and prevention are put into operation to stop the hidden leaks which, out of sight and out of mind, drip dollars every minute of every day of the year, for interest takes no holidays.

While the excessive price which the Tennessee Valley Authority recently paid for one mule created a wave of indignation, how infinitesimal are like trifles compared with the heavy losses which all of us suffer as a result of unnecessary debt and clumsy financing of legitimate capital improvements.

Our whole capitalist economy and civilization depend upon caution in creating, skill in carrying, and honor in discharging public debt. Many American municipalities and states have been lax in at least one of these particulars. All too often the lapse from highest financial conduct and rating has been caused, not by dishonesty, but by lack of experience and shrewdness in planning the handling of large sums. As long as this field for effective reform exists, the taxpayer need not despair, provided he is certain that his community and state are awake to the importance of debt revision. His job is to make sure that his public servants are really searching for the hidden waste in the tax dollar.

AT THE BARBER'S

BY L. A. G. STRONG

I

HALFWAY down Noggin Street, at the slum end of the town, above the quay where the tramp steamers put in, lived Martin Taafe the barber.

Like all self-respecting barbers of fiction and song, — said my friend Lukey Mangan, rolling the phrases round his mouth, — Martin kept several cheerful canaries, a very dirty shop, an open house, and a generous heart. He was a smallish, thin, wiry, indeterminate sort of man: you could n't put an age to him, not within twenty years. His head was narrow below the brows and wide above, his eyes were puckered up, and he was bald on top. What hair he had was never attended to; he never seemed to shave or wash; and he was never completely dressed.

At any time, day or night, Martin's door was on the latch. It was a spring door with a loud cracked bell, and to reach it you climbed three stone steps, well worn down in the middle. The spring was stiff, and the bell let such a jangle that strangers were known to lose their nerve and turn away. But one soon got used to the bell, and, having sounded it, one entered and was met by a wall of warm and musty air, and a tremendous burst of enthusiasm from the canaries. Even in the nighttime the bell would set them chirping faintly under their covers.

There were but two barber's chairs in the room, the floor of which was covered with a mixture of cigarette ends, hairs, torn betting docket, and a thin subsoil

of tea leaves and sawdust. The walls were decorated with oleographs of Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Corbett, Peter Jackson, and local exponents such as Jem Roche and P. O. Curran, representing the Noble Art; and with ancient newspaper portraits of Gladstone, Parnell, Biggar, and the Park murderers, as representative of a dead political faith. There was also Robert Emmet with attendant headsman and a foggy, amorphous crowd in the foreground of St. Catherine's Church, Thomas Street, Dublin, the one picture in a frame. On a flyblown mirror over the fireplace were stuck yellowed visiting cards, too dim for scrutiny, and come by God alone knows how.

Martin's customers were his friends, and friends his customers. By an easy system of barter and exchange, one obtained a shave, a haircut, or the price of a pint if such was in the till. The customers were of great variety, but the humbler sort of seagoing man predominated, with a fair leavening of carmen, bookmakers' assistants, and casual inebriates. The shop was a club, a meeting place, a home from home, a nucleus of chat and knowledge. You could get reliable horsy information there, you could reach the inside of many a local mystery, you could follow with startled understanding the real reason for the Mail Boat's late arrival, and know at last exactly how it was Mr. Neligan's horse and cab fell into Dunleary Old Harbor.

For Martin did more for us than snip

our locks and lather our chins. Like the lad in the opera, he was the factotum of our small city, and his shop was more a species of *Refugium Peccatorum* than the shaky surgeon's pole outside it indicated. A man of education, Martin wrote the great part of his clients' letters. These were most often excuses for non-attendance at various occupations, affectionate letters to women in distant ports, begging letters, and reminders to successful and forgetful sons and daughters, heartbreaking sometimes in their plain simplicity.

You could get a can of lug bait at the barber's; you could wangle a free and nervous passage to Holyhead at the barber's; you could find out where your dog was even though it had been a month missing; you could scrounge admission gratis to most of the town shows, from cockfights to cinemas, at the barber's. We have started a subscription for a consumptive sailor there; we have arranged for the transfer of an unpopular policeman there; we have looked after, and looked after uncommon well, the three young children of York Street Maggie, when that local Thaïs was in St. Michael's Hospital, the expectant mother of a fourth by some father unknown, unkept, unsung, and quite unhonored.

You could, you often did, sleep all night at the barber's. He let you cook a meal in his little filthy kitchen. He let you wash. He would lend or give you a collar, a tie, a pair of boots (of sorts), and, in desperate cases, a pair of breeches. He was more than liked; he was loved. As poor as his customers, he had more of the Nazarene in him than many a parish priest. He was an Institution, and his shop a sanctuary. It was not considered the thing, nor was it ever done, for the local police to enter the shop officially. They have waited patiently outside, in full view of the customers, to allow some embarrassed fireman or insolvent jarvey to retire over the back wall.

II

If Martin was an institution, there was one other figure that was as much a fixture in the shop as the owner, the two chairs, and the picture of Robert Emmet. Of all the lame ducks the barber ever took under his wing, of all the sufferers he befriended, of all the drunks he harbored in compassion, the most pathetic was Dennis Darcy.

This helpless, hopeless, harassed, and irreclaimable creature haunted the shop for twenty years for the many comforts and advantages it offered. A well-educated, gently spoken, thriftless, witless wastrel of a man, with his fluttering clothes, his broken boots, his gray sockless feet, his pale blue frightened eyes that flickered when you spoke to him, and the rest of the time stared hypnotically at nothing, he could at all hours of the day and night be seen, twitching on his bench like a shot bird, or trying ineffectually to be of use with a dirty cloth or a moulted broom. Nine tenths of the time he was drunk. Nothing but drink could control the twitching or thaw the glacial misery in his eyes. Without drink, he jerked so that he could hardly sit or lie, and his joints shot away from him till you'd think he must come to pieces.

'For God's sake,' someone would cry, unable to bear it any longer, and bring out the money to get poor Dennis a dram; and Dennis would subside gradually, a fluttering bundle of rags, and we could forget him and have peace for drink and talk.

To this articulated piece of human wreckage Martin was father, mother, and brother. He fed him as best he could. He allowed him to sleep in the shop on one of the padded benches. In return, Dennis was faithful as a dog, and far more useless. He essayed to clean the shop, as I said, and he looked after it during brief intervals when the barber refreshed himself in the pub next door or investigated the starters for the three-

thirty at Kelly's, the bookmaker's opposite.

We all knew his story — at least, a part of it. The rest did not come out till afterwards. He was, as his speech and the shape of his hands and feet showed, a man of good connections. By what process of weakness, calamity, or wrongdoing he had degenerated to his present state remained a mystery; but the fact was there. There were several families of Darcy to whom he might have belonged, but, when we cross-questioned him, he grew at first vague and then hysterically resentful.

It was easy enough to see: the poor creature had still some pride, and did not want to disgrace his people. Dennis was all we ever called him. The other name we hid, though most of us knew it. And yet, for all his wish to save his family from the shame of owning him, the poor devil was at pains often to remind us that he was well connected and had expectations. He had to recall this, for it was the only way by which he might conceivably repay Martin for so many years of shelter, food, and kindness.

'There's money to come to me,' he would babble, time and again. 'Money laid up in the bank, and accumulating at compound interest. Ah, Martin, listen here to me. I'll be a rich man some day, and then I'll make you rich. I'll give it all over to you, Martin, every penny.'

'Ah, sure, Dennis, I would n't want it.'

'You could n't refuse it, Martin, you could n't refuse it, and you keeping me here all these years. Sure, what use would the money be to me? No, no. You'll be a rich man, Martin, and you'll never have to work again.'

'I don't know would I like that, Dennis,' Martin would say, humoring him. 'I'd miss my little shop and my company.'

'Well, then, you should keep it, or have a fine big shop in the city of Dublin.'

'I don't know would I like that either. I'd be lost in Grafton Street, or in Dame Street.'

'Ah, Martin, don't be talking. There's nothing I won't do for you, when my money comes. You shall have your heart's desire, Martin. Your heart's desire.'

And the poor fellow would become tearful, and catch Martin's hand, and kiss it. Martin would say a few comforting words to him, and pull his hand away gently, and come back to the rest of us with the same smile and raise of his eyebrows, while the drunken bundle of rags sobbed and twitched itself off to sleep. Not one of us, the barber included, but understood the whole story was the poor devil's wish and dream, more than there was any chance of the promise having the slightest foundation in fact.

III

So the years rolled on, and so the hungry, forgotten man became more and more helplessly dependent on the barber, assuring him oftener and oftener that the time was coming nearer when he would make his protector a happy, comfortable man who would never need to wield scissor or razor again.

Then — it was a wonder it had n't happened sooner — the years of want, neglect, and exposure took their toll. Our Ishmael fell a victim to consumption, with all its dreadful manifestations of coughing, blood, and exhaustion.

After the first hæmorrhage, Martin could not very well let him lie any longer on the padded bench. We got some old sacks and rags and a rug and a coat or two, and made Dennis a bed under the bench, where he used to lie of nights, and soon for most of the day as well.

Less and less did he ply his ineffectual mop and broom; less and less did we hear of the riches to come, for speech brought coughing, and coughing brought

blood. He would lie there, his eyes following Martin like a dog's, helpless and full of adoration; and Martin would reward him now and then with a smile, and go over every hour or so to bend down and speak to him, or give him something, a glass of milk or anything else he could take, as gentle as any woman.

At last came the morning when the anxious barber could not rouse his friend. As the day advanced and the clients gathered, it became manifest and of urgency that the scarecrow be removed to Loughlinstown Workhouse Hospital. The hat went round, he was steadied with as much whiskey as he could stand, and Mr. Neligan evoked his horse and cab for the four-mile journey.

Dennis was heartbroken. He cried like a baby, and clung to Martin's hand.

'Don't send me away, Martin,' he pleaded. 'Don't send me away.'

'Sure it's only for the time, Dennis,' says the barber. 'It's only to make you well. When you're better, you shall come back here again. I'll fetch you myself, in this same cab. Won't we, Mr. Neligan?' says he, turning to the old cabby, who was standing near the door, his fists on his hips, looking over at Dennis.

'We will surely,' says he.

Dennis shakes his head.

'I'll never be well,' he says. 'If I leave here, it's for the last time.'

'That's no way to talk. Where's your courage, man?' The barber patted his shoulder. 'Where's your courage? You must make up your mind to get well, and get full benefit of the good treatment in the hospital. We can't give you the right treatment here,' he says.

'Indeed,' blubbers Dennis, 'an angel in Heaven could n't treat me better than you treated me all these years.'

'It's little we could do, but, sure —'

The poor wretch beat the back of his hand against his forehead.

'God forgive me for a selfish brute,' he

cries out. 'I'm a burden to you, a mill-stone round your neck. Yes, it's true. I'll go, Martin. I'll go.'

'Be easy, now,' says Neligan, in his thick rattly voice. 'Be easy, and don't agitate yourself for the journey.'

Dennis fixed his eyes on us, as we stood looking down at him. He had been propped up sitting on the bench.

'Look,' he said. 'Do one last thing for me; sure, you will?'

'Anything, Dennis. Anything we can.'

'Let me lie down in my corner for a few minutes. It's the last time.'

Martin looked inquiringly at Neligan, who signified with a nod he was in no hurry. So Dennis's wish was granted, and hands laid him down tenderly on the bed of rags. From that awful spot where he had dreamed and tossed he again assured us all, and called us to witness, that now at last, in a week or so anyway, the money long due to him would come, and then he'd do what he always promised and the barber would never want again. He shook us all by the hand, he put both his wasted arms about Martin's neck, and they wept together.

Then, asseverating, coughing, twisting and turning, his eyes steady in pain as Mr. Neligan and the assembled friends begged him to pull himself together, he suffered us to lift him to his feet, and, with one arm about Martin's neck and another about the jarvey's, he was led from the room. But, begod, as soon as he reached the pavement, just as I was stooping to put one of his feet on the step of the cab, he gave a convulsive heave, sagged horribly, and passed out in a cascade of blood you'd never have believed was in him.

The body was hurriedly brought across to St. Michael's Hospital a few perches away. A silly inquest was held, at which I myself officiated as foreman of an inarticulate jury. He was buried in Loughlinstown Paupers' Plot, and once more the hat went round for the few petty trappings, including a Mass.

IV

And now comes what you'll hardly believe. The burial was on a Thursday, a cold, wet, dismal autumn day. On the Saturday morning, a letter was delivered at the barber's by a top-hatted emissary of the National Bank, who was haughty and disliked his surroundings. It so happened Martin was out, interviewing the shop's bookie. The one or two clients in the shop questioned the top-hatted man, but the messenger scorned to answer questions, and would n't wait while they sent for Martin.

We were all summoned, for the poor and ill-educated fear letters. The missive was addressed to Dennis Darcy, Esq. Martin held it for a long time, and fingered his chin.

'Open it,' we urged him. '*He* can't read it.'

'Maybe it's his money at last,' says one, putting into words what we had n't dared. 'Open it, Martin.'

Martin smiles, and shakes his head, but he opens the letter. And, by the gonies, do you know, it *was* the money.

It was from the manager of the bank, a memorandum to the effect that the residue of the Darcy Estate of seventy-five hundred pounds, fourteen shillings, and sevenpence was now at Mr. Darcy's disposal, free of all entail and encumbrance, and would Mr. Darcy sign the necessary documents.

It would be good to be able to tell you that Martin got the money. But he did n't. No survivors could be found, poor Dennis had made no will, his oft-repeated intentions were valueless in law, the money went to the state, and the barber got what he had always expected — nothing at all.

We were most of us with him when the news came. We did our best to commiserate with him, saying what a shame it was.

'If ever a man deserved the money, and earned it,' says one, 'it was yourself.'

But Martin did not seem disappointed. He looked over to the corner where Dennis used to lie.

'I miss him, do ye know,' was all he said.

HUMMINGBIRD

A SHAPE more subtle than the mind believes
Adheres to the listless air
By two gray puffs of mist
That must be wings
And climbs it stair by stair
To use the flying needle
On the painted tissues
Stirring with the wind's hair.

How can no more than a crooked finger
Beat feathers to a hum half-heard
And feed on flower dust
And drink sweet unsubstantial drops
And still be called a bird?

In what experiment did He
Forget the bird's equation
And repeat the bee?

SONIA RAIZISS

TANAGRA

CROWDED cities where she went
Are quiet now. The darkness slips
Over porch and pediment
And the long ships.

Hard grace of chiseled stone is brought
To formless dust. No word again
Shall rouse the quick, adventurous thought
Of the keen men.

Worlds have fallen; yet we know
That where the scattered ruins spread,
Once she held her mantle so,
And turned her head.

KATHARINE CHAMBERS

A SUNDAY OF DICTATORS

BRIGHT in the greening parks,
The people walk about
Till evening darks
The way they pass.

Too glad of life to doubt,
Woman and man bring home
Small limbs tired out,
Soft shapes they love.

History, turning, broke some
Tyrants less dull than ours.
The roll will come
That crushes these.

Coward, for all their powers,
Of one thing they are sure:
Their time is hours —
The people will endure.

LAWRENCE LEE

LOOK FOR NO PITY

Look for no pity from the smiling child,
Nor seek for mercy in the ardent, wild
Eyes of the young. There is too much to see
And hear, to touch and know. Impatiently
They turn away. Not often will the old
Weep for your sorrow. They have grown too cold
Watching the pattern that their own griefs trace,
Till life and death alike seem commonplace.
Look, if you must, for pity only where
A wound has laid some heart the first time bare.

ELIZABETH GREY STEWART

THE ELEGANT EIGHTIES

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

I

I CAME into the world in Syracuse, New York, in the year that Edison exhibited his first electric lamp and the first American horseless carriage was patented. And I was to witness the introduction of such other epoch-making devices as the telephone, the electric streetcar, the film camera, the motion picture, the airplane, the dirigible, the oil-burning engine, the radio.

It was a fascinating period in which to grow up. Though America had graduated from knee pants to long trousers, it still wore its trousers tucked into its boot tops. We still had a Frontier; on the Western plains our soldiers were fighting Indians; civilization had only nibbled at the vast region between the Mississippi and the Sierras. The tide of immigration had set in, but it had done little to broaden our horizons. We had remained essentially American in our standards and our point of view, regarding everything foreign with contempt and suspicion.

The annals of the white man in our little valley began upward of three hundred years ago, in 1615, when a dozen Frenchmen and half a thousand Huron warriors swept down from the Northern wilderness in their slim canoes to attack the tribe which guarded the council fire of the Five Nations on the shore of Onondaga Lake. Champlain's expedition, however, left so little impress on the region that to-day even the route he followed is a matter of dispute. Forty years later came Father Le Moyne, a

missionary sent out by the Society of Jesus to propagate the faith. He succeeded in winning the confidence of the Onondagas, who showed him, near the shores of the lake, a spring which they shunned because they attributed its unpleasant taste to the presence of an evil spirit. The priest explained that the spring, far from having malefic qualities, denoted the presence of a subterranean salt lake. This was welcome news to the redmen, who heretofore had paid exorbitant prices in furs for European salt.

Though probably he never realized it, Father Le Moyne's discovery of salt did far more for the advancement of civilization in this region than all his evangelical efforts, plus those of all his fellow laborers in the Lord's Vineyard. For it marked the beginning of an era of colonization and prosperity in Central New York. Settlers began drifting into the Onondaga country and soon, despite the crudeness of their methods, were extracting salt in quantities which steadily increased. The centre of the industry was a small settlement, originally known as Webster's Landing but later and appropriately renamed Salina, which had sprung up around a trading post at the southern end of the lake. But in 1824, for no reason which has ever been satisfactorily explained, the name of the growing community was changed to Syracuse. The reason is to be found, perhaps, in the craze for classical names then sweeping upstate New York.

Until well into the last quarter of the nineteenth century Syracuse was the principal source of salt supply for the entire United States. Not only was the industry the basis of most of the early local fortunes, but pressure from those interested in salt making crystallized the demand for the Erie Canal, completed in 1825, which proved to be the greatest single factor in the remarkable development and prosperity of the Empire State. Trace the development of this region back to its beginnings, however, and you will see that it was primarily due to an obscure Jesuit priest. Yet, so far as I am aware, the city which grew up around the salt springs he discovered has erected to Father Le Moyne no memorial of any sort.

It would be surprising were my earliest recollections not associated with the manufacture of salt, for I was born within half a mile of the salt lands on the shores of Onondaga Lake. Though the industry was then already on the decline, that part of the city in which we lived was almost surrounded by salt vats, some of them within sight of our house. There must have been tens of thousands of these vats in the immediate vicinity of Syracuse. Yet to-day the sole relic of that vanished industry is a single vat in the Salt Museum.

The method employed in extracting salt was known as the solar system. Brine from the subterranean pools was pumped into the vats — shallow wooden cisterns about twelve feet square, raised on piles a few feet above the ground, with movable wooden roofs — and the water evaporated by exposure to the sun, leaving a thick residue of salt crystals, which were ground and refined into the article of commerce.

The greatest enemy of the salt makers was rain, for weeks of sunshine could be counteracted by an hour's downpour. And rain never could be predicted with any certainty, for in those days meteorology was anything but an exact science. Consequently, men who had

keen eyes and 'weather sense' were stationed in lofty watchtowers which rose like lighthouses above the sea of vats. When the watchers descried an ominous cloud on the horizon, a brazen warning was clanged out by the alarm bells. Thereupon hundreds of workmen, aided by their womenfolk and children, would drop all else to push the rolled roofs over the vats in frantic haste. The lowering clouds, the sudden tocsin, the hordes of scurrying workers, the mile-long rows of vat covers rolling forward in gray-brown billows, formed a singular and stirring spectacle.

The dim, dank space beneath the vats was a wonderful place for small boys to go adventuring, for the wooden piles stretched endlessly, like trees in a gloomy forest; overhead the seeping brine coagulated into stalactites, — white, yellow, brown, henna-red, — which often assumed the most fantastic shapes. Some of the salt blocks covered many acres, and crawling beneath them on hands and knees was as fascinating as exploring a pirate's cave — though hard on the pants. One had the eerie feeling that almost anything might happen in those stalactite-hung, bat-infested reaches. And those shivery premonitions were realized one day when some other boys and I, playing Indian beneath the vats, came upon a corpse. The man had been murdered, it turned out. Judging from the smell, he must have been a long time dead.

II

My first impression — I must have been about three — is of a large, four-square house standing amid stately trees and shaven lawns. It was a brick house (I was told later that the bricks had come in ballast from Holland), but, unlike the ugly, dull red bricks used to-day, these were in tone something between an old rose and a vermilion. Across the front of the house ran a row of tall white columns, copied from those of the Parthenon, and all the windows,

upstairs and down, had bright green blinds which creaked and groaned eerily in a high wind. Between the back piazza and the lofty hawthorn hedge separating our property from that of our next-door neighbor stretched the broad strip of gayly flowered chintz which was my grandmother's garden. From the granite steppingstone at the side door a hedged and graveled drive swept in a spacious C to the white gateposts on West Genesee Street.

Let me see if I can picture for you what lay beyond those gateposts. If I am overly meticulous as to details, it is because I should like you to see my home town as I first remember it, when it had a population of 62,701. I recall the figure because I liked to believe that the ultimate numeral represented *me*. This tended to give me a pleasant sense of individuality and self-importance.

Bisecting the city into 'the North Side' and 'the South Side' was the Erie Canal, which for nearly a century provided slow but inexpensive transportation between the Hudson and the Great Lakes. The North Side was bisected, in turn, by the Oswego Canal, which connected the Erie Canal with Lake Ontario. The canals, with their numerous bridges, gave the city a pseudo-Venetian aspect which was quite charming, particularly at night, when the lights were mirrored in the water. But this suggestion of romance disappeared in late autumn, when the water was drawn off. From then until the resumption of navigation in the early spring they were huge, noisome ditches, their bottoms strewn with all sorts of refuse, including an occasional dead cat.

My great-uncle, Alanson Thorpe, frequently traveled by canal from Syracuse to Albany, making the journey of one hundred and fifty miles in about three days. Life was moving too fast anyway, he said, and canal travel gave him time for rest and meditation.

It must have been very pleasant sitting at ease under the deck awnings, watching

the enchanting panoramas of the Onondaga and Mohawk valleys unroll. For the canal meandered through a singularly lovely countryside: past fields which in the spring were white with scented blossoms and in summer yellow with ripened grain; past sloping meadows where sleek cattle stood knee-deep in lush green grass; past trim white farmsteads and tranquil hamlets dozing in the shade of venerable elms. Along its banks, usually at the locks, sprang up numerous communities which attained a modest prosperity trading with the 'canawlers.' These were a robustious lot, as picturesque and profane as the steamboatmen of the Mississippi, and the canal-side taverns, many of which still stand, were often the scenes of drinking bouts and brawls which not infrequently ended in bloodshed.

The glimpses I obtained of life on 'the raging Erie Canal' always stirred my imagination. I wondered whence the great, blunt-nosed, gaudily painted craft had come and whither they were going, and I longed to go with them, particularly those bound for the West. I never tired of watching the mule teams straining against the long towropes, the red-faced captains in their peaked blue caps and brass-buttoned jackets lounging against the tillers, their womenfolk knitting placidly beneath the awnings or peering from the trimly curtained windows. The skippers were in the main good-natured men and usually would give a small boy rides between locks if he behaved himself. But you should have heard them when they were overhauled and delayed at the locks by the steam packets. Their swearing on such occasions was something to marvel at.

III

For some reason Syracusans did n't patronize the hotels very much. In fact, many citizens never set foot inside one except to attend a convention or a banquet. Perhaps this was because, being

inherently conservative, they did n't care to mix with strangers; perhaps because they preferred the more intimate atmosphere of their clubs, of which, not counting the German gathering places on the North Side, the city had three, each catering to a distinct element of society.

A few blocks up James Street, somewhat removed from the hurly-burly of the city, was — and still is — the staid old Century Club, the rendezvous of our local aristocracy. Its members, mainly older men, represented the wealthy and conservative element. There they played whist or poker for comparatively high stakes, scanned the stock-market reports, pored over *La Vie Parisienne* (the Century Club was the only place in town where one could find that risqué periodical), read the *New York Tribune*, discussed politics, declared the country was going to the dogs, and blamed it all on Grover Cleveland and the Democrats.

The Syracuse Club, which occupied a small building in the downtown district, was the favorite rendezvous of the young bloods. In its cozy bar, free from the disapproving eyes of their elders, they could drink till the milkman came — and frequently did. It was strategically situated, for from its spacious bay window, on a rainy day, the members could catch provocative glimpses of well-turned ankles and shapely legs as the owners raised their skirts to pick their way across the muddy cobbles of Warren Street. The Syracuse Club boys were great cutups. On one occasion they took the fur-lined coat of a diminutive Beau Brummel, George McChesney, turned it inside out, and laid it on the doorstep. It was a wet day and incoming members, taking the garment for a doormat, wiped their feet on it. The coat was pretty well ruined when George retrieved it.

Less expensive, less exclusive, in fact distinctly middle-class, but very popular with merchants and professional men, was the Citizens' Club, which had a large membership and comfortable premises

on the upper floor of a business block. If you wanted a man in a hurry, and he was n't at his place of business or his house, it was a pretty safe bet that you could find him playing whist at the Citizens' Club or watching the pool and billiard tournaments which were always in progress.

Lacking country clubs, or, indeed, any other gathering place for social purposes, boys and girls in their middle and late teens congregated at the drugstore in Vanderbilt Square run by Henry Dwight. It was a convenient place for meetings, clandestine or otherwise, for making dates for dances, picnics, and buggy rides, for leaving parcels and buying postage stamps; and the long marble counter before the soda-water fountain was always crowded with pretty girls and their attentive escorts. One day my curiosity was aroused by a workman who was kneeling beneath the counter with a hatchet and a basket. I asked him what he was doing. 'I've got to come here once a month,' he grumbled, 'and chop away the wads of chewing gum left by these damn kids.'

The saloon was frequently referred to, usually by those engaged in the liquor and brewing business, as 'the poor man's club.' It goes without saying that there were saloons of all kinds, from O'Conner and Wittner's Kirk Café, as respectable as a church, where even the most valued customer could n't get another drink once the bartender decided he had had enough, or Loos and Kaufman's 'sample room,' to dives of the lowest sort.

Matty's Café, at the corner of Warren and Fayette streets, was our local Tammany Hall, for the proprietor, Frank Matty, was the city's Democratic boss. There the politicians hung out, and on almost any night of the week a quorum of the Common Council could be found in the back room of the establishment. Over big black cigars and tall glasses of lager, municipal questions were decided, contracts awarded, jobs handed out. For our local government was rotten

with graft. You could get almost anything if you stood in with 'the boys' and were willing to come across. And the same was true of all the other cities in the state. For a good many years Syracuse was run from the smoke-filled back room of Matty's Café. But the politicians eventually fell victims to their own arrogance and conceit. Shrewd enough in some respects, they failed to realize that civic consciousness was waking up.

Bartenders were, as a rule, discreet and tactful men, often well educated. They kept their ears open and their mouths shut. Those employed in the better saloons were noted for their honesty, at least so far as it concerned the patrons of the establishment, and they frequently were entrusted with the stakes wagered on horse races and prize fights. Often, seeing a customer drinking too much, they would persuade him to hand over his money and jewelry, for which they would give him a receipt. His valuables were returned to him the next day—or when he sobered up. Most bartenders, however, considered the 'knockdown' a perfectly legitimate source of profit, which explains why they wore diamonds and eventually went into business on their own account. But the doom of the knockdown came with the invention of the cash register, a device regarded by 'barkeepers' as an outrageous invasion of their personal rights.

In the saloons of the period there was n't nearly as much rough stuff as was asserted by the prohibitionists, for the proprietors realized that barroom brawls were bad for business. Consequently many saloons, particularly those patronized by the rougher class, kept bouncers, usually ex-prize fighters, whose business it was to eject customers who could n't hold their liquor and became rambunctious.

The saloons carried on a brisk competition in free lunches. Some of them attracted trade by offering a substantial meal to anyone who bought a drink. For the price of a glass of 'suds' you

could help and rehelp yourself to cold chicken, ham, tongue, lamb, and roast beef, German sausage, potato salad, Saratoga chips, sandwiches, crackers and cheese, doughnuts, pickles, olives, and, of course, salted nuts, the last being very effective in stimulating thirst. Though there was no limit to the amount you could eat, the saloonkeepers figured that only about one patron in ten would make a hog of himself.

In the '80s and '90s drinking was not as universal as it is to-day, for in those pre-cocktail days very few women touched liquor, and some even declared that 'lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.' If there was not as much drinking, however, there was far more drunkenness. Acute alcoholism accounted for at least six of my contemporaries, who, as the prohibitionists put it, ended in drunkards' graves. And one was always encountering men in various stages of inebriation—mellow, oiled, fuddled, lit, tipsy, squiffed, sozzled, stewed, soused, jagged, plastered, fighting drunk, crying drunk, dead to the world. Such distinctions were too fine, however, for any save the *cognoscenti*. Even they differed as to whether a man was drunker when soused or jagged. It was a mooted question, and regarding it there were two schools of thought.

Next to the saloon came the barber-shop, which served as a sort of club after business hours. Here penny ante and pinochle, euchre and casino, checkers and chess, were played; gold watches, turkeys, and the like were raffled off. Here you could scan the local papers and the sporting periodicals; place bets on elections, horse races, or prize fights; hear the latest local gossip.

But gone is the old-time tonsorial parlor with its black-walnut fixtures, its chairs upholstered in carpet which retained the body heat of the previous occupant and in hot weather gave his successor a Turkish bath. Gone are the tiers of compartments containing the shaving mugs of the regular customers,

each labeled in old English script with the name and sometimes the lodge insignia of its owner. Gone are the pink, blue, and yellow vases containing bay rum, 'auxiliator,' and hair restorer, gone the open jar of vaseline employed for shaping the locks into curls or waves on either side of the forehead. Gone is the brilliantine which gave lustre to the burnsidings, Galways, County Downs, Arthurs, Napoleons, Victor Emmanuels, sluggers, and Vandykes. Gone, too, are *Puck*, *Judge*, and the *Police Gazette*. And gone, let us hope, is the 'barber's itch,' which provided such successful propaganda for Mr. Gillette.

IV

The two decades following the Civil War might aptly be called the Age of Cast Iron. For that unlovely material was regarded as indicating affluence, and it was used, in innumerable forms, for the embellishment of houses and grounds. The fashion came, I assume, from the South, particularly from Charleston and New Orleans, where cast iron had been employed architecturally, though usually with discrimination, for generations.

Great numbers of the houses in our section had balconies, verandah railings, occasionally even whole verandahs, of cast iron, usually in the popular 'grape-leaf' design, and some few of the older, neo-Greek residences had cast-iron grilles in the windows of the upper front rooms. These grilles, in conjunction with the huge columns outside, permitted only a modicum of sunlight to enter the rooms, whose occupants lived, consequently, in a prison gloom.

The lawns of the more pretentious homes were frequently enclosed by spiked fences of cast iron and littered with cast-iron stags, oversized Newfoundlanders, and greyhounds. Smirking cherubs of cast iron stood in cast-iron basins holding aloft cast-iron umbrellas from which squirted fountains. Even

the most awful examples of this ferruginous statuary were regarded as works of art, which, if not quite the equal of marble ones, were nevertheless considered very tasty and refined. The prudish commented unfavorably, however, on the cast-iron figure of a nude nymph which adorned a neighbor's lawn. In fact, there was talk of circulating a round robin demanding that the owner provide the shameless hussy with an apron.

Syracuse was noted throughout the country for its fine old elms, whose branches interlaced, so that in summer the residential streets were covered with canopies of green. A decade or so before the Civil War my grandfather set out along West Genesee Street, at his own expense, four rows of elms, each more than a mile long. When one of the trees sickened and died, his concern was as great as though it had been a member of the family. By the turn of the century the street was one of the most beautiful in the United States, being considered second only to Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. But now, owing to the necessity of widening it, nearly all of its elms are gone. This is a commercial age, and beauty cannot be permitted to interfere with business — but I am glad that I was not there when those eighty-year-old giants were cut down.

The larger houses of the period were generally set far back from the street, surrounded by broad lawns kept in a state of velvety perfection by constant cutting, sprinkling, and rolling. The beauty of these green expanses was usually marred, however, by huge beds of geraniums and foliage plants in the form of stars, crescents, Maltese crosses, and other fanciful designs. Lyman C. Smith's baronial home on James Street had its name, 'Uarda,' in floral letters which stretched right across the front lawn, suggestive of a hotel or a railway station. In the centre of my grandfather's lawn was a floral S six yards long. Most visitors commented on it

admiringly, but even as a boy I thought it atrocious.

'Why,' I asked our colored gardener, 'you sticking those ol' geraniums in the lawn?'

'Boy,' he retorted, 'doan yuh want dis-yere place to look high-toned?'

During the classical revival which swept the Middle Atlantic States between 1800 and 1830, a number of well-to-do Syracusans built houses which possessed real architectural distinction. They were neo-Greek in style, of vermillion handmade bricks set in white mortar, with bright green shutters and rows of tall white columns. The columns of the earlier houses were Doric or Ionic, but later this severe style gave way to the Corinthian. Running along the entire front of the house was the stoop, — an Americanization of *stoep*, a Dutch term which was gradually supplanted by the Italian *piazza*, — used in hot weather as an outdoor sitting room. These were the stateliest dwellings produced in America outside the Old South and certain sections of New England, the architects having studiously adhered to classical lines. Yet few remain. For after the turn of the century the growing Syracuse, swollen with self-importance, eager to show that it was up-to-date, displayed an indecorous haste in tearing down much that was fine.

Along in the '50s, upstate New York was visited by James Renwick, the architect of the Smithsonian Institution, who left his impress on the region in the form of numerous residences of a quaint and not unpleasing design. They were really miniature editions of Tudor manor houses modified to meet American purses and conditions. Built in most cases of stone, they were characterized by steeply pitched slate roofs, numerous gables, pointed arches, groined ceilings, narrow windows with diamond panes, and invariably were gloomy within. One of the best examples was the so-called Renwick Castle, occupied for many years by the

Yates family, but now owned by Syracuse University. Renwick himself described the style as Norman, but the late Bertram Goodhue, one of the most brilliant architects America has known, caustically dubbed it 'Hudson River Gothic.'

During the two decades immediately following the Civil War there sprang up a great number of houses, generally referred to as mansions, in a bastard style which combined Corinthian and Clydesdale, Renaissance and rococo, Gothic and General Grant, Queen Anne and Mary Ann, with some of the builders' own ideas thrown in. The eczematous offspring of architectural miscegenation, they erupted with excrescences and sores — towers, turrets, finials, gables, dormers, balconies, bay windows, portecochères, and as much of the jigsaw work called 'gingerbread' as could possibly be tacked on. Examples of this appalling style, if such it may be called, are still to be found in the Middle West, — where pieces of black-walnut furniture are held to be 'antiques,' — but in our section, heaven be praised, most of them have been torn down.

Though in atrociously bad taste, the great houses of the '70s and '80s were far surpassed, when it came to downright vulgarity, by the much more costly ones erected during the 'easy-money days' in the last decade of the century. This was an era of sudden fortunes, of politicians and contractors and speculators who became rich almost overnight. As much to impress the neighbors with their newly acquired affluence as to gratify their own longings for luxury, they proceeded to erect houses regardless of cost — or taste. The architects had orders to use only the most expensive materials — and the greater variety the better. 'Give me everything you can think of,' directed one of the newly rich. 'I'm going to make the folks in this town sit up and take notice — and money talks.'

These seats (for 'house' is too plebeian

a word) were often of gray granite or pinkish-brown sandstone, the latter not infrequently laboriously chiseled in convoluted designs which resembled nothing so much as nests of mammoth angleworms. Roofs of thick pink tile were supported by massive stone piers which could have borne the Brooklyn Bridge. Balconies and oriels and bay windows popped out from the most unexpected places. Wrought-iron weather vanes veered with the wind above pinnacles of slate. In some cases glass-balled lightning rods bristled from the roofs. The polished brass handrails which flanked the front steps were suggestive of a yacht. Cyclopean stone blocks formed the parapet of the terrace — which the owner usually referred to as 'the front porch.' The front door was, in all likelihood, of 'golden oak.' The glass panel in the centre was not designed so much to admit light as to display a curtain of expensive lace. Every house had its 'sun porch' — a glassed-in room furnished in wicker and flowered chintz; also at least one 'picture window' — a single pane of plate glass the size of a show window in a shop. That is what it was, in fact, for the curtains were seldom drawn at night and passers-by could catch intimate glimpses of the occupants' domestic life.

In the bathroom of one of our local plutocrats was a stained-glass window depicting his wife garbed as an angel and bearing a sheaf of lilies, though it was common knowledge that the lady's character was anything but angelic. But why such a window in the bathroom, you ask? Because the bathroom, with its fittings of white porcelain and gleaming nickel, was the owner's pride and joy, and everyone who called was invited to inspect it. Such were our 'show places.' The term could hardly be improved on, unless by adding the prefix 'holy.'

Yet I am not implying that my home town had more than its share of the vulgarities and hideosities inflicted on the country during America's architec-

tural reign of terror. Few communities outside New England escaped. For with the return of peace after Appomattox there came to this country the most completely inartistic period it has known since the days when its only dwellings were Indian wigwams. It has never been satisfactorily explained why, during the twoscore years following the Civil War, there should have so entirely disappeared from the American mind every scintilla of architectural and decorative good taste.

V

Pretty much of a pattern were the interiors of the older houses of the period. The front door usually bore a silver plate on which the owner's name was inscribed in flowing script. The front hall was the Main Street of the house. The furniture consisted of a stand bearing a bowl filled to overflowing with yellowed visiting cards, — which, when the family was a large one, were left in enormous numbers, — three or four straight-back chairs, and a hatrack. This singular object, of mahogany or black walnut, resembled a large starfish with a mirror in the centre stuck on a post. Beneath was a receptacle for canes, parasols, and umbrellas. Frowning from the walls were gilt-framed family portraits: stern-faced men in high black stocks and flowered waistcoats; disapproving women in stiff black silk, nearly always with a cameo brooch at the neck. They were perpetrated by the journeymen artists who in the early days drove through the country. It is said that these itinerant painters often accepted board and lodging in payment for portraits. It is doubtful who got the best of such bargains, judging from the quality of the work.

At the right of the hall was the parlor, a place of decorum and gloom, rarely used save for weddings and funerals. The shades were kept drawn that the sun might not fade the carpet. One of the most significant events in American

domestic history occurred in the late '90s, when parlors were made over into 'living rooms.' That event, which let sunlight into so many homes, ought to rank with the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation.

The parlor was the largest room in the house, with the handsomest chairs, the finest tables, the biggest pictures. The floor was covered with a Brussels or Axminster carpet, strewn with flowers the size of cabbages in impossible colors. The use of gilt wallpaper was supposed to lend a room an air of opulence and was very *de rigueur*. At the tall windows were stiffly starched lace curtains which had to be 'done up' twice a season. Though usually there was a fireplace, it was almost never used, its presence being camouflaged by a silk 'throw' draped over the mantel. In the centre of the mantel was a 'Rogers group' of statuary in putty-colored clay — in some cases of President Lincoln and his cabinet, in others of the Three Graces. This example of the sculptor's art was often flanked on one side by a glass dome within which reposed a cluster of immortelles or wax flowers, on the other by a vase from which sprouted a spray of peacock feathers.

In the corner stood a triangular piece of furniture appropriately known as a whatnot, its shelves cluttered with mementos of travel (vicarious or otherwise), such as a wood carving of the Lion of Lucerne, a small plaster model of one of the gateways of the Alhambra, a souvenir glass paperweight from Niagara Falls, almost certainly an olivewood box from the Holy Land. Displayed on marble-topped tables were expensively bound gift books — for show, not for reading. Among them were usually to be found the works of Shakespeare and Milton, Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, the collected poems of Byron, Tennyson, Browning, Walt Whitman, and Longfellow, and, perhaps, a heavy tome entitled *Battles and Heroes of the*

Civil War. On a small table by itself, occupying a place of honor, was the family Bible, a ponderous tome, illustrated with steel engravings, and, in the front, a register of the births, marriages, and deaths in the household for several generations; or the family photograph album, a massive volume bound in red or purple plush.

In one corner of our parlor, on a marble-topped stand, was a plaster figure of a nude maiden, her eyes modestly downcast, her wrists bound by a chain. I think it was entitled 'The Greek Slave.' I can't imagine how my people came to acquire such a shameless presentment of the female form, though it was saved from outright sensuality by the drabness of the material, which was the color of a fish's belly. Thinking quite innocently to improve it, I surreptitiously touched it up with water colors in flesh tints. The effect, while much more lifelike and pleasing, was not exactly chaste. A sound spanking was my reward for this early essay in art.

The sofas and more important pieces of furniture were upholstered in ecru satin or magenta plush. They were reserved for company; members of the family were not supposed to sit on them. Pinned to the backs were lace anti-macassars — relics of the days when gentlemen smeared their hair with Macassar oil. The other pieces of furniture, usually good mahogany of the Federal period, were covered with black horsehair on which one was always slipping. How I loathe that material! On Sunday evenings my grandmother would take me to call on a neighbor, a Mrs. Judson. That kind soul's idea of entertaining a small boy was to place him in a large horsehair rocker and set on his knees an illustrated Bible which must have weighed ten pounds. Then the two old ladies wondered why he was always sliding on to the floor. 'Children are so restless. They are a great trial,' my grandmother would remark apologetically.

The pictures in the parlor were nearly always depressing. Mingled with gloomy landscapes by Early American artists and oil copies of celebrated religious paintings were steel engravings. We did not have Landseer's 'Stag at Bay,' which was to be found in nearly every home, but we did have in the front hall an engraving by Gustave Doré entitled 'The Christian Martyrs.' The scene was in the Roman Colosseum, where the remains of the martyrs were being worried by a herd of lions. I was always fascinated by the large M-G-M lion in the foreground. Judging by the uneasy expression on the beast's countenance, his Christian had disagreed with him.

Across the hall from the parlor was the sitting room, smaller, cosier, with more comfortable chairs and an atmosphere of being lived in. In cold weather coals glowed beneath a black marble mantel in a small grate, the fuel contained in a tin coal box, with a hinged lid, japanned in black and gilt. Before the fireplace was a rug, hand-hooked, I think, on which was depicted a St. Bernard dog with a small cask attached to its neck. On the mantel stood a white marble clock whose hands I watched unhappily as they inexorably drew near the IX which meant that I had to go to bed.

The sitting room was the heart of the home. Here the family gathered after supper, here I did my lessons, here the neighbors who dropped in to call were entertained. It was a pleasant, friendly room in spite of its wretched illumination. From the ceiling depended an ornate bronze chandelier, its gas jets shielded by globes of frosted glass which served to throw the light up instead of down. The only real light was provided by a lamp in the form of a metal statuette representing some goddess — Ceres, I believe — from whose head sprouted a green-shaded Welsbach burner. This singular affair, which stood on the centre

table, was connected with one of the jets on the chandelier by a length of flexible rubber tubing. It cast a circle of radiance so intensely white as to be very trying, whereas the rest of the room was left in semi-darkness. If a large proportion of those who were youngsters in the '80s and '90s suffer from poor eyesight, it is because of the abominable lighting of their childhood homes.

Space permitting, the man of the household had a place of refuge, known as a 'den,' decorated with faded photographs of college baseball teams and collections of beer steins and pipes. If the household had an unmarried daughter, she entertained her beaux in a 'Turkish corner' which she usually rigged up herself.

Though almost any recess would answer, provided it was not within earshot of the sitting room, the Turkish corner was generally tucked under the front stairs. It was supposed to reproduce the languorous and mysterious atmosphere of an Eastern harem — within limits, of course. In a space the size of a closet, screened by a curtain of bamboo and beads, was a discarded sofa, somewhat lumpy as a result of exhausted springs, which had been transformed into a semblance of an Oriental divan by covering it with a 'Baghdad hanging' or an old rug, though many household magazines printed instructions on 'how to make an Oriental couch out of a soap-box.' Beside the divan stood an Egyptian tabouret, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, bearing an olivewood matchbox from Jerusalem, a Japanese cloisonné ash tray, and a package of 'Sweet Caps.' (These were for the use of the beaux; really nice girls never smoked.) This setting for dalliance was illumined by the rosy glow from a hanging lamp of perforated brass set with blobs of ruby glass. A final touch of devilishness was lent by a bowl of incense, which filled the nook with its cloying scent.

(To be concluded)

FUNDS FOR THE FUTURE

BY THOMAS H. ELIOT

I

FAR more heat than light has been engendered by recent public discussion of the old-age insurance system established by the Social Security Act. A leading newspaper speaks of its provisions as 'financial hocus-pocus.' One commentator says that misrepresentation of the Act to the wage earners has been 'shocking'; another, that the statute itself is a 'crime.' On the other side, we find one rather conservative journal condemning adverse criticism of the system as 'diabolical propaganda.' We hear on the radio such terms as 'huge reserve fund' and 'pay-as-you-go,' and these phrases bring into our minds pictures that have only a tenuous connection with reality. It is high time that we looked calmly into the real facts.

The old-age insurance provisions of the Social Security Act came into active operation on January 1, 1937. Beginning then, taxes were levied on the payrolls of employers and the wages of employees — taxes equally heavy on employer and employee. The rate of tax on each is 1 per cent to-day. At three-year intervals it will rise, until in 1949 it will be 3 per cent of employer's pay roll and 3 per cent of employee's wage. Some employments — farm labor and domestic service, for instance — are not included by the Act; but the wages of over 30,000,000 workmen are now being taxed.

Those workmen will get old-age benefits from the Federal Government. The benefits will come to them in the form of checks, if they retire from regu-

lar employment and have reached the age of sixty-five. The amount of their monthly checks will be anywhere from \$10 to \$85, depending upon the total wages which they have earned since the system began on January 1, 1937. The larger the total wages, the larger will be the old-age benefit. Thus, if there are two men continuously at work and earning exactly the same wages, the one who becomes sixty-five and retires in 1950 will get a smaller old-age benefit than the younger man who does not reach the retirement age until 1960.

Obviously, we can expect generally larger benefits to be paid out in 1960 than in 1950. The annual burden on the government for the payment of these benefits is comparatively small at first, but it will increase steadily for many years.

Right now that annual burden is hardly discernible. Regular benefits will not begin until 1942. The only payments now being made are small lump-sum benefits to wage earners who have paid the new tax but are celebrating their sixty-fifth birthday this year, too soon to be eligible for regular monthly benefits, and to widows or estates of other wage earners who, having begun to pay the tax, have died. These lump-sum benefits pay to the employee or his family more than he has paid in in taxes — but the total cost to the government to-day is negligible.

Let us disregard, then, the lump-sum payments and concentrate on the meth-

ods of financing the huge future load of old-age benefits. The Social Security Act embodies a policy of collecting more to-day in payroll and wage taxes than is being paid out to-day in old-age benefits. It provides that this excess of income over outgo shall be used in buying government bonds. The framers of the Act determined upon these policies with their eyes open. But they never believed that their choice was necessarily perfect and final.

It would take a book to discuss every question of policy. We cannot here ask whether it would have been better to pay pensions at a flat rate to every elderly person, regardless of his previous wages. Lack of space likewise prevents a discussion of the means test's place in a pension system. Let us simply take the benefit structure of the Act as it is. We have promised to pay benefits, of from \$10 to \$85 a month, without imposing any test of need. We seek the wisest possible method of carrying out that promise.

II

First, why should there be payroll taxes to-day, and for years to come, which will produce revenue far in excess of what is being paid out in old-age benefits? Why not have a 'pay-as-you-go' system, raising in 1960 what we need to spend in 1960?

I think we can find one answer to that question if we suddenly shift the scene and amuse ourselves with a bit of imaginary ancient history: —

We are ancient Athenians, and we know that the Persians will attack us in thirty years. Of that we are certain. We have just had a war with them, which has killed off most of our fighting men. But there are lots of little children in Athens. By the time the Persians come again, we shall have to have an army, and to-day's children will be to-morrow's soldiers.

The financial affairs of Athens are in some disorder to-day. It cost a great

deal to defend the city against the Persians' last attack. The invaders burned some of the outlying sections, and we have to rebuild those sections. Furthermore, in deep gratitude to the gods on Olympus, the people have demanded that the city erect several new temples and statues on the Acropolis. All this has cost money. Athens has had to raise taxes a little, and has had to borrow heavily. Its debt is large. Certain moneylenders in the city hold its bonds.

We face now the certainty that, beginning in about fifteen years, we must shoulder a huge new financial burden. We shall have to equip a mighty fighting force. To-day our army costs us little, because it is very small; when our children grow up, it will cost enormously.

We look to the future with worry in our hearts. With the debt already so large, how will Athens pay for the future army? The moneylenders are already wondering if they are ever going to be paid back. It won't be easy to borrow much more from them. We cannot cut down much on our present expenditures. How shall we pay for that army?

Our elders argue in this wise. 'We shall have to buy grain from Macedonia to feed our army. And we'll find it very hard to get the money to buy the grain. In a famine year, our revenues will certainly shrink and the moneylenders will be reluctant to lend us money. No, if we let things slide, there'll come a time when we suddenly can't keep our army supplied. The Persians will crush them in the mountain passes, and then will burn our city.

'So,' they continue, 'we must begin — now. We will impose new taxes — now. We will explain that these new taxes are necessary because we shall need a great army in the future. Of course, the money that comes to us through these new taxes won't be buried for fifteen years in a cave overlooking Salamis. We'll use that money. We can't use much of it for the army right away, because there is n't much of an army to-day. Instead, we'll

use it to make our financial position stronger, so that during the famine fifteen years hence we shan't find it hard to raise the necessary funds. We'll make it as certain as we can that it will be possible to maintain that standing army.

'We'll keep our city's debt from growing larger. And then if general expenditures are cut down, or our old customary taxes bring in more revenue, we can use the new tax money to pay back part of what we owe the moneylenders. Instead of getting nearer and nearer the brink of financial chaos, we'll back away from that precipice. Should misfortune make us expand again — make us move forward — we'll be able to move without toppling over the edge.'

But certain critics cry out vehemently: 'Well, to levy an "army tax" and use it, for fifteen years, in building temples and paying back moneylenders is what we call financial hocus-pocus. It's misleading the people. It's shocking.'

And our leaders answer: 'Why is it shocking? Without this tax — beginning now — we should run a great risk of having our future army die of starvation. With this tax — beginning now — we can feel reasonably sure that our army will always be well equipped and able to defend us. Therefore it seems to us perfectly fair, and realistic too, to call this an "army tax."'

And so we have an army tax. It seems the least we can do to make Athens secure against the Persians.

Put the future cost of old-age benefits in the place of the expense of maintaining an army in future years. Assume that the repair of outlying districts and the building of temples represent usual governmental activities. There seems to be a good deal of soundness in beginning at once to collect new taxes, so that the government may with the least possible difficulty meet the old-age benefit costs in the years to come.

Even the most ardent advocates of

'pay-as-you-go' realize that it would be folly to let the future take care of itself completely. They realize that there must be some advance provision made — some 'contingent reserve' created. Otherwise, in years of depression (or 'famine'), the government might find it virtually impossible to meet its obligations to the aged people.

It has been estimated that in 1960, say, the cost of old-age benefits would be $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total payroll — $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent on employer and employee, instead of the 3 per cent on each which will then be levied under the present law. But that estimate assumes 1960 to be a normal year. If it were a year of business recession, however, the payroll tax rate would have to be much higher. Should unemployment spread so widely that the nation's total payrolls were diminished by one half, the payroll tax rate would have to be set at $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent apiece if the necessary revenue were to be forthcoming. Such a prospect gives the 'pay-as-you-go' advocate pause. The need for some contingent reserve to tide over such bad years is apparent.

But is it necessary to begin at once taking in revenue so greatly in excess of outgo? When the Social Security Act was passed, it was indicated that over a stretch of about forty years there would be an excess of as much as fourteen billion dollars. Granting that the Greek leaders were wise to begin their preparations promptly, would they collect such vast sums before they had any army? Granting that there was common sense in starting the payroll taxes in 1937, was it wise to set their rates so high that for many years the government will be taking in much more than it is paying out?

To answer this question, we must look to the use to which this excess of revenue is to be put.

III

We have heard it said that the money from payroll taxes will go into an 'old-age reserve fund' and that the fund,

earning interest each year, will some day amount to forty-seven billion dollars. But, as a matter of fact, the Social Security Act does not even mention any old-age 'fund,' and the excess revenue from payroll taxes will probably not amount to anything like forty-seven billion dollars.

The Social Security Act does establish an old-age reserve 'account.' This, as the word 'account' implies, is a bookkeeping mechanism whereby the increasing liability of the United States is shown in the annual budget.

It is not true that social security taxes are being used 'to balance the budget.' The existence of the Old Age Reserve Account prevents that. If the payroll taxes were simply covered in to the Treasury like any other taxes, they would help to balance the budget. But that would be budget balancing by blindfolding our eyes to our future liabilities. That would be treating the payroll taxes as net revenue, and forgetting all about the steadily increasing obligation for old-age benefits.

Honest bookkeeping seems to require that this increasing obligation be shown on the books of the United States. Hence, each year, the administration recommends that an amount roughly equal to payroll tax proceeds be appropriated to the Old-Age Reserve Account. The money thus appropriated is then borrowed by the government. Instead of the tax proceeds being covered into the Treasury in the beginning, and left there for general expenditures, they pass through the Old-Age Reserve Account, and finally come back to the Treasury as a loan. Thus the books show that the government owes a debt to millions of its people, payable in the future. We are kept from 'balancing the budget' fictitiously, because we are not allowed to shut our eyes to the cost of old-age benefits.

We have, then, the proceeds of the payroll taxes in the hands of the Treasury, not as revenue but as borrowed

money. It will be used, presumably, just like money which the government borrows from you and me. When we buy a bond, we don't expect our cash to be hidden away in a safe place, held for us until the bond falls due. We assume that it will be mingled with other funds, and spent in meeting the cost of running the government. We do expect to get paid in full when the time comes, because when we bought the bond we knew it was the safest investment we could make.

So with the money borrowed from the Old-Age Reserve Account. The Account — representing the wage earners whose rights to future benefits are accruing — buys bonds. No one expects the money to be put in a vault, to be used only for repaying the loan. The wage earners do expect, however, that they will get their old-age benefits. The payroll taxes which they have paid are, in effect, the safest investment they could make.

The money borrowed from the Old-Age Reserve Account can be used, with some limitations, in the way other government funds are used: for current expenses, or for paying off the present national debt. Certain critics have said that it is a bad thing to spend this money for current expenses. Others have said that it is a bad thing to pay the national debt with it. Let us examine their arguments.

First, using the money for current expenses: relief, national parks, suppression of the narcotic trade, or — to use Mr. Walter Lippmann's carefully chosen examples — refurbishing the White House and buying Mr. Justice Black a telephone. Some people have tried to scare labor by saying that such use of the money means that labor's 'old-age fund' is being squandered.

I doubt if the average employee is much impressed by the argument that the money should be buried in the ground for thirty years. He realizes that benefits in 1960 will, of course, have to be paid out of funds raised in 1960. But he also

realizes that benefits are much more likely to be paid in full in 1960 if payroll taxes are levied now, and the proceeds wisely spent.

More straightforward is the criticism that, being able to borrow from the Old-Age Reserve Account, the government will find it easier to be extravagant. The Old-Age Reserve Account provides, through compulsion upon taxpayers, a ready source of funds.

The man who makes such a criticism assumes that it is a bad thing to have Congress decide how to spend public money, even though Congress represents the people. He assumes that it is a good thing to have the heads of large banking houses, who frequently lend money to the government, exert some kind of check on the purposes and amount of government spending, even though they are not public officials.

Whoever makes such assumptions will make a further argument against spending the old-age money for current expenses. He will point out that the government must pay 3 per cent interest on the money it borrows from the Old-Age Reserve Account. Current expenses don't bring in any return like that — they are money spent, often without any visible cash return. But have n't we been relieved of borrowing further from the banks, and are n't we therefore relieved of paying interest to them? Does n't what we save in interest, on what we should have otherwise borrowed from banks, more or less cancel our 3 per cent obligation to the Old-Age Reserve Account? No, says the critic, because the government would not have borrowed from the banks. It would have spent less. The Account tempted it, and it did spend.

This idea of the Old-Age Reserve Account playing the rôle of serpent to Congress's Eve may or may not have something in it. In a democracy, the government presumably spends money when the people want it spent, and refrains from spending when the people

insist on balancing the budget without higher taxes.

Another argument against spending the money now is usually put in the form of a question: 'Where'll we get the money to pay the benefits in 1960?' The answer is that we shall get it through taxation in 1960, and, if necessary, through borrowing in 1960. Levying taxes now merely makes it much more likely that we shall be able to raise the necessary money in 1960.

Finally, there are those who question using this money for government spending because, when the government refrains from borrowing from the public and instead levies taxes, the result is at least comparatively deflationary. When money is borrowed from banks, the effect may be inflationary; new money, in the form of deposits, is created. When we don't borrow, we avoid this inflationary tendency. If, simultaneously, we levy payroll taxes and thus cut private spending, we not only avoid going in an inflationary direction, but move in a deflationary one. The deflationary effect would be small, of course, if the tax proceeds were used at once for such activities as housing.

If the money is not used for current expenses, it might be used directly to reduce the present debt. If you and I are in debt, and have some extra money, we could do worse than get out of debt. The government's debt is very large: why not reduce it?

Reduction of the present debt would lower the annual interest burden on the general taxpayer. To-day we must meet the interest annually on over thirty billions of dollars. If we reduce that principal sum, we shall be reducing the total interest also. This seems especially desirable when we remember that we are going to have to pay interest on the money borrowed from the Old-Age Reserve Account.

But there are times when debt reduction is not a good thing. It would seem rather silly to retire the debt when gov-

ernment expenditures exceed revenue, for at the same time that we paid back our loans with our right hand we should have to be borrowing some more with our left. It would seem more sensible, at such a time, to borrow the money directly from the Account and use the proceeds for current expenses, thus eliminating the need for more borrowing from the banks.

In periods of business recession, debt reduction is of questionable value. In so far as the government's debt is in the form of bank deposits, retiring that debt means that deposits are canceled. This is a deflationary process. More and more deflation may be bad medicine in a depression.

Of course, in a depression there would probably be less objection to spending the money for current expenses. The need for funds would be apparent, because in a depression revenues diminish and relief burdens increase. Some people have therefore suggested that the money borrowed from the Old-Age Reserve Account should be spent in debt reduction in times of prosperity, and for current expenses in days of depression.

In any event there is no likelihood that the Old-Age Reserve Account will wholly supplant the present outstanding national debt. Although in 1935 the actuarial estimates indicated a possible huge surplus of payroll tax proceeds, further study and a brief experience under the Act show that those estimates may well need drastic revision. The 1935 estimates frankly included a large amount of guesswork — without more facts, any estimate to-day would be chiefly conjecture. Right now, some of our best guessers think hardly half, if that much, of the supposed forty-seven billions is likely ever to be piled up, and quite possibly the excess will turn out to be very small — no more than the amount needed as a 'contingent reserve' to tide the Account over bad years. Further information must be gathered before more reliable estimates can be given.

IV

Thus far we have been thinking of the money appropriated to the Old-Age Reserve Account as the proceeds of payroll taxes. But that is not necessarily so. If we disliked payroll taxes, we might impose other taxes, or increase existing ones, and still have an Old-Age Reserve Account. Our mythical Athenians imposed an 'army tax,' of uncertain nature. We could, if we wanted, impose an 'old-age tax' in the nature of a drastically increased income tax. The payroll tax and the Old-Age Reserve Account are not indissoluble. We might reduce the payroll tax, and still, with future obligations steadily accruing, the Treasury might insist on the usual appropriation to the Account, and Congress might make it.

Payroll taxes, rather than other taxes, are imposed chiefly because it is thought socially desirable to tax the employee who is going to get a cash benefit later on, and to insist that his employer take heed of the depreciation of the man power in his plant as well as of the machinery.

The idea of a 'contributory system' was overwhelmingly approved by Congress in 1935. And, so far as the tax on the employee is concerned, 'contributory system' is not a bad name for it. A dime or a quarter is taken out of his pay envelope, and sent to Washington. That is his 'contribution.' He bears the cost himself. He will get back, in benefits, much more than he pays in 'contributions.'

But the tax on the employer, though of identical amount, is not quite the same thing. When he digs into his pocket for a dime or quarter to send to Washington, the matter does not end there. He does not want to bear the cost himself, and frequently does not have to. Often he will raise the price of the product he sells, and thus pass the cost along to the consuming public. It is not so easy, therefore, to say that he has paid a 'contribution.' He has paid a tax, and he is passing the tax along.

Society as a whole pays a large portion of the payroll tax on employers.

Now it can be seen that a payroll tax, in so far as it is passed on in the form of higher prices, imposes an equal burden on people regardless of their capacity to pay. It cannot be graduated, like an income tax. It cannot hit the man who is wealthy and can afford it, and miss the poor man to whom a one-cent price rise is a calamity. The higher the payroll tax, the higher the rise in prices, and the more apparent the regressive nature of the tax.

The people who follow the gleam of social justice are therefore sore beset. It is just — it is proper social accounting — to charge the employer with the cost of depreciation of his working force, yet it may not be just to impose regressive taxation. If you feel strongly about 'social accounting,' you will put up with the regressive tax; if you feel that regressive taxation is altogether evil, you will forgo 'social accounting.'

There are, I think, a good many people who are conscious of this dilemma, and who feel that it can be solved by compromise. They feel that the contributory principle and the idea of social accounting can be maintained, and that at the same time a large portion of the total cost can be borne by further graduated taxes on income and inheritances. But they should go slow about insisting that the present payroll schedule in the Social Security Act be reduced. As has been pointed out, the present tax rates may bring in less excess revenue, in the early years, than had at first been thought. And anyone who demands a reduction of payroll tax rates should be ready to say, at once and specifically, how he would raise the money needed to meet the steadily increasing obligation.

Before the present tax rates of 1 per cent apiece rise to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent apiece — in 1940 — we can expect to have a somewhat better basis upon which to estimate future receipts and total benefits. There is, therefore, ample time to

make up our minds as to the social desirability of higher income taxes for old-age benefit purposes, while the experts assemble the necessary data.

V

We find, then, that the 'financial hocus-pocus' in the Social Security Act is not an arrangement designed to fool the people, but to assure that the people are not fooled. It makes plain that we owe an increasing obligation, payable in the future, to the wage earners of America. It is 'shocking' to Mr. Lippmann, but it is common honesty to Mr. Morgenthau.

We find that 'pay-as-you-go' is not as attractive as it sounds. The opposite programme — the common-sense programme of our friends the Athenians — does lead to the possibility of government spending unchecked by the need to borrow from private banks. It also has deflationary tendencies, although drastic deflationary action when deflation is not desirable seems unlikely.

We find that the Old-Age Reserve Account, and the amount appropriated to it, have no necessary connection with payroll taxes. The Account might still exist even though different forms of taxation were selected in connection with old-age benefits. Payroll taxes were chosen simply because they seemed practical and just. Some people feel, however, that the payroll tax has undesirable features and should be kept at a low rate, with greater dependence on more progressive forms of taxation.

We find, finally, that any decision today on the questions we have discussed would probably be both unnecessary and premature. The present tax rates of 1 per cent on employer and employee do not increase to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent until 1940. The amount collected in these first three years will hardly be enough even for that 'contingent reserve' which the pay-as-you-go advocates now recognize as a necessity. We do not really know, to-

day, whether the taxes imposed by the Act will in fact bring in much more money in the next twenty or thirty years than will be paid out in benefits.

During the next year or two, the wage records of the Social Security Board should bring to light some of the facts upon which reliable estimates can be based. The public, meanwhile, will have a chance to discuss the real issues: first, the desirability of a large excess of income from old-age taxes over outgo for old-age benefits; second, the advantages

or dangers of using such an excess for current expenditures; and third, the kind of tax that an old-age tax should be.

The discussion of these problems can be useful and enlightening, if words like 'shocking' and 'crime' and 'financial hocus-pocus' are cast to one side. Sincere and informed men, having at heart the security of the aged people and the welfare of the nation, may differ and do differ. Their considered opinions can be of great value if they will but proceed dispassionately to a discussion of the issues.

(Mr. M. A. Linton, president of the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company, will reply to Mr. Eliot in the September Atlantic)

IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

IF you love travel and literature both, I propose a programme for at least a few of your holidays. Gird yourself and embark on a pilgrimage of letters. When you have read a great book — and read it over again — visit the place where it was written, learn the joy of tracing over their own background the inspiration, the first sketch of some picture blazoned by a master. Follow across country, from town to town, from house to house, the life, the very steps of a great man. I think you will find a rare delight in such a trip, for you will enliven and enrich the beauty of nature by recapturing the emotion beauty once has stirred, and will love still more the long-beloved page by poring over it again in the countryside that gave it birth.

That is how I have just passed three weeks in Brittany, the home of François René de Chateaubriand. If you would follow my steps, go first to Saint-Malo,

the beautiful granite city clasped in its noble ramparts; you will find untouched the mansions of those shipowners, half slavers, half pirates, in which lived his forbears. You can see, buffeted by the Atlantic, the very room where the guiltless René's mother 'cursed him with birth,' from its window descry the sombre craggy islet of the Grand Bé to which he left his body. Then, working inland, you can divide his childhood between Plancoët and Combours — as Swann and Guermantes disputed Proust.

His mother's serene and happy family surely bequeathed him the sunny side of his character. They lived at Plancoët, a charming town gazing down upon its river. In his grandmother's terraced garden, in his uncle's château, — still, one feels, atinkle with laughter, — live over with him 'his only happiness.' At Combours he spent a terrible year among

his father's grim silences, his sister's visions, and the busy pieties of his mother; the superb pages on which he describes it will come to life below the Gothic melancholy of the castle, beside the water-pleasaunce choked by reeds. Even his schoolboy scenes are near at hand, in Dinan and Dol. His father's father's farmstead, the cradle of the clan, is still standing in the country outside the hamlet of Guitté — should curiosity go so far. The life story of this great Breton is written on the very soil of Brittany, and to-day you may still trace it up to the gates of his tomb.

This was the country, too, of Félicité de Lamennais, and what a contrast to step from Combourg to La Chênaie: from the high forbidding walls to the white manor with huge gray windows; from the stately alleys of the park to the mysterious, the fronded rustic mazes of the household garden; from the misty melancholy tarn to the straggling lake, now shaded by and now reflecting the overhanging beech and oak. As a youth, 'pallid and gaunt,' he used to sit upon its moss-clad rock. Around him, under these very trees, gathered his faithful: Maurice de Guérin, the gentle abbé Gerbet, the young Montalembert, so shy yet so precise, — Lacordaire said of him, 'I love him as if he were a peasant,' — and Lacordaire himself, who one evening, having quarreled with his host, fled from La Chênaie but still from far could see, across the coppice, Lamennais among his disciples. It was the gift of Jean Tharaud, who lives near La Chênaie, to evoke this group for me. May you have as good a guide. Failing him, take Sainte-Beuve, or sit on the very bench of '*bien-aimé Féli*' and read his letters once again.

I could never have done with the literary pilgrimages of Brittany. We have still to go to Tréguier with Renan,

to Les Rochers with Madame de Sévigné. The marvel of a country where culture roots so deep is that you touch its branches with each step. Are you coming to Normandy? Then do not miss Petit-Couronne, near Rouen, and see that meadow where, on a stone table, *The Cid* was created; go to Croisset, and enter the 'jawing-room' of Flaubert. Périgord? Visit Brantôme without fail; at Haute-fort salute Bertrand de Born, the troubadour. Stop at Montaigne's château and repeat within its famous tower a pithy phrase from his *Essays*. Loyal as he, visit the lovely house of La Boétie at Sarlat. This fascinating town should be the Salzburg of France, with Molière its Mozart. And last, commune at Montignac with the exquisite Joubert, the earthy Eugène Le Roy.

I wish the travel agencies — or perhaps some learned editor — would make us a literary map of France, marked out with the countries of Stendhal, of Proust, of Barbey d'Aurevilly. Not only we Frenchmen, but countless teachers and students from abroad, would be glad to bind the memory of our reading to the earth whence it sprang, and to follow Balzac through France as we pursue Ulysses around the Mediterranean. The traveler would benefit, staking his halting place by the shadow of giants; our own countrymen too, welcoming him and learning better to know their great men; and even the writers themselves, being more truly honored and more deeply loved.

'Seldom,' says La Bruyère, 'does one take a vow or endure a pilgrimage to beseech from one's saint a broken and a contrite heart.' But who knows? Some day, perhaps, pilgrims will climb Rilke's tower to beg humility and insight — will tread the Graveyard by the Sea to ask from Heaven, by the grace of Valéry, a grain more wisdom.

MADAME HAD A PRETTY DRESS!

BY MARGARET DANA

THE little fitter had been kneeling on the floor, mouth full of pins, hands busy with seams and folds, as she pinned the customer into a new spring frock. At last I saw her lean back on her heels and look up admiringly at the dress and its wearer. Patting a seam almost lovingly, she said with breathless enthusiasm, 'Madame *has* a pretty dress!'

The customer wore that expression seen only on the face of a woman who has just bought and is wearing a dress which she knows is completely becoming. But as I watched the little scene I thought a trifle sadly of all the women everywhere who would be buying 'pretty' dresses this summer only to find that they must change verbs in the middle of a dress. So many times it would become merely the unfortunate truth to say, 'Madame *had* a pretty dress!'

A year or two ago, while preparing a fashion show that was to travel to a number of women's clubs, I made inquiry of a hundred representative women to determine what they expected of the dresses they bought. I learned that not a single woman felt she would have bought all or even half the dresses she currently owned if some sort of magic projection into the future could have shown her how they would look and behave after a short period of wear. Each woman had some favorite dresses which were obviously being overworked because so many others had failed to retain those qualities for which they had been bought. The delinquent frocks were accused of changing color after cleaning or wash-

ing, of shrinking or stretching out of shape and fit, of altering in texture, and of otherwise performing in such a way that, although they might in every case be still wearable, they were being worn with resignation, not satisfaction.

Now if women kept 'books' on their dresses, checking against the first cost the number of truly satisfactory wearings obtained from each, the results might prove definitely disconcerting. It is a fact, not merely a vague platitude, that any dress, regardless of its cost, is too expensive if its owner receives merely two or three wearings, perhaps only one, before its fit and appearance are altered, however subtly. A woman buys a dress, normally, for the qualities she sees reflected in the mirror of the store where she tries it on, but she presumes, also normally, that those qualities are to be retained indefinitely. Yet frequently the pleased smile worn at the time of purchase fades into lines of dissatisfaction.

Of course every woman makes occasional shopping blunders, such as being persuaded to buy the wrong color, the wrong style, an unneeded costume, and so on, but aside from these there are a number of quite definite factors which largely account for this curious dissatisfaction with clothes purchases. And these factors become important as a part of the problem of general industry when it is recognized that the feminine restlessness which comes from subtle dissatisfaction causes two related buying trends which do much to disorganize the stability of garment production and sale.

The first is the demand for cheaper and still cheaper dresses. The second, equally bad in its effect, is the demand for more expensive dresses — not, please note, *better* dresses, but *costlier* ones.

At the heart of the difficulty is the great fault of the American consumer public — buying to a price. As consumer buyers, we like to stick to familiar prices. A man decides that a \$2.95 shirt is *his* shirt, and forever after, unless jarred by dramatic depression emergencies, he buys a \$2.95 shirt, not a shirt with certain qualities and characteristics. A woman finds that \$19.75 fits her clothes budget and offers her a dress of the type she wants; and forever after she expects the expenditure of \$19.75 to provide the same qualities and results. It works similarly all along the way. We buy a '\$5000 house,' a '\$10 pair of shoes,' a '\$5.00 hat.' We have fallen into the pernicious habit of buying a price, not a product.

The dangerous fallacy of this habit may be sharply recognized if one understands that all of production and selling to-day takes place in a fluctuating market. Some raw materials rise and fall more rapidly and emphatically than others, some labor and transportation costs alter more conspicuously than others, but they all change, from month to month, season to season, and year to year. In some fields the slack can be adjusted and the retail prices stabilized over a period of time, but in others the spread between manufacturing costs and a static retail price changes the content of the product itself.

In the dress market the mechanics of the matter are very simple. A dress which, let us say, wholesales to-day for \$10.75 may have four dollars' worth of fabric and four dollars' worth of labor and incidentals. The retailer marks that dress up to, perhaps, \$16.75. But next month, or three months later, costs may have shifted so much that to obtain the same results in fabric and workmanship the wholesale price might have to rise a

considerable degree. Still the retailer feels he must have a \$16.75 dress for the woman who buys to that price, and consequently there is nothing to do but substitute inferior materials and workmanship to allow the retailer the mark-up he thinks his overhead requires while holding to that popular \$16.75 price.

In like manner, when the psychological trend is toward buying costlier dresses, usually traceable to an effort to assure greater satisfaction for the purchaser, consumers are *still* buying to a price. This concentration on a price, especially a high price, permits some extraordinary activities in the dress market. It does not necessarily mean that all dress manufacturers and all dress retailers suddenly begin to make better-quality dresses. A store, for instance, with a reputation for selling expensive frocks may buy six dozen dresses wholesaling, let us say, at \$12.75. Of these a few will be so smart and handsome in appearance that the department buyer believes they will stand a heavy markup, and they will be priced at \$49.75; a few more will be marked \$39.75, still others \$29.75, and the balance may be offered the consumer at a 'special price of \$19.75, although made to sell for much more.' Now, every one of these dresses may be excellent, but the purchaser's satisfaction is not, obviously, going to be in direct ratio to the price she pays for them.

The safe way to buy a dress is to discard, first of all, the habit of buying to a price. The next necessity is to abide by a sort of insurance programme which calls for a reasonable amount of wear, minimum wear, as a return on the proposed investment. Style, of course, is one factor that is not insurable, concerning which information in concrete form cannot be given and for which each woman must make herself responsible. Other factors, however, can fortunately be weighed.

There are three simple points which a woman should check against every dress she buys, regardless of its cost. They are,

in the order of their obviousness, trimmings, fit, and fabric. In each case the gauge of measurement for these factors is *activity* — how much and what kind of activity can they endure, and how will they behave under the activity of the washtub or dry-cleaner? The day of fragile cobwebs for summer clothes appears to be past, except for occasional festivities or for the charmed lives of professional beauties. Most women want spring and summer clothes which will stand the tests of daily routine and necessary renovation.

Trimmings are important, especially in the summer season when styles and fabrics become simple and many a frock depends on its trimmings for that 'new' look, for its chic, its gayety. So it is only common sense to check the trimmings first of all, to make sure they will stand up under use. Buttons, for instance, can be easily lost at the first or second wearing if they are not sewed on securely; and, childish as this sounds, it is a fact that often even good dresses, especially tub dresses, have buttons sewed on with a chain stitch which will unravel almost at a touch. A loose thread end, or more thread on *top* of the button than appears where it is sewed to the fabric, may be signs of this. One should ask, too, for guarantees that the buttons will wash perfectly, not changing color or shape from water or heat.

Slide fasteners are going to be popular this summer, and in all colors and sizes and places. Again a washing guarantee is vital, and it should be remembered that a slide fastener should always be *closed* before it is laundered or dry-cleaned. Besides these and many other trimmings of plastics, metal, or composition, there are, of course, the contrasting colored scarfs, stitching, appliqué, and so on. Be cautious here, for, while color fastness is one detail easy to provide consumers to-day, trimmings of dark colors are often cut from inferior fabrics and react quite differently from the fabric of which the dress is made.

A seemingly small matter which can spoil an otherwise successful dress is the 'touch of white' often found on the dark sheer silks and rayons women like so much in summer for town or traveling. If, to clean them, collars and cuffs, frills and bindings, must be virtually dynamited from their places, one of two things is apt to happen. One is that the white trimmings may be allowed to stay on too long, the other is that the seams may be so altered in freeing them that they never regain quite the professional look they originally had. Again, the fabric used for these attractive white touches may not be washable at all, may not even dry-clean very well. *Mousseline de soie*, for instance, closely resembles organdy, but, while organdy will tub, water is fatal to mousseline, which does not, as a matter of fact, stand even dry-cleaning very happily. Furthermore, although permanently finished organdy is almost the rule now for dresses, organdy trimmings are not so apt to be permanently stiffened, and not even the cleverest laundress can restore limp organdy to the new-looking finish it once had. So ask for organdy that has been Belmanized — or permanently finished.

The second point on the dress insurance programme is the fit. Most women have learned from experience that size is one of the least rationalized of all buying factors, so it is almost absurd to say 'Always try a dress on before buying it.' But too many wash dresses, and altogether too many summer dresses of all types, are still bought by the labeled size. Without trying to go into that story here, I can say only that I have had in my office five dresses all marked size fourteen and no two of them were remotely alike in dimensions.

But, more than trying on a dress to make sure of its fit, move around in it; if you are going to play golf in it, swing your arms and walk; if you are going to drive a car in it, use your shoulders and arms and move your feet as you would in a car; if you like to walk in the

summertime, walk in the dress with good long strides. But above all, *sit down* in your dress. And watch yourself in a mirror while you do it. If the least strain appears at any point, you may be sure of two things: the seams will tend to open at those points, and the fabric will acquire unsightly bulges, regardless of its fibre origin.

Check the width of the skirt, with attention to pleats. Material is often skimped here, although the appearance is of adequate fullness. In buying a dress with a matching jacket, examine the jacket carefully, especially in the seams and in the cut of the sleeve. Since, ordinarily, a dress with a matching jacket retails for practically the same price as a plain dress, and since obviously the jacket requires additional fabric and labor, something is apt to be skimped here, particularly in summer costumes. If the sleeve is not cut to allow for elbow action, this area will either rip or bulge.

Fabrics naturally account for much of the charm of a dress, and unfortunately many of its liabilities. If the trimmings are good, the cut proper, the seams generous and sewed with no less than fourteen stitches to the inch, these are all signs that the manufacturer has probably used good material in the frock itself. But you cannot take this for granted, for recent surveys have shown that the same fabric is often used in dresses wholesaling for \$3.75 and \$16.75. Again the consumer must make her own check on the qualities of the fabric for the use she will ask of it. In buying cotton or linen, the first factor of importance after color fastness is shrinkage. The wash-dress manufacturing industry has prepared a tentative wash-dress label which, among other things, offers a guarantee that 'the fabric will not shrink appreciably (not over 5 per cent).' Consumers should be warned that this is a practical absurdity. A 5 per cent shrinkage in a forty-five-inch dress length would amount to at least

two inches. To presume that any woman would find this not 'appreciable' is unfortunate for the consumer. The only shrinkage safeguard commercially available at present is the Sanforizing process, which guarantees a further shrinkage of not more than three quarters of one per cent, which in a dress length of forty-five inches would amount to about one third of an inch. Some rayons are also being Sanforized, as well as cottons and linens. But rayon is very sensitive to changes in atmosphere and cannot be stabilized as readily as other fabrics, although if treated with one of the processes for water resistance, such as Neva-Wet, it is less affected by moisture.

Finishes for washable fabrics are this season more available than ever. The Belmanized finish — that is, with a permanent crispness — may be had in other fabrics than organdy and is excellent insurance in the direction of retaining appearance. Neva-Wet, Aqua-Sec, and other processes similar to these, add a water, spot, and perspiration safeguard to summer materials. Linen may be treated with an anti-crush process which, while it does not *prevent* wrinkling, does assist the linen to recover from creasing when hung up.

There are other details that might well be included in this brief analysis of how to keep a 'pretty' dress pretty by insuring its ability to resist wearing and washing, but perhaps the most valuable guide a woman could have would be her own record of the performance of each dress purchased this summer.

After identifying and checking the points I have mentioned, if each dress were entered on a simple chart, giving the date and place of purchase, its cost, and then, as the season passed, the number of wearings and washings it received, and finally the cost per wearing for that season, a practical and simple synopsis of qualities to be sought and avoided would automatically evolve against another season's buying.

EDWIN FORREST

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

ON South Third Street, Philadelphia, opposite the two houses where iron griffins crouch on the balcony railings, mute guardians of a vanished aristocracy, old St. Paul's Church still stands. One November Sunday in 1813 a parishioner named William Forrest, with his wife Rebecca, brought for a mass christening at its altar all six of his children. William was a Scotsman, poor and humble, and his wife was Pennsylvania 'Dutch' (née Lauman). The aristocrats across the street were not excited. They little knew — and perhaps in their self-sufficiency they would have little cared if they had known — that the black-haired boy nearing his eighth birthday, christened Edwin, was destined to become the first great American actor, the first Yankee tragedian to storm the artistic citadel of London, the most admired, the most hated, the stormiest player on our continent, the cause of riots and bloodshed, of scandal and tragedy, destined to be at last an old and broken man whose life, spent in the glare of theatrical publicity, was colorful as that of any character he played and whose end was sad as Lear's.

Early in his teens the boy Edwin was stage-struck, not surprising in those days when juvenile actors were the rage. His persistence won him a chance to appear in Philadelphia when he was fourteen, as Young Norval, of course, in *Douglas*. He was applauded, and that sweet sound sealed his fate. But the way was not easy. Headstrong and determined, he

pushed westward, looking for opportunities nearer the frontier. In 1823 he was in Cincinnati, where Sol Smith, later noted as a frontier manager and comedian, was editing a newspaper. In one farce there young Forrest played in blackface — one of the earliest Negro impersonations on our stage. Again, he played Richard III. Sol Smith recognized the handsome boy's potential talent, and when presently Edwin secured a contract to play with Caldwell's company in New Orleans, but balked at the prospect of the long trip and joined a circus in Kentucky, Smith hunted him out of the sawdust and drove him on his way.

He made his first appearance in New Orleans as Jaffier in *Venice Preserved*, on February 4, 1824 — when he was a month short of eighteen! His salary was eighteen dollars a week. He was dark, powerful of build, handsome, headstrong, unquestionably talented — and knew it. For such a youth there could hardly have been a worse environment than the New Orleans of 1824. There at the mouth of the great river were Frenchmen, Spaniards, and American frontiersmen; traders and gamblers, pirates and planters; creoles and slaves and a half-world of glamorous quadroons. Life was reckless, passionate, voluptuous, heady. What young Forrest needed most was discipline of character — and one of his warmest friends in New Orleans was James Bowie!

Has America forgotten Bowie? He

invented, or adapted, a peculiar form of duel, and the knife to fight it with. The duelists, stripped naked, were bound side by side on a bench, with right arms raised. Into each right hand was put a bowie knife, and at the given signal they went to it. The inventor himself seems to have been highly successful at this pastime, and to have indulged in it at the slightest offense to his 'honor.' His favorite knife he gave to Forrest as a token of affection. He and his kind lived under a code which exalted impulse and ignored law, and which especially fostered that form of egotism which causes a man to regard any derogatory remark about himself as a deadly offense which Heaven has ordained he should punish. It makes a quick temper quicker, and it makes conceit a menace.

That such social customs of old New Orleans as the Quadroon Ball were not exactly ideal training for a handsome boy of eighteen goes without saying. But they seem to have had far less effect upon Edwin Forrest than the reckless, touchy egotism of such companions as Bowie. In that extraordinary mingling of fact and moralizing, Alger's *Life of Edwin Forrest*, the author says quaintly of Bowie, 'In heart, when not roused by some sinister influence, he was as open as a child and as loving as a woman.' At any rate, he and his cronies exerted a great charm over young Forrest, and roused his admiration. For a year and a half he was under their spell. Perhaps we might add that one of them was a river captain, who, though possessed of a 'kind heart' (Alger again), once took revenge on a bank-side bawdyhouse by tying a cable around it and pulling it into the Mississippi, drowning all the inmates. These men, and their followers, would come to the theatre when Edwin performed, and applaud the more vociferously the more vociferously he let out his already powerful voice and tore into the emotions. Not a good school for either personal or artistic restraint.

In 1825, Forrest challenged Caldwell

to a duel, over Jane Placide, the leading lady, but the manager merely laughed, and the young actor rode off with a Choctaw Indian friend, to spend a month with the tribe. Perhaps to that episode he owed his future interest in plays about Indians. At any rate, it terminated his New Orleans life, and forced him back to the effete East.

In the autumn of 1825, aged nineteen, he found a place with the company in Albany, where he worked hard in the theatre and also sought by doing a 'daily dozen' (which included 'walking two or three times about the room on his hands') to increase his already muscular stature. That winter in Albany, however, was most important for him because of the visit of Edmund Kean. Young Forrest acted Iago to his Othello, Titus to his Brutus, and Richmond to his Richard, coming thus into intimate touch with his methods. It was inevitable that the boy should be affected by the man — the first great artist he had ever supported. But it was the more inevitable because of the similarity of forces behind the two men.

Edmund Kean was assuredly one of the answers to the question, 'Why did n't the British theatre respond, as literature responded, to the romantic movement?' It *did* respond, not by great plays, but by great performances in romantic plays already written by William Shakespeare. The cold correctness of a Kemble was a relic of the eighteenth century of Pope, and of Addison's *Cato*. When Coleridge said to see Kean act Macbeth was like reading the play by flashes of lightning, he was testifying to the electrification of poetic drama by an actor who let in fire and passion and the unrestrained outbursts of natural emotion. And when nineteen-year-old Forrest played Iago not traditionally, but as a gay young blade, and suddenly astounded Kean by letting his voice 'slide down from a high pitch' on the words 'nor secure,'

(Wear your eye thus, not jealous — nor secure)

ending 'in a whispered horror,' the great actor demanded later in the dressing room, 'In the name of God, boy, where did you get that?' 'It is something of my own,' said the delighted youth. And Kean immediately took an added interest in him, publicly praised him, and of course stirred Forrest to emulation. To let nature have its way in the expression of emotion, to electrify by startling or magnificent climaxes, to be realistic in representation when an effect can thus be gained (it is a paradox of romanticism that, in the theatre at least, it foreshadowed realism) — these things Forrest absorbed from the example of Kean, absorbed and adapted to his own personality and powers.

Kean had struggled up to fame from the humblest origins. His private life was dissolute and unrestrained. His genius lay in his sensitivity to emotion and his command of its expression. Forrest was untutored and unrestrained, and the emotional and romantic approach was his natural and easiest way. Further, Forrest was a young American actor at a time when most of our actors were English-born (all the best ones), yet when the ordinary American was passionately aware of his democracy as he has perhaps never been since. Combative self-assertion was in the air, which chimed with Forrest's temperament, and caused him then, and all his life, to favor parts in which heroes led revolts of the people against tyrants or the individual went down magnificently assertive and unchained. He, too, in the fumbling art of our young Republic, was a phase of the romantic movement, colored always by the passions of democracy, and always predominantly emotional.

II

The new Bowery Theatre in New York was to open in the autumn of 1826, and Forrest's success in Albany led to his engagement there at twenty-eight dollars a week. But he reached New York

penniless, his Albany salary unpaid, and was despondently waiting his new chance, when an opportunity came to give one performance at the fashionable Park, for a fellow player's benefit. Forrest, just turned twenty, elected to appear as Othello. The audience was small, but the applause was large. He was, accordingly, permitted to make his bow at the crowded new Bowery, November 6, as Othello, challenging our theatrical stronghold in one of the greatest of rôles. Certainly he did not lack self-confidence, nor was it unrewarded. The next day the stockholders raised his salary from twenty-eight dollars a week to forty!

From that night, his popular success and his financial rewards increased unbrokenly year after year. Very soon the forty dollars a week had multiplied twentyfold. He went up and down the land, playing to packed houses and shrewdly investing what he earned (his father was a Scotsman). He was a boy in his twenties, who to-day would be a college senior or a law student; and he was playing Richard III, Othello, William Tell, Damon, even Lear, to admiring thousands who poured gold into his purse. It is not, perhaps, surprising that he had what his biographer calls 'a gigantic complacency in himself, which was equally pleasurable to him and attractive to others so long as he intuitively experienced rather than consciously asserted it.'

But during these happy years he for the most part 'intuitively experienced it.' He paid his father's debts, he bought a home in Philadelphia for his mother and sisters, he enjoyed a wide acquaintanceship, and there should have been no canker in his life. But George Odell, compiler of that monumental work, *The Annals of the New York Stage*, suspects, and probably with reason, that the beginnings of the jealousy which was to wreck Forrest's life may be found as early as the autumn of 1826, when he was enjoying his first triumphs at the Bowery. During that autumn, William

Macready was acting at the fashionable Park (on Park Row, just below the City Hall), and a consultation of the newspapers of the day shows that the English star received by far the bulk of critical attention. No matter how vociferously the Bowery audiences responded to the vocal climaxes of the young American, there were a critical circle and an audience group who either found him crude by comparison with the visitor or for some months ignored him. There is no record left of Forrest's conscious reaction at this time; nor in immediately subsequent years did he display any open hostility to Macready. But the first impulses may have come to salve the wound to vanity caused by a certain condescension in what we now call the highbrows by an ever more vociferous appeal to his sure, responsive public, the democratic galleries.

In the autumn of 1829, when he was but twenty-three, and some while before Emerson's declaration of independence for the American Scholar, Forrest made a practical move to Americanize our stage literature. He offered a prize of \$500, plus the receipts of the third performance, for a tragedy by a native author, 'of which the principal character shall be an aboriginal of this country.' It was the first prize-play competition in our history, and the beginning of a twenty-year vogue for 'Indian plays,' since the winning drama, *Metamora*, by John Augustus Stone, was an immediate and huge success in Forrest's repertoire.

This drama of a noble Indian chief, who defies the white men in a reverberant prose which made Daniel Webster's seem restrained, continued a popular item in Forrest's repertoire almost to the end of his days. He must have thundered its defiance more than a thousand times — but to Stone he paid only the stipulated \$500, plus the third-night receipts. There was no Dramatists' Guild in those days; nor was Forrest behaving differently from others in his treatment of the author.

This competition (in which William Cullen Bryant was one of the judges) was followed in succeeding years by others, and in all two hundred plays were submitted, nine received prizes, five were failures in performance, and four — *Metamora* by Stone, *The Gladiator* and *The Broker of Bogota* by Robert Montgomery Bird, and *Jack Cade* by Robert T. Conrad — were permanent additions to Forrest's repertoire. They also inspired the American comedian, James H. Hackett, to offer a prize for a native comedy, resulting in *The Lion of the West*, by James K. Paulding.

That a young actor in our early Republic, himself unschooled except in the practical theatre, still almost alone among companies of players English-born and devoted to an English repertoire, should have stirred up so many native dramatists, and secured from them at least three plays which enabled him to show with passionate vividness his ideal of rugged individualism, whether in the American forests or the Roman arena, is truly amazing. It is a testimony both to the impact of his acting and personality on the American imagination of the times and to a sturdy emotional force in his boasted Americanism. Full justice has never been done to him for this accomplishment.

III

In 1834, Forrest ceased acting to make a two-year tour of Europe, seeking a belated education through travel. Before he sailed, the leading citizens of New York gave him a public banquet, celebrated by a medal. He returned in 1836, made the necessary preparations, and once more sailed for London, to challenge that stronghold. On October 17, 1836, at Drury Lane he appeared not in Shakespeare, but as Spartacus, in one of his American prize plays, which gave him ample scope for displaying his tremendous physique, for enunciating in sonorous periods his opinions about

tyranny, and for the astonishing physical realism which he employed in melodrama. London was a bit surprised, but undoubtedly impressed, and, after he had added Othello and Macbeth to his repertoire, made him welcome in the Garrick Club. Macready at this time befriended him.

Before he returned to his native land he had married Catherine Sinclair, daughter of a Scotch singer. On meeting him, she confessed, she had said to herself, 'This is the handsomest man on whom my eyes have ever fallen.' They were married in St. Paul's Cathedral, in June 1837, and in the autumn they were in America, where Mrs. Forrest at once made a host of friends, and where her husband resumed his triumphant career. His tours took him to every part of America where theatres were available, and his fortune continued to mount.

In 1843-1844 Macready made another visit to America, which was financially successful for him (if not always for the theatres), and during which he spent some time as a guest at Forrest's home in New York. More than on his previous visit, however, both the social and the critical acclaim he received was from what to-day would be the orchestra level. The masses preferred Forrest, and those who spoke for them called Macready cold, measured, mannered, and said Forrest's acting commanded 'honest throbs and tears' while the 'icy glitter' of the other won 'the dainty clapping of kid gloves.' Macready no more liked this sort of criticism than Forrest enjoyed being called a boor by comparison with the Englishman. Macready, too, was an egotist, with a sometimes ungovernable temper. Once he debated with himself whether a new play could succeed, as it contained two good parts in addition to his own! He went back to England not too happy, and left behind a division among critics and theatre-goers which contained the seeds of mischief.

The next year Forrest elected to go again to England. The theatre there was

in transition. The Royal Patent had been withdrawn from Covent Garden and Drury Lane, the field was wide open, and Macready, Charles Kean, and other 'legitimate' actors were unable to draw houses. When Forrest appeared at Covent Garden in February 1845 as Othello, he was hissed by three separate claques. This was repeated the next night, though the audience finally drowned the objectors. Forrest was stung to the quick. His fingers must have itched for a bowie knife! Certain London reviews, in organs controlled by Macready's friends (such as Forster), called his performance 'a burlesque of the elder Kean's mannerisms . . . varied by the Yankee nasal twang.' They called his Macbeth 'comic,' his Lear 'a roaring pantaloon.'

Forrest believed — largely from circumstantial evidence, of course — that Macready was behind all this. He had wanted to play *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons* in London, and the author, Macready's friend Bulwer-Lytton, had refused him permission. He had planned, also, to play in Paris, and Macready (who had failed in Paris) was a friend of the manager of the English company there. But this man refused even to see him. It was quite too much for Forrest's stricken pride. He went on tour of the provinces, brooding.

It was in Edinburgh that he performed the most ill-starred deed of his life. Macready was playing Hamlet in that city, and Forrest, never an inconspicuous person anywhere, elected to witness the performance from a box. After the words 'They are coming to the play; I must be idle. Get you a place,' Macready galloped two or three times across the stage, swinging his handkerchief in rapid flourishes above his head.¹

¹In his contribution to Rosamond Gilder's recent book, *John Gielgud's Hamlet*, Mr. Gielgud says he has never been able to discover on what lines in the play Macready waved his handkerchief. Evidently Mr. Gielgud consulted neither Macready's *Diaries* nor a life of Forrest. Let us hope he reads the *Atlantic*. — AUTHOR

This was his way of affecting madness. It was also Forrest's opportunity to affect criticism — which he did by giving vent to a loud hiss. It was probably the loudest hiss in theatrical annals, for it resounded over the British Isles and the Continent of North America.

The *Scotsman* noted the event in an article headed 'Professional Jealousy.' The London *Times* elaborated this article. Forrest wrote a letter to the *Times* (which he had to expurgate before the editor would print it), in which he dismissed the jealousy charge 'with the contempt it merits' and endeavored to justify his act as legitimate criticism; and the fat was in the fire. Forrest reappeared in New York as Lear, at the Park Theatre, early the following autumn; and a crowded house rose and gave him nine cheers, not so much, evidently, for his art as for his sibilant assertion of free-born Americanism. On his benefit night he made a speech, affirming that he was 'animated by no ungenerous motives toward the really deserving of any other country,' and a few days later William Cullen Bryant, Parke Godwin, Theodore Sedgwick, Samuel Ward, and other distinguished citizens invited him to a public banquet. Naturally he accepted, and naturally Bryant presided. No wonder Forrest supposed at this time his conduct was approved at home, and had been laudable.

In September 1848, Macready began another tour of the States, with some idea in mind of retiring from the stage at its conclusion and settling in Cambridge or Boston, where he had been always most warmly welcome, and there founding a dramatic school. Almost at the start of his tour, however, trouble began to occur. He was hissed in Philadelphia, and in a public statement said of Forrest, 'He did toward me what I am sure no English actor would have done toward him — he openly hissed me.' The next day Forrest replied in a letter to the press, describing Macready's

imagined conduct toward him in angry and rude terms. This brought a reply from the Englishman, and disgusted many Americans. And so it went, with stormy scenes in many theatres, and the press taking the quarrel up, pro and con.

In Macready's diary you will find such entries as these: 'November 10, '48, Rehearsed with care, but I have *brutes* to deal with, not intelligences — "ignorance made drunk" will well describe American actors from Mr. Forrest downwards! Acted Cardinal Wolsey and Oakley with a Catherine and a Mrs. Oakley to make a dog vomit!' Or again: 'The Baltimore papers characterize the performances of Forrest as equal, if not superior, to mine, and speak of him as an artist and a gentleman. And I am to dwell in this country!'

On May 7, 1849, Macready attempted to end his tour with a performance of *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in New York. Forrest was also playing in the city. The theatre was filled largely with a mob bent 'on putting down the favorite of what they called the kid-gloved and silk-stockinged gentry.' They yelled, hissed, booed, and finally began hurling the theatre chairs upon the stage. The curtain was rung down to save both the actors and the building, and Macready prepared to leave town. The press, however, was outraged at such treatment, as were the better citizens, and he was urged to make another appearance, to enable the city to vindicate itself.

Forrest was openly charged with fomenting the disturbance, but this he denied, though refusing to take any steps to prevent its recurrence. The mob, inflamed by the tone of the press toward them, placarded the city with inflammatory handbills, and the city authorities detailed three hundred police to the scene and ordered the 7th Regiment to be under arms. The friends of Macready saw to it that they themselves occupied most of the seats, and on May 10 the second attempt to play *Macbeth* was

made. Unable to get in, the mob stormed the exterior of the theatre, breaking the windows, crashing at the doors, and howling blue murder.

The 7th Regiment was called out. As it marched up, it was greeted with a shower of stones. The officers expostulated with the mob, but the answer was more stones. Several soldiers were wounded. An order to fire brought a few scattered shots over the heads of the mob, which merely intensified the attack. At last the order to fire in earnest was given, and when the smoke cleared there were thirty dead and as many wounded, and the mob was fleeing toward Broadway or the Bowery. Macready was hustled to Boston, and sailed as speedily as he could for England.

In this disgraceful episode of course the Bowery gangs, then so disturbing an element in New York life, played a considerable part. But the cause went far deeper than that, to an inherent weakness in Forrest's character. Not only had his wounded egotism provided the first spark, but his relentless spleen had done nothing to allay the mob passions anywhere, his ideals of 'democracy' had contributed nothing of magnanimity and sportsmanship to justify themselves. And from that tragic night, though he did not cease to draw huge houses, he began to lose the respect of many who had hitherto stood by him.

IV

Worse was yet to come. That spring he had entered his wife's room and found her standing 'between the knees' of an actor named George W. Jamieson, who had 'his hands upon her person' (to quote Forrest's later testimony). Among most people of the theatre this would have required no great explanation. But in Forrest's mind it rankled sore, and when a few months later he found among his wife's possessions a silly letter from Jamieson, beginning, 'And now, sweetest Consuelo, our brief dream is over,' he

was approaching the condition of Othello. The letter, to be sure, so both writer and recipient always declared, had been written to show that others beside George Sand could indulge this strain; but to Forrest it meant that his wife had been unfaithful.

For some months, till the tension grew too great, the matter was kept secret; then he took her to the home of Parke and Fanny Godwin and there deposited her. Even this was not enough. He wrought himself to the point of fancying that she was betraying his 'shame' to the public, and sued for divorce on the grounds of adultery. Her defense was a counter suit, on the same grounds. Her past life, the respect in which she was held in the community, the bitterness of Forrest's attack, combined to put much sympathy on her side. Again the public were lined up behind Forrest or his antagonist, again he was a storm centre.

The trial began in December 1851, lasted six weeks, and was reported at great length in almost every paper in the land. Mrs. Forrest's counsel was Charles O'Connor, and he saw to it (if she needed any prompting, which is doubtful) that his witness was always a lady, and that her witnesses were among the irreproachable citizens of the land. Forrest's language and conduct at and during the trial still further alienated the sympathy of many of his remaining friends. He lost the case, and was ordered to pay his wife \$3000 a year alimony. He thrashed Nathaniel P. Willis in Central Park on the suspicion that Willis was a party to his domestic ills. Still unable to believe that he, Edwin Forrest, could be wrong, he appealed over and over, and not till many years later did he give up. By then he owed his wife \$64,000, \$59,000 of which she had to pay out in lawyers' fees!

Jamieson, whose professional career Forrest succeeded in blighting, was killed in 1868, and Forrest's reaction was thus expressed: 'I see by the telegraphic news in the paper that George W. Jamieson

was killed last night by a railroad train, at Yonkers. God is great; and justice, though slow, is sure. Another scoundrel has gone to hell — I trust forever.'

Incredible as it may seem, Forrest began an engagement in New York two weeks after the first verdict. The audience cheered vociferously, and across the parquet was hung a streamer reading, 'This is the people's verdict.' He made a speech, in which he thanked them for coming to 'express your irresistible sympathy for one whom you know to be a deeply injured man.' This was repeated night after night, while the theatre remained packed.

But although the trial, with its display of dirty linen and its provocation to prurient public discussion, increased rather than diminished Forrest's box-office appeal, the effect was to embitter the remainder of his life. During his happy married years he had begun to erect a huge stone dwelling on the banks of the Hudson, south of Yonkers, known as Fonthill Castle. It was to have something the aspect of a Rhine castle. Furthermore, it was to become, on Forrest's death, a home for indigent actors and actresses — of American birth. But the building was never completed. His break with his wife came before it was ready for occupancy, and thus no American actor lived in a Rhine castle above a great river until William Gillette built himself one on the banks of the Connecticut.

Forrest retreated to his native Philadelphia and bought a mansion in spacious grounds, on North Broad Street — with, however, the same shrewd idea that some day the city would grow out to it and enhance its value. He sold Fonthill in 1856 for \$100,000, to a Catholic sisterhood, and the same year withdrew from the stage for several seasons, devoting his time to his grounds, his library, the nursing of his very considerable fortune, and the nursing of his even more considerable grievances against life. He had been too haughty and domineer-

ing to make many friends among his fellow actors, and his conduct had alienated many in the outside world who might have stood by him.

One friend he had, a Pythias to his Damon, James Oakes of Boston, who not only urged his retirement, but visited him in winter, took him up to the Massachusetts shore in summer, advised, consoled, and guided him. Forrest was so deeply attached to Oakes that he would not permit a third person to be present when they met, and that lifelong friendship remains the most warmly human record of his career. Next to Oakes, he seems most to have cherished a first folio of Shakespeare. But neither the one nor the other could remove from his mind the idea that he had suffered injustice, that he, who could not be wrong, had been deeply wronged, that a giant was stung by malicious pygmies. He had cast off his wife; he had no children; he was for the most part alone in a great house, brooding.

In 1861 he emerged on the stage again, and resumed his old rôles, with, however, an added emphasis on Coriolanus and Lear. Not only was this natural, but it was natural that his emotional experiences, his profound sense of grievance, should have intensified his artistry in these parts. All testimony is that this was the case, especially in Lear. Someone in the latter years once complimented him on his playing of Lear. 'By God, sir, I don't play Lear!' he cried. 'I play Cade and Macbeth and Damon, but by God, sir, I *am* Lear!' He himself once told how he had asked Sheridan Knowles to describe the acting of Sarah Siddons as Lady Macbeth, and Knowles had replied, 'with a sort of shudder,' 'Well, sir, I smelt blood! I swear I smelt blood!' I have thought of that incident often, especially of Knowles's shudder, because I used to endeavor to get from my mother some description of Forrest, whom she saw act Coriolanus in Boston in the '60's, and all she could ever reply was, 'I can't tell you anything — except

that he made me shiver.' And always, at the memory, she shivered again.

Forrest's tours, at least outside of New York, remained highly profitable, in spite of the changing tastes of theatre-goers, for several years. But in 1865, in Baltimore, while playing Damon in a cold theatre, he suffered a partial paralysis of his right sciatic nerve. For one who had taken an enormous pride in his massive muscularity and whose very style had depended often on bodily agility, it was a terrible blow. Thereafter the regal gait, the swift spring, the massive assurance of poise, were gone, and before long it became necessary to strap the sword to his right hand so that he could fight Macduff or lead his gladiators in revolt. Yet in 1866 he played in the golden San Francisco for thirty-five nights, to sixty thousand people, and brought away \$20,000 as his share of the profits.

There is something saddening, always, in the spectacle of a fine actor, past his peak, playing in a style (and often in plays) somewhat outmoded, who refuses to surrender to time and change but must go on repeating what he has always done. The young sometimes sneer; their elders know that it is the indomitable ego refusing to give up. Forrest has never seemed to me so appealing a figure on the New York stage, either when a youth bursting upon the astonished Bowery as Othello or in his massive maturity in the combats of Spartacus, as on that night in 1871 when he made his last appearances in our theatrical capital, playing Lear to half houses in the 14th Street Theatre, neglected by the young, ignored by fashion, but wringing from the reluctant William Winter a tribute to the haunting pathos of his mad King.

Outside of New York, it should be added, even this last tour was still fairly profitable, and the old gladiator reached Boston in the spring of '72 after traveling 7000 miles, playing 128 nights, and accumulating nearly \$40,000. In Boston he played Lear and Richelieu, and the

second week, while acting the Cardinal, developed pneumonia and had to cancel all further performances. He recovered, however, and in the following autumn resorted to that last stand of the classic actor, public readings of Shakespeare. They were a disappointment, and he retired to his Philadelphia house, and on the night of December 12, 1872, alone in his chamber, died of a stroke. His will left his estate in trust, to establish and maintain the Forrest Home for aged actors. Ultimately the city did grow to the North Broad Street house, which was sold for a profit, and the Home moved to a suburb, where it still functions and perpetuates the name of the first great American tragedian.

V

What, as artist, was Forrest like? What description of any actor has ever conveyed to later generations the peculiar quality of his appeal? Physically Forrest resembled the Farnese Hercules, with the addition of a black moustache and a small goatee under his lip. His voice, in both range and power, equaled his physique. He was totally without humor or lightness. His Hamlet must have been absurd. Yet in portions of Othello he must have been electrifying. Always he was bound to be massive, dominant, and unsatisfying unless the rôle gave him an opportunity to overwhelm the emotions. The roaring sea surges of his voice in sustained passages of wrath, invective, or grief are constantly mentioned by critics. But as constantly, almost, are his physical actions in his melodramas, such as the death scene in *The Gladiator*.

In one of those merry burlesques which enlivened our stage before the Civil War (and had so much to do with bringing about a more natural style of play and playing in both England and America), an actor used to 'take off' Forrest's Spartacus, wearing enormously padded calves. Another character stuck

a butcher's knife into one calf and left it there, while Spartacus paid no attention. After many attempts, a fellow gladiator at last succeeded in persuading him to look down at the knife in his leg, whereupon he emitted a terrible roar of pain, fell to the stage writhing with horrible agony, and expired all over the place. That tells us better than any critic can what were some of the excesses of Forrest's style.

In 1855, John Brougham's burlesque, *Pocahontas*, laughed most of the Indian plays off the stage, including *Metamora* in its merry attack. When Boucicault put an Indian into *The Octoroon* in 1859, he did not spout the now incredibly turgid rhetoric of *Metamora* — he just grunted. And the Negroes talked like real Negroes. In 1865 the delicate, natural art of Jefferson captivated us in *Rip Van Winkle*. Booth was playing Shakespeare neither like his father nor like Forrest, but with a new poetic naturalism. Forrest had many imitators in his prime, though none possessed the physical and vocal prowess to match him; but in the end he left no follower but John McCullough. His plays, except those by Shakespeare, were outmoded, including that bombastic balloon of Sheridan's, *Pizzaro*. He passed from the scene leaving Boston ladies to remember that he had made them shiver, and New York to remember (so far as New York ever remembers its past) that his colossal and unbridled egotism, in conflict with another somewhat meaner and more restrained, had caused thirty citizens to be shot dead in its streets.

William Winter often referred to him as a magnificent animal, 'bewildered by a spark of genius.' 'He struck with a sledge hammer. Not even nerves of gutta-percha could remain unshaken by his blow. In manifestations of terror he lolled out his tongue, contorted his visage, made his frame quiver. In scenes of fury he panted, snorted, and snarled like a wild beast. . . . The snarling yell of ferocity that burst from him when,

as Jack Cade, he recognized and sprang upon Lord Say in the forest, fairly frightened his hearers. His utterance of Lear's delirious prayer to Nature was like a thunderstorm.'

It seems evident that Forrest's art was crude, as his training had been, and made cruder by the crudities of the audiences which cheered him most, and by the excesses of his own undisciplined character. He lacked intellect, he lacked spiritual fineness, and he confused, hopelessly for his happiness, individual freedom and egoism. Yet in his robustious style he was outlet for the robustious emotions of the unexpressive American masses of his day, and their tumultuous applause when, as Spartacus, he hurled tumultuous defiance at the Lords of Rome was rather good to think about, and not unessential to an understanding of our ancestors.

It is a full century since he took Spartacus to London, the first defiant gesture of the New World theatre toward its elders, and woke the echoes of Old Drury with his mighty voice. To-day, instead, we send Shirley Temple on a strip of celluloid. We write peephole drama now, or crank a candid camera, and call it realism. We have no actors who could sustain even the mere physical demands of playing Spartacus or Lear. But do we not sometimes wish that we could see a play where a powerful player could let himself go? Do we not long for a clash and mingling of mighty words and high emotions and electrifying action, a theatrical *Ein Heldenleben*?

In such a mood Forrest does not seem so far away from us, because his style, even in its excesses, was an outlet for the emotions of the young Republic and a stirring reminder to his audiences of human capacities. Such outlet and such reminder every age needs, and we — or so it seems to-day — are insufficiently finding them in realism. We dream a new and more finely tempered Forrest, and the plays for him to act.

PETERSBURG TO APPOMATTOX

BY WILLIAM B. STARK

[THE pages that follow have been selected from the manuscript account of a private soldier, William B. Stark, of the 34th Massachusetts Volunteers. The regiment stood the test of the disastrous retreat through the Shenandoah under General Hunter. Thereafter it participated in four major engagements until finally, as seasoned soldiers, the 34th Massachusetts embarked up the James River to Dutch Gap for the attack on Petersburg. — THE EDITORS]

Christmas, 1864. We ran up to Atkins landing in the morning and landed about 8 o'clock, one mile below Dutch Gap Canal. Cannonading is going on. Musketry is common day and night. The Fortifications between us and Richmond cannot be taken without great sacrifice of life. They have sunk torpedoes in the earth which if tread upon will explode and kill many, but all these things will be overcome and the rebellion put down. Our Division is in the front line and not very strong but can easily be reinforced. We are 7 miles south of Richmond.

Jan. 3rd, 1865. — We were frequently awakened in the night as if by the sound of an earthquake, the heavy thundering echo shaking the earth for miles, and soon after the shell would burst in the air. The mortar shell are plainly seen either by day or night.

Jan. 5th. — Most of the timber within half a mile has been slashed with the tops of the trees outward. We have charged the enemy and have been compelled to climb through these thick and rugged brambles before their powerful forts could be reached. About one half the men were used up by the time they got to the inner abatis and ditches; *visa versa* with the enemy.

Jan. 12th. — It is a great treat to be able to wash again. No rations! The rise of the James river has washed our

pontoon bridges away. We are supposed to have four days rations always on hand. We do not get more than half enough to satisfy us and then devour our advance rations. Many are nearly starving. They will buy, beg or steal as the chance offers. I try hard to keep my emergency rations but it is useless. It is a hard case to refuse my hungry comrade or my own empty stomach.

Jan. 16th. — I am sick and got permission to return to camp. Part of our squad was sent into the Rebel lines today with a flag of truce to load and unload Union and Rebel soldiers being exchanged. Some of the boys of our 34th were on board who were captured in the Shenandoah valley last summer. They look pretty hard, poor fellows. They have just come out of a southern prison and are going to Anapolis and from there to their homes. A little hardtack is given them as soon as they come within our lines. The poor fellows are starving and eat like madmen. It would not do to give them much. They were overjoyed when they came to the picket lines.

Jan. 17th. — These foggy days are destroying the Rebel army. A few months of such weather would finish the war without fighting. 60 Deserters came into headquarters today. We had the pleasure of seeing U S Grant and were satisfied. This corps looked and behaved splendid.

March 22nd. — The Jonnies are very friendly at present. They often talk with us, trade papers, &c. If deserters try to come over and are seen, or if they are ordered to keep up firing as they often are to prevent desertion, they generally give notice. Such as, 'Lay down, Yanks, we are going to fire.' Our pickets in such cases seek shelter if any is to be found. Still we keep an eye on the enemy. It is death to sleep on or leave the post without orders. This is the nearest point to Richmond; it is about 6 miles. We hear their bells and boat whistles but the forest hinders us from getting a glimpse of that much desired place.

We are bound to get there before long.

March 25th. — The spring campaign now commences with us. We march at sunrise toward the Chickahomany. This is a flank march. The risk is very great. Should the Rebs understand this movement they might cut us off and cripple us severely. Cannon are planted and roads baracaded. Cavalry are posted, separate and in squads the whole length of the route. We had no serious trouble and arrive at Chickahomany river a little after noon 15 miles from camp. Hill's Reb Corps are not far in our front. They are trying to pen Sheridan up. We are sent to help him over the stream and ensure his safety.

The Chickahomany is very narrow, deep and muddy. At either shore is a low jungle or Cyprus swamp, deep dark and muddy water full of thorns, briars and flood wood, piles upon piles. This is the noted peninsula. McClellan's grave yard where 70,000 of our brave boys lie in southern swamps and many of them scarcely buried. If the enemy could have kept Mcs army here a little longer I think they would have been content for they wasted away like leaves of autumn driven before the wind. Mounds are seen in all directions where they tried to bury them but it does not hide them now. Their bones whiten the soil on every side.

March 26th. — Sheridan has not come

yet. We have sent several scouts in that direction yesterday. They met his ten miles from camp. He is making all haste to reach the James river by the lower route. The Rebels are hurrying us up lively. The pontoons are taken up, the tents struck and we leave this miserable place the 26th. Before leaving, the 34th hoisted a flagstaff 80 feet high and hung a pair of blue pants on the top. We must not get at a fight now; we are in a dangerous and difficult place. All haste is made on the return. The boys pick up the skulls of their fallen comrades and make remarks on their identity, &c. We pass through ten separate breastworks of 1862.

March 28th. — We cross the Appomattox river on pontoons at Point of Rocks at midnight and arrive at, or in front of, Petersburg at 4 in the morning. This is a regular slough-hole. Teams get stuck fast in the mud and cannot get out.

March 31st. — The Battle of Hatcher's run. Cold rain continues. We worked all night throwing up breastworks; no rest, no sleep. Fort Steadman and other forts are not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in our front. We have hard fighting today in our corps and all along the flank. Our skirmishers charge and capture 180 Rebel skirmishers this morning. We advance again slowly under a severe fire. Only a few rods could be gained at one time. Then we must lie down or die. Dig, dig, dig; quick, make a hole in the sand, if ever so small. We roll into it. We scrape a small pile of dirt in front of us if ever so little; it often stops a bullet or makes them glance over us. We often use plates or cups for want of shovels.

The word of command was like this: 'Look sharp, be ready to rise up and fire a volley.' Or, 'Advance a few rods, move on the double quick.' This was the kind of fighting we had today. I must confess that I did not like it.

April 1st. — Daylight shows us three Forts and a long line of Rebs not 500 yards distant in our front. How can we hold our position? We are not half

fortified. They open furiously upon us. Shot and shell tear clear through our works and bullets fly like hail. I will not run any unnecessary risk. There are many killed in going to the rear after water. We gain ground again. 9 Rebel gunners were killed at one gun this afternoon.

These Rebel Forts are silenced entirely. 9 PM. All quiet now. Orders are given to advance at 4 AM, then charge en mass by regiments the whole length of the line. Not one loud word was spoken for fear of being discovered.

Sunday, April 2nd. — A beautiful day. The Rebels charge on us at 3 AM. It appears to be a general attack. They must have learned our orders. We were obliged to get back into our works and form as soon as possible in order to keep them back. We were compelled to fall back to our second line. Our orders are, 'Charge, Charge them.'

We charged them in good earnest. Some fell over our barricades and asked for quarters. The greater part of them were driven back to their works but they were not permitted to remain there long. We had them marked U S Grant and they were ours. The South Side Rail Road and many other places were taken. The Rebel lines were shattered and broken.

As soon as our troops could be formed they started for Petersburg in quick time. We drew up before that noted spot. The Forts looked like volcanoes belching forth their liquid fire. One or two Brigades charge on each fort. Some were quite near but we attacked Fort Gregg which is quite a mile away. It was like rushing into destruction. A part of our second Division had just charged on Fort Gregg and were repulsed with heavy loss and could not take it. Our charge was a desperate one.

Grape, Canister and Shrapnell were used double shotted which caused our ranks to melt away very fast. When within one hundred yards of the Fort it

was found impossible to proceed. The line finally halted and appeared to waver. It hesitated a moment, then lay flat upon the ground.

The Rebel Infantry in the forts took courage and fired rapidly. The Batteries appeared to increase in numbers and rapidity of fire. It was sure death to remain here many minutes longer. The order was given, 'Forward' — and now each one vies with his comrad for the ditch. It was a race for life. The ditch is reached. Some fall dead as they reach it and fall into it. 'Climb, boys, climb.' The top of the parapet or Fort is reached. Long lines of blue uniforms finally encircle the top of the wall.

Our men fall rapidly. Some roll into the Fort and some fall outside. A few minutes firing on the parapet and then, 'Down, boys, down.' Charge down it is. Plunge, slide or jump down among the bright polished steel. Foot to foot. No loading and firing now. Bayonet every man. They ask no quarter. The cannon are captured and turned upon the nearest rebel Forts, even while the fighting is going on. Meanwhile Col Gregg, the Commander of the fort, sings out: 'Die, boys, Die but never surrender.' Steel however has a wonderful power to change opinions, especially when pointed at the breast. It proved its superiority in this case. They fought like demons. It was thought the City would be evacuated during the night. If not it would surely be taken by storm. We had orders to advance at day dawn.

April 3rd. — Petersburg evacuated. The skirmishers charge at daybreak with everything in readiness to storm the works. No enemy to be found. Great is the cheering. Salutes are fired. All are gay and happy now.

Lee is hard pressed. He has trouble crossing the Appomattox river. Sheridan is close upon him taking thousands of prisoners and stragglers as well as a great many mules and guns. The past two days has raised our spirits and we feel like new men with great hopes and

light hearts, our feet lightly treading the Rebel soil.

April 6th. — Lee's army has struck for Lynchburg. Our Command marched at 2 PM in the same direction but the pickets were not called in until 3. They have one hour the start of us. The sick remain at the junction. The weather is very warm for marching. A heavy battle is going on at the right of us. We hurry on rapidly to join in the engagement. We arrive at the front near sundown.

Gen Custer captured 12,000 prisoners, 13 officers and 10 pieces of Artillery this evening. There was a great many captured on other parts of the line. Our loss this evening is reported at 70 killed and wounded in our Brigade. The Regiment is nearly all used up. It now numbers only about 300 fighting men.

We are pressing hard on the Rebels front and left flank in order to crowd them off from the Lynchburg road northward. Their line of battle is marching several miles out from the main body and the trains. They had possession of a long line of low hills, filled with rifle pits and Breastworks erected in haste. We were terribly raked by shot and shell. We crossed a narrow ravine and ascended in face of the fire. We drove them out of their works, with the loss of many of our noble boys.

April 7th. — Start at 6 AM and march some two miles in advance in line of battle.

When we came out on the road again the Cavalry were passing. We saw our old commander, General Crook. There was great cheering. In fact the boys are so well pleased with our good success that they shout and hurra at almost anything.

There was much sharp skirmishing and some hard fighting through the day. We drew up many times for action but saw but little fighting. The Cavalry went in advance and cleared the road.

The enemy were hurried over a stream and march near Farmville. They had a

rough time in crossing it for our guns raked them sorely. The ground was nearly covered with implements of war, horses, mules, waggons and so forth.

The bridges were for the most part old log bridges. They rushed upon them in such numbers that several of them were broken down precipitating its freight into the mud and water. We took the Elephants plan and waded through mud and water. This we were accustomed to and we pushed through with a shout. The enemy was in sight.

April 8th. — We are bound to lead off and capture the Rebel army in a short time, most likely next Sunday as that is our regular fighting day. Co K are flankers for the 34th today; part of the company march on and the rest flank in indian file from 2 to 8 rods off from the column. There are tons upon tons of tobacco thrown out of the warehouses to-day. I wish it was pork or hard-tack as we are very short of rations. Some of the boys find pork, hams and sides of bacon hanging in the thick foliage of the trees, placed there to keep it from the Yanks. I took great pains to search for some but was too late. PM. Sheridan has headed off Lee and captured several trains of supplies which had been sent on from Lynchburg for Lee's army as they have had very little rations since leaving Richmond. We need some very much.

5 PM. — There is heavy canonading on our right. Sheridan is trying to destroy a bridge in Lees front and we are hurried up to assist him and march rapidly. It is reported that Gen Grant has ordered or requested Lee to surrender and Lee has requested him to state his terms. Grant is in high spirits. He looks like a conquering hero which he really is. All agree that this great struggle will soon be over. We march until midnight, being greatly fatigued, having marched 35 miles to-day.

Sunday, April 9th. — Appomattox Court House. We camped this morning in front of the enemy. They were headed off again. We were on the R R

and also on the direct road to Lynchburg. We extend our lines still further at day-break. We march some 3 miles then halt and cook coffee. The Rebels are thundering away in our front and it really seems to me they will break through and disturb us at our morning meal.

We passed Gen Custer as he sat on his horse giving orders and preparing for a charge. He looked as though he could charge down and take the enemy alone. He made a noble, heroic appearance which gives one great confidence in his commander. His long, flowing, sandy curls rested on his shoulders. His deep, penetrating eyes shone like living coals of fire. He sat like one impatient for the onset. He had around him 40 pieces of Artillery and 24 battle flags which had been captured from the enemy within the last two days. He had not long to wait for the enemy. They were rapidly pressing down in solid lines determined to break through all obstructions. Lee had not expected to find our Infantry in front.

April 11th. — Revallee at 4 AM. Our Division Parade half past six while the Confederate turn over their arms and war materials. I had hoped and expected to see them turned over as a conquered army generally does by grounding or stacking at our feet and marching off in columns by the flank.

The stacking of arms must have been done very privately in their own camp and turned over to the quartermaster. The heavy arms and all kinds of military stores were brought in by them in regular order and deposited in their proper places.

The teams were jaded and the wagons and other rubbish were useless.

The officers and many or most of the Cavalry and Artillery kept their horses or mules, many of them very good ones, and rode them away, private property being respected. Therefore they kept their animals whether they really belonged to them or not. Whole Regiments rode through our lines armed and equipped, some with carbines or rifles. We even suspected that we should have to do battle over again for we knew many of them had been parolled more than once.

Yet Grant had parolled them and who could question his wisdom or authority in these matters? 56 pieces of heavy Artillery was dug up and brought in to-day by us. They were buried a few miles back. The Rebs had more Artillery than they could use. It is reported that they buried some 3 or 400 pieces between here and Richmond. Our scouts were with them most of the time and some of them assisted in burying them. In many places where these cannon are burried a painted board is placed with the name of some person or Regiment marked upon it in order to deceive people as to the true character.

The Apple-tree under which Lee surrendered [i.e. under which Lee was sitting when Colonel Babcock delivered Grant's message to him] is getting badly cut up. We all want a small piece of it as a mementoe for our friends at home.

April 12th. — We march for Lynchburg. Revallee at 4. March at 6 AM. The Rebels are in all directions going home. March 15 miles then camp where we lay in the mud with our wet clothes all night, very much fatigued and very uncomfortable.

We are short of rations, Mosby having destroyed 8 miles of our train.

(Private Stark left Virginia for home by way of the Peninsula and the James River, passing through Dutch Gap, where the 34th had been in garrison the previous winter. After being mustered out, he joined his family, to reassume the rôle of husband and father. For the sake of contrast, the Diary of a Confederate infantryman, Private James Huffman of Naked Creek, Page County, Virginia, will be published in an early issue. Private Huffman served in Company I, 10th Virginia Infantry, of Kirby Smith's brigade and Joe Johnston's division. — THE EDITORS)

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. In this and successive issues, space will be reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty — letters that speak vigorously, honestly, and with free rein. Each letter should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words. Contributions are invited, and those published will be paid for. In special cases, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]

CIVIL LIBERTIES

London, England

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

The attitude of my generation toward civil liberties is, I believe, the same as that of any other generation of Americans. We want them. They are guaranteed in our Constitution. Our ancestors rebelled in order to ensure them. Our three bloodiest wars were fought — perhaps under misapprehension — for them.

Civil liberties are vague, changeable. Fundamentally, however, we still conceive them as the rights enabling us to live our lives as we — and not our bosses — wish. Our generation, as any other, is willing to give up certain rights for the general good. Civilization demanded of our forefathers that they forsake murder and thievery so that they might be protected, while living in community with others, from murder and thievery. Likewise, we are willing to accept limitations on the speed with which we may drive our cars, the noise which we may make in the streets. As the complexities of living increase we are willing to make individual concessions which benefit the communal whole — and ourselves as component parts.

But the civil liberties in our country are based upon a tripodal foundation of freedom: in speech, assembly, and worship. When one of these crumbles, the

structure falls. We will not allow the pillars to be weakened.

Around the world we see the edifice of liberty collapsing. Therefore, in our country, our generation becomes concerned. We have the better part of our lives before us. We do not intend to live according to the laws of the *Führer-Prinzip*. If society may be likened to a pyramid, we still believe in ruling it through orderly processes from the bottom; we will not be whipped from the top. If I am in any way typical of my generation, it is with this frame of mind that we regard America and look for symptoms, search for the stomping of our essential liberties.

Our country, as a whole, professes to believe in the Voltairean credo that we may disagree with all our internal opponent says but we will die for his right to say it. Acting on this principle, we tolerate side by side Nazi groups, the Communist Party, bands of Fascists and of anti-Fascists. We view them sometimes with concern, but we know that, unless they contravene our common laws, they are within their inalienable rights. Our generation, I hope, proposes to continue this mode.

However, when we *do* see assemblages not only curtailed but shot at, when we *do* hear speech gagged, then we begin to worry. It is not many years since the mayor of Duquesne, Pennsylvania, announced: 'Jesus Christ himself could not

speak in Duquesne for the American Federation of Labor.' It is little more than one year since ten workmen were shot to death for attempting to picket in the mass about a South Chicago steel plant.

These, I believe, are obvious infringements upon the rights of free speech and assembly. It is not necessary to have pro-labor or anti-labor sympathies, to favor one family of unions against another; any person who believes in the cardinal guarantees of our form of government must protest against their violation.

A Senate committee, headed by Senator La Follette, has been inquiring into such transgressions. It is properly known to the public as the 'Civil Liberties Committee.' It has already uncovered evidence of unscrupulous and organized attempts to mash the rights of labor. It has exposed incontrovertible proof that business concerns have purchased arms, bombs, and poisonous gases for use in labor disputes. It has uncovered intricate company spy systems which hired men to tattle on union activity. It has demonstrated that formidable gangs exist which supply thugs to set upon workers. In Cleveland there is a fixed fee for hooligans hired to beat up union leaders.

If we wish to preserve our democracy — and I think the overwhelming majority of young men and women wish to — we must preserve its parts. There are no longer any unions worthy of the name in Germany, Italy, or Russia. There is no longer any democracy as we know it.

I have talked to many persons less than thirty years of age. Some, whether rightly or wrongly, care to classify themselves as conservative, others as liberal. Some are members of organizations popularly labeled as reactionary or radical. But they appear to agree — all of them — that they cherish their rights and the rights of others to oppose them.

In the world about us liberty is withering. The pendulum swings from liberty

to autocracy. Our country was established as a haven for liberty. Perhaps the general conception of its form may alter during our lifetime. But I believe my generation of Americans, if it thinks, will attempt to preserve it. I hope so.

C. L. SULZBERGER

[An American, Mr. Sulzberger is twenty-five, a graduate of Harvard. He is now free-lancing abroad for magazines and newspapers.]

DEPRESSION AND THE UNBORN

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I am a woman of twenty-five, sound of limb, less so of mind. I am afraid of one thing. I hesitate to tie myself closely to the main stream of life by giving another life. I have been given every opportunity to know that life can be a rich, rare, and productive thing, yet that very knowledge can be a torment.

My husband is an admirer of Jefferson and a contemner of Jackson. But being out of key with the times troubles his deep faith in the goodness of life not at all. Leaving military service at the age of twenty-nine, he worked his way to a doctorate in history. Of the three years we have been married, he has been unemployed one. There is as yet no job for next year.

I know that my husband's unflinching intellectual honesty, his broad, tolerant view, his quiet humor, should have a chance of continuance in sons and daughters. I feel that one child worthy of him would far outweigh the small dilettante historical work which now very pleasantly fills my days.

Yet it is a narrow world, one growing steadily narrower and grimmer. My child would not be born a German Jew or a Southern Negro, or a Harlan County miner-to-be. But is it much better to be a member of a society which permits and even condones conditions of oppression? For, if I could overcome the public

school system, my child would not be the sort of American who finds comfort and refuge from the brutal realities of world and local scene in the wealth, might, and general superiority of his own country or economic group. Nor would he learn from his parents to turn to the Church for solace in his time of *Sturm und Drang*, for to us the Church seems the home of evasion and sentimentality.

My child, then, would be born into a world which is rent with bitter hatreds, which sanctions the cruelest injustice. He would enter a home where there is no close allegiance to the political and religious institutions of to-morrow. There will probably never be any firm basis of economic security. He may or may not greatly miss an 'education,' for my husband and I feel that a passionate reader does not notice whether it is Widener's marble halls or the plaster of Public Library Branch 10 which supplies background. We believe that the country-club aspects of college, which would not be his, do not greatly matter. Rubbing shoulders with the holy coterie of the Hasty Pudding would bring him no nearer Newman's ideal of a gentleman. Provincialism is a hardening of the mind and sympathies which sets in before collegiate age.

But if my husband could transmit a synoptic view, a hunger and thirst after righteousness, would our child be wanted in 1958? Would he give his manhood and his promise to stopping one lead pellet? Given the continuance of our peace, would he fit into a society that is turning its back on the free play of the mind, on the integrity of man as man? Without 'pull' and connections, could he make for himself any job at all? Even if he could arrange his private life satisfactorily, could he feel himself so useful that he could endure the increasing unrest and misery of his brothers, the increasing barbarism of international relations, the gradual petrification of society within the nation?

The lamps of reason, says Mr. Laski, are being extinguished one by one all over Europe. If America is not the hinterland of Europe (apologies to Mr. Turner, Mr. DeVoto, *et al.* for the very suggestion), it is at least umbilically dependent. The fate of all our mother countries we share. My husband and I ask ourselves, 'Is it our bounden duty to bring non-being into being?' If the sins of the parents are to be visited upon the children, need there be children?

Sincerely yours,

MARGARETTA

[Margaretta is a Southerner who graduated from Wellesley in the early '30s. Her husband has been teaching in Washington.]

DEPENDENTS

New York City

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:—

The Great American Depression has encompassed my 'aims, experiences, and perplexities,' and I am under thirty. Aims I had in abundance when I graduated from college. Now they have been regretfully pigeonholed to await the dawn of a new day. Will that day ever come? The depression is giving me my living. Like thousands of other college-bred young persons, I have been drawn into the field of public social service, as the greatest field open to my generation. If business should improve to the extent of putting my relief clients back to work, I should be thrown out of a job. I should have to seek a new vocation.

I did not prepare for social work in college. I became a relief investigator because, with the curtailment of other lines of work, public welfare services constantly expanded. In my city, relief bureau employees are being put on civil service. I receive good pay, an adequate vacation, and the promise of a pension for my old age.

The work is educational. Aside from the thrill of being associated with the greatest problems of our day and seeing the havoc wrought by the depression at

first hand, I am learning new skills. I have taken courses in social case work at night; the bureau offers courses through its supervisors to train us in the legal aspects of the job. We are in a career service. But is it to be a career?

In my city there was a staff of 18,000 administering relief in 1935 at the peak of the depression. At present there is a civil service list of 4000 relief investigators, alone, rapidly being assigned to the work. In 1935, one out of every five persons received some form of public assistance. Probably another fifth were employed to administer this assistance. What is the future of all these persons, receiving direct charity or helping to administer it? If business so improved that the relief bureaus were closed, or if political upheavals brought about a change in relief policies, all these people would be thrown into new ways of living.

In my work I meet all sorts of people. The staff is composed of investigators, supervisors, typists, dictaphone operators, and clerks, many from the 'underprivileged' groups, supporting large families on their semimonthly pay checks. There are some, like myself, who fell into the job by accident because the bureau wanted college graduates; others were chosen on a basis of 'need' when the bureau first opened. A few are radicals who use the bureau as a stamping ground for their pet theories and attempt to spread their doctrines among the staff and the relief recipients.

Among the relief clients whom I visit each day in my rounds, I find a divergence of types, also. There are chronic charity cases, families who have never known anything better than the tenement and who always received some form of charity to supplement their small incomes. There are theatrical people who find their profession dead and hope to get on the WPA arts projects. There are conservative white-collar workers, humiliated by their failure to find employment, many of them thrown out of work after long

service because they are over forty. There are prostitutes, drunks, people with airs, people who cannot read or write, Americans who cannot understand 'the way the country is going,' and foreigners who still find relief in America better than starving in Poland.

I also meet persons to whom the depression has meant a steady job with good pay. I refer to the thousands of WPA workers, particularly those in the theatrical, clerical, and educational jobs, who might never have found a suitable position in private industry.

As I look around my office every morning, and see the employees coming in so gayly because they have jobs, counting on these jobs to provide them with security for life, I wonder what the end will be. As I go through my district, making visits, I wonder what provision will be made for my relief clients in the next ten years. I wonder, too, about WPA workers who have had no other 'career' in the past eight years than this-or-that project.

My college alumnae catalogue comes to me every few months. As I turn the pages looking for familiar names, I am depressed by the number of my classmates in welfare work. Lydia Jones is with the Suffolk County Relief Board; Janet Smith heads the NYA in her town; Betty Gordon is a relief worker in Passaic.

A breakdown in the relief system will bring chaos into the homes, not only of relief recipients, but of thousands of young persons all over the country who have chosen social work as a career.

What a strange world it is when youth's aspirations are dedicated not to a new nation, conceived in liberty, but to one which is fast becoming dependent for subsistence on its government.

E. LOUISE MAGARY

[E. Louise Magary, a graduate of Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio, is employed by the Department of Welfare in New York City as a relief investigator.]

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE TRANSACTION

My father was a farmer on a big scale. We had chickens, cows, horses, pigs, dogs, cats, pigeons, and white mice. We had over two hundred acres of land, three orchards, two wagon sheds, a 1924 Ford, and a threshing machine composed of parts from the cast-offs of eight or nine worn-out machines.

The first year we lived on the farm we sold milk, butter, and eggs. The second year we lived there my father decided he would make some money raising calves. One after another we took all of our cows to a breeder. When all of the cows had been taken we sat down and waited for one of them to have a calf. It was very discouraging, because none of them did. They went on eating and sleeping and cutting capers in the field without swelling up, so my father said the thing to do was to go out through the countryside and buy up a cow that would make a good mother.

So we went from farm to farm in one of our wagons, drawn by two beautiful white horses; and at every farm we came to we stopped, asked the farmer if he had a cow that would make a good mother of a good calf, and then, when the farmer did n't have such a cow, we went on. We found a farmer who said he had a cow that would make a good mother of a good calf.

'How much for the cow?' my father asked.

'Eighty dollars,' the farmer said.

'That is indeed too much,' my father said.

'I can't begin to buy a cow for such a price.'

My father was a shrewd business man. He held to his guns.

'Well, make it seventy-five then — no more, no less.'

My father put his hand to his head, thinking, pretending to be in deep thought. 'That is still too high,' he said. 'I can't afford a cow at such a price. Don't forget I have to take it home. That is an inconvenience.'

'Well,' said the farmer, 'make it seventy dollars — no more, no less.'

'Now you are beginning to get into my territory,' said my father. 'That is a much better price, but it is still a bit high. Can't you drop that a little?'

'All right,' said the farmer, 'make it \$68.99. That is as low as I will go, because the cow is a good cow and when it was younger it was a good calf, so I won't take a penny less than \$68.99.'

This my father agreed to pay. We tied a rope about its beautiful neck and pulled it to the wagon, where we fastened the other end of the rope to the wagon bed, and then we got on the wagon and started home.

'We certainly got that one for a bargain,' said my father. 'It goes to show you how a fellow saves money. You have to be shrewd in the world,' he said.

In fact, my father talked so much about what a wonderful bargain he had completed that he broke out in a sad but beautiful song called 'Silver Threads among the Gold.' I began to whistle another song which was popular at that time. It was 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'.' Together the songs we whistled were beautiful, but the composite effect they had on the new cow made it stand up on its hind legs and bawl. It kept doing that until it broke the rope and began running back to the place where it was before we had started out that morning.

By the time we got the wagon turned around and the horses quieted from the excitement, the cow had disappeared, except for a cloud of thick dust. We drove the horses back as fast as we could, and when we arrived at the farm again the farmer came out rubbing his hands.

'The cow you sold us broke away,' said my father. 'We've come for it.'

The farmer laughed. 'Well, that beats all. There was a man and a young boy here about half an hour ago and they bought one of my cows. It's funny you did n't pass them goin' down the road. Now I don't know you fellows, never seen you before, but if you want to buy a good cow I've got a dandy.'

We followed the farmer into the barn. He brought out the cow we had but did n't have. 'Here is a nice cow,' he said. 'It is gentle and kind. It will make a fine mother to any calf, black or white.'

'All right,' said my father. 'How much for it?'

'Well,' said the farmer, spitting, 'I think eighty dollars is a fair price for it.'

'That is a little more than I intended paying,' said my father. 'That is a little too much.'

I touched my father's arm. We went into a corner of the barn and talked. 'Listen,' I said. 'That cow is n't worth any more than \$68.99. Why don't you go back and offer him \$68.99?'

'Fine,' my father said. 'That is what I will do. You are a chip off the old block when it comes to transactions and business.'

My father went back to the farmer, who was smoothing the cow's short hair.

'I'll give you \$68.99 for your cow,' said my father.

The farmer took off his hat and scratched his head. After a minute or two he said, 'That is a fair price, in the face of things. The cow is yours.'

So my father paid the farmer and we tied a rope around the cow and fastened the other end to the wagon bed and started down the road toward our farm. The sun was low in the sky, and our shadows on the road were long and rhythmic.

By nightfall we arrived home and found that one of our own cows had had a little calf, a brown one with white spots.

'A calf, a calf!' screamed my father, running around in circles. He was very happy.

But finally he stopped running around in circles, and a deep cloud came across his once-beaming face. 'This will never do,' said my father. 'This will never do, because we don't need the cow we just bought, not when we have a cow capable of having a calf of its own.'

'That is right,' I said. 'Now we have one cow too many.'

'And we can't take the new one back,' my father said as he sat down at the edge of the road and put his large head into his heavy hands. 'I am ashamed to take it back because, to begin with, we got it reasonable. Worry, worry,' my father said.

The cow stood very still, switching the flies from its back with its fine, graceful tail.

All was quiet for a moment.

Then I said, 'Let me take the cow back. I shall make a deal with the farmer. I am a chip off the old block. You said so yourself.'

My father took his head out of his hands

and laughed. 'Anyway, go ahead,' he said. 'Getting into the business world like that will do you good, even if you fail. You are not too young to learn.'

So I took the cow back to the farmer. It was a pleasant, well-behaved cow. We got along nicely.

The farmer was coming down toward the road with a lantern. I did n't know what to say, but finally I said, 'I am bringing back your cow.'

I was about to say we had a cow that had had a calf of its own and that now we did n't need this one, but the farmer waved his hand.

'I was just about to post a reward,' he said. 'I lost one of my cows. It strayed away three hours ago. I was just about to post a reward for twenty dollars, and you found my cow and were honest enough to return it. Here is the twenty dollars.' He patted me on the head. 'You are an honest lad,' he said. Then he took the cow and started back to the barn and I started home.

It was late when I arrived, and my father and mother were eating supper. 'Well,' he said when I came into the kitchen, 'how did you make out? Surely the farmer would n't accept the cow?'

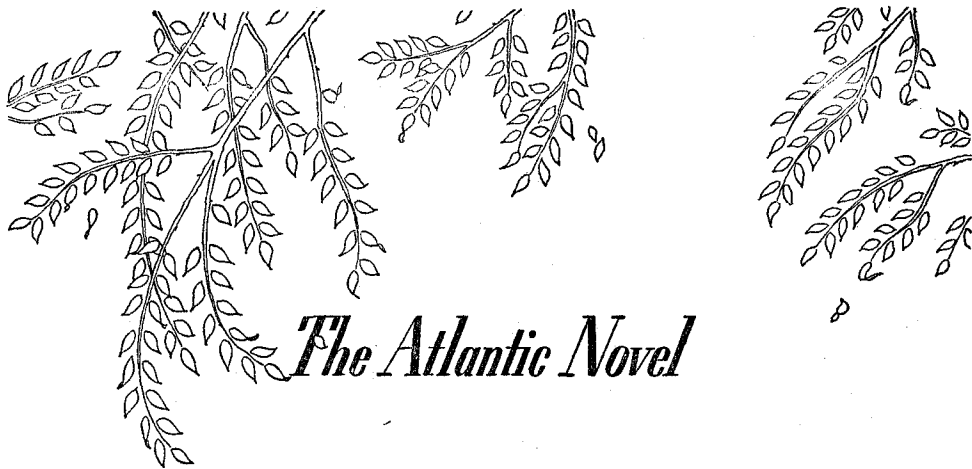
'Yes,' I said, 'he took it back and gave me twenty dollars besides.' I handed my father the twenty dollars.

'Glory, glory,' said my father. 'What a business man my son is! You are every bit as good as your father. Look, Mother, see what a fine son we have! He will go far in the world.'

'Yes, yes,' said my mother. She gave me a slice of cake and placed the jar of jelly before me. 'Sit down and eat, my son,' she said; 'you must be tired.'

My father was jumping about in the kitchen, waving the twenty-dollar bill over his head. 'He is a wonder boy,' my father said. 'He is a business man. Now we have twenty dollars and a new calf besides.' Then he ran out of the house and down to the barn.

And now that we live in the city, having lost the farm through a little mismanagement, my father always tells the people who come to see us just how I am a chip off the old block. He tells about the whole transaction. He gets up from his chair and sits down, and when it is over and he has finished he just sits quietly in the corner of the room and does n't have another word to say.



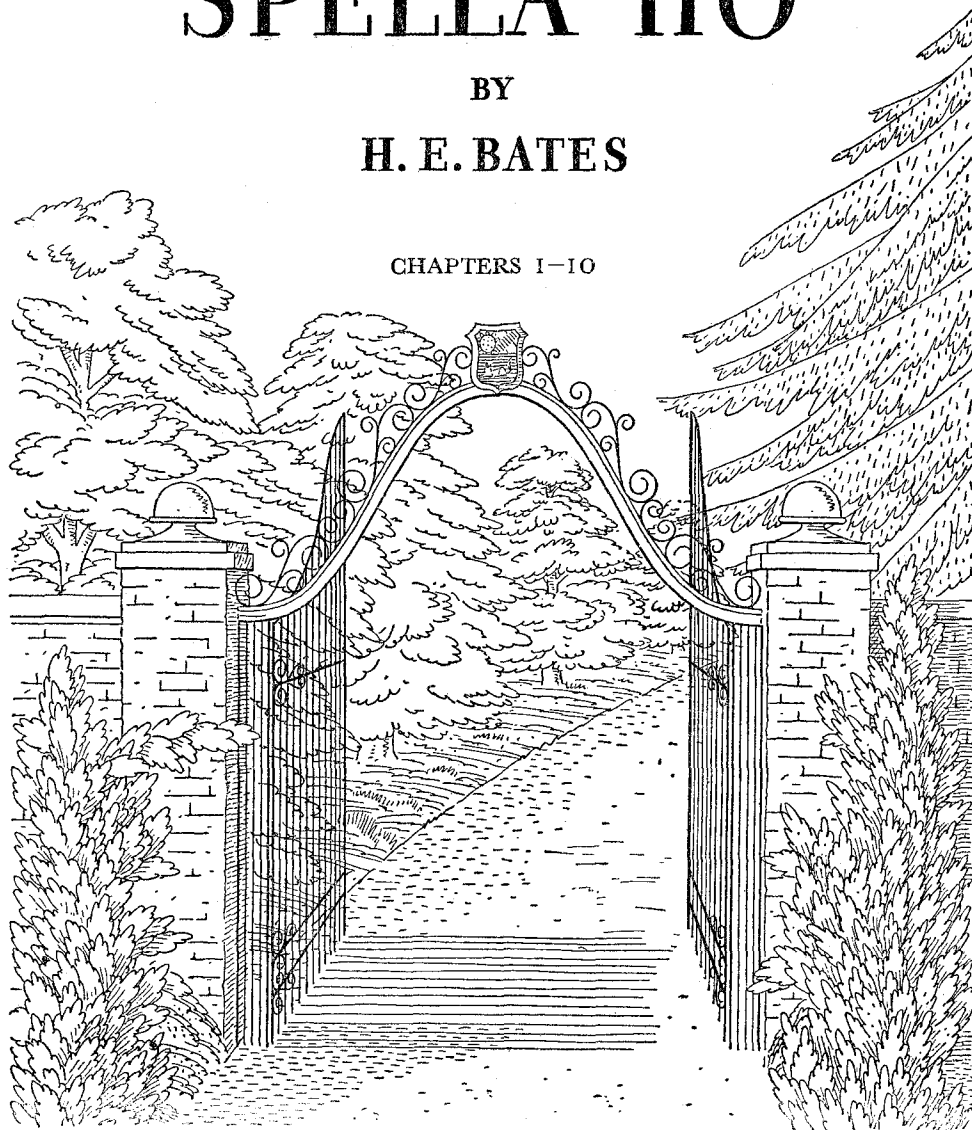
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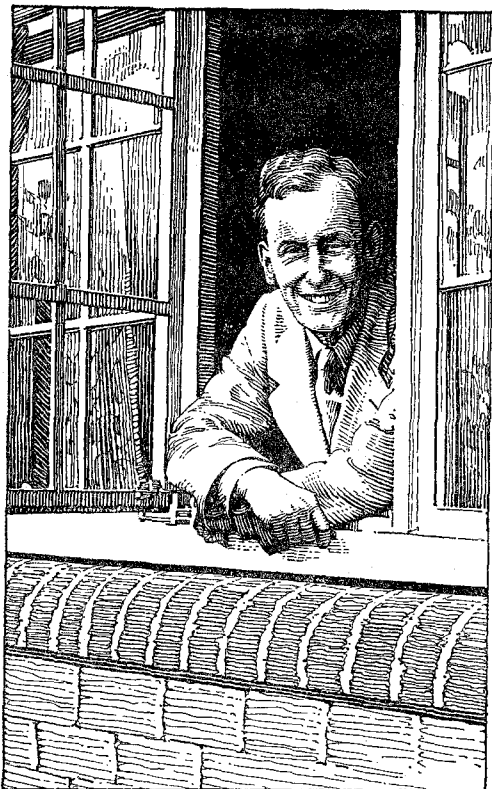
SPELLA HO

BY

H. E. BATES

CHAPTERS I-10





The New Atlantic Novel

SPELLA HO

BY

H. E. BATES

The editors regard this as the most remarkable story that has come out of England in the last five years. Those are big words — but this is a big book!

H. E. BATES was born in the English Midlands thirty-three years ago. Writing was his first trade, and from it he has never deviated. He began at the age of seventeen, serving his apprenticeship as a junior reporter on a country newspaper. By nineteen he had finished his second book, *The Two Sisters*. This novel, prefaced by Edward Garnett, was published in 1926. It was followed by twelve other books in as many years, half of them collections of short stories — short stories of such originality and excellence that they soon established the author as the ablest of his generation in this medium.

In the best Fleet Street tradition, Mr. Bates wrote reviews for the *Spectator*, the *Morning Post*, and general articles of all kinds for almost every newspaper in London. Since there is a streak of the farmer in him, he wrote two books on English country life. But fiction was his calling, and, having proved his skill within the short compass, he went on to master the novel. *The Poacher* and *A House of Women* were books whose promise did not escape English and American critics — a promise which has reached fulfillment in *Spella Ho*.

Spella Ho has for its setting the English Midlands made famous by Arnold Bennett and D. H. Lawrence. It has for its theme the rise from grinding poverty of a great man, Bruno Shadbolt. At twenty, the year his mother died, Bruno had already reached manhood, a swart, powerful, ugly figure, miserably poor, illiterate, with almost no assets except physical strength and courage. Through his being there ran a vein of iron determination which was to give him power over men and an irresistible magnetism for women. From women, young and old, he learned what he needed to know about life. His career as it ranges from 1873 to 1931 is inseparably bound up with *Spella Ho*, the great country house near which he was born; his story is one of immense vitality, incident, and color.

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

**THREE GREAT BOOKS
OF THE YEAR**

SPELLA HO

BY H. E. BATES

I

THE day before his mother died, in the winter of 1873, Bruno Shadbolt made three journeys to Spella Ho, hunting for coal. The house stood like some huge shell, empty and desolate, on the bare hillside above the many tough little copses of oak and haw that were characteristic, at that time, of the lower land. Built in the twenties, squarely, out of the white soft limestone of the locality, with the immense blood-veined cornerstones of iron, the house shone that afternoon as though with frost against the distances of a sky that was full of unfallen snow. In the shelter of the copses and more still under cover of the house, there was an odd suspense and silence over things: trees rigid as iron, clouds like lead, the few birds going over on dumb wings. It was the middle of January, and it seemed like the dead core of the year.

Bruno was then twenty. The Shadbolts had reckoned for some years to have and lose a baby every year. That made him the eldest boy of a family of five. His mother was forty-three. Already an old woman, worn out by miscarriage and childbirth, she was dying of consumption, though no one called it that. They called it, when they called it anything at all, a decline.

It was a mysterious thing, and no one, least of all the Shadbolts, could do much about it. Bruno had no name for it and he did not understand it. He understood only one thing: that the house was cold. Though he had tacked new sacking over

the window holes, and had bunged up the door cracks, it was no use. All that day his mother had moaned and muttered that one single complaint, like a dirge: it was so cold; she would tell him, repeatedly, that it was the coldest day she had ever known. At last she made him feel her hands. As long as he lived he never forgot the horror of them. It was as though her hands had died before the rest of her body. The coldness clung to them like some invisible and terrible sweat. Her fingers seemed to paint his own with some peculiar weak moisture. It struck down to his heart. That decided him to go for the coal.

The coal belonged to Spella Ho, the house, and originally there had been fifteen tons of it. He knew this because, a year before, he had helped to load and cart and stack every lump of it. His father, Matt Shadbolt, had the job: the last good job he had had and the last good job, now that the house was empty, he would possibly ever get.

His father ran a carrier's van, Tuesdays and Thursdays, to Thrapston and St. Neots, both market towns down the river, making up the rest of the week with odd jobs of all sorts, carting lime, coal, offal, dead pigs, leather, tar, even coffins, anything. He was a small man, taciturn, morose, a steady and occasionally violent drinker. He had had the coal job out of sympathy: fifteen tons of it to be carted up the three miles from the wharf on the river to Spella Ho and

stacked there under the north wall by the gardens, out of sight, in his own time, and almost at his own price. The job took, counting the days they could not work, more than three weeks. At the end of it there had been left a cartload of sweepings-up, more dust than coal, which the Shadbolts took home and burned. Up to that time Bruno had never seen coal burn.

As he went from home to Spella Ho that afternoon, for the first journey, wearing across his shoulders, like a cape, the sack he had brought, he was obsessed by one thought and one particular idea. He was not excited by it. He was obsessed by the simple fact that coal meant warmth and that warmth, in turn, meant life. His mother was cold, ill; how ill he did not know, but his idea was that warmth could cure her. He could take enough coal from Spella Ho, every day for the rest of that winter, to keep her hands from that awful coldness, and no one would know. No one would miss it. And it was quite possible that in spring, as a result, she would get better.

As he went up the slope of the house, under the big elms of the park, keeping close to the iron fence of the covert of young fir, it began to snow.

He had not seen anyone about Spella Ho for weeks, almost months. He looked at the house, more out of habit than anything, every day of his life. It had sixty chimneys. They were arranged in four great vault-like blocks above the flat roof leads, impressive, monumental, and, against the dark snow-sky, in some way symbolical of the whole useless emptiness of the place.

At the back of the house, behind the walled-in gardens, wedged in between the wall and back entrance, was a yard of flagstones. Here the coal was stacked like a black wall. Bruno took the sack off his shoulders and filled it with lumps of coal about the size of turnips. It was simple — so simple that, for one moment, he was uncertain. Then he stood

still. He looked about him and listened. He looked at the house; windows and doors and chimneys all had the same empty deadness as the land itself. Nothing happened. It was all dead and silent, as it must have been for a long time and as it would be, perhaps, for a long time to come. He could see here and there, at the windows, tatters of curtains. The sun had blistered the paint work and now snow was falling on it in calm dead flakes. He took the sack in his hands, but he could not lift it, and he set it down again. He took out four or five turnips of coal and then managed it, swinging the sack up over his shoulder.

He took the coal across the mile of fields to the Shadbolt place and hid it all, except for two lumps, under a heap of coarse hay in the yard. The two lumps he took into the house. The Shadbolts lived, and ate and died, in one room. His mother was dying in that room. She was sitting in a rocking chair, rocking herself gently backwards and forwards. He startled her as he came in. She jerked up her head in alarm, and he saw her, at that moment, as he had never seen her before and as he never had time to see her again — as an old woman. She was not washed. Her uncombed hair hung about her face like an old dog's. She was too weak to smile and she must have been almost too weak to see, because when he put the lumps of coal on the gray remains of the fire she made no comment. All the time, because he felt she must be tired, he said nothing.

The coal was freckled with snow, but it was so dry and the room so cold that it did not melt until after he had blown the fire a bit and the first coal flames had broken out, yellow and orange. His mother watched the flames in a trance; she had eyes like little mottled pebbles. They seemed hard and dead and yet burning. They were characteristic of her whole self: she was so bitterly cold and yet burnt up by sickness; she was dead and yet just alive. After watching the flames for a moment he left her and

went out. It was already midafternoon and he reckoned on making at least another journey.

He made it in about an hour. He brought back the same quantity of coal, hid it as before, under hay, but in a different place, and took another two lumps into the house. The fire was burning strongly and he could feel the new warmth of the room as he went in. But he was struck most by the change in his mother. She was in a state verging on hysteria.

'Where'd you git that coal? Where'd you git that coal?' she said. 'Bruno, where'd you git it?'

'Ah, what coal?' he said.

'You nicked it,' she said. 'You bin nicking it.'

'It's outa that lot we carted up to Spella Ho. Them sweepings-up. I bin raking out behind the stable and I found it.'

'We used that up.'

'Only the slack,' he said. 'We got a lot left yit. Ten or a dozen lumps.'

'You bin nicking it,' she said, excited. 'You bin nicking it from Spella. You bin nicking it. I seen you. I seen you go up and now I just seen you come back. You bin nicking it and now you're telling lies, top on it.'

'Who's telling lies? I never bin near Spella, for weeks.'

'You bin up Spella twice sartnoon — I sat here and see ye. You bin nicking that coal from Spella. Now take it back.'

He did not say anything. He stood with the two lumps of coal in his hands.

'You git every bit of that coal and take it back to Spella. Go and git every bit of it and take it back.'

Not speaking, he went over to the fire and put on it the two lumps of coal he was holding.

'Yes, and them too! Take 'em off. Take 'em off afore they git alight. Go on, take it off!'

Sullen, he took the coal off. A small cloud of smoke lingered about each lump like a puff of dust. He set his face, so

that its already thick squat lines seemed foreshortened.

'Ah, and you can pouch,' she said. 'You can pouch, but it won't make no difference. Go an' git every bit o' that coal and take it back to Spella.'

He went out. He hated her and yet at the same time he was afraid of her, and afraid for her. Outside it was snowing hard, out of a darker sky. He found the first lot of coal and uncovered it and put half in the sack. That was all he meant to take. He was about to cover up the rest with hay when, by some chance, he looked at the window, and there she was, watching him. Her face, close against the window and doubly white with the light reflection of snow, looked unearthly. It was a dying face, and for one moment he was scared of it. As he watched, her lips moved, making motions of insistence, telling him to do what he had not done. 'Go on,' he knew she was saying, 'Go on.' So, very slowly, he uncovered the rest of the coal and put it, lump by lump, into the sack.

Then, looking up, he saw her still standing there, and he knew she had not finished with him. Her lips were not moving now. She was pointing. He knew then that she must have watched every movement of his second journey from Spella Ho across the fields and into the yard.

Beaten, he found the second lot of coal and put it all, except one lump, into the sack. He left the lump under the hay, never uncovering it. All the time she watched him.

The snow was already an inch or two deep, and the sack, as he pulled it, made a dark snake track across the white fields to the empty house. It was still not dark, but it was more silent. The snow softened all sound. It was settling now on the roof leads and on the drooping branches of the big evergreens about the house and on the coal. He dumped the coal and folded his sack, and snow began to fall at once on the new coal. He put the rope in his pocket. Standing

still, he wondered for a moment what to do. He looked at the house. Whiter than ever now, it also seemed larger. Against and under the falling snow, it had a particular grandeur, no longer forlorn. Then he remembered that he had never seen inside it.

He walked round the house until he found a broken window. He knocked in the rest of the glass with his elbow and then put his arm in and unfastened the catch. He climbed in and shut the window behind him.

He was in a small room, though to him it seemed a large room. It was paneled in white wood, with candlesticks like silver bullocks' horns on the two larger walls. The floor, polished once but now misty with disuse and damp, was the color of coffee: some fine firm wood that took the sound of his footsteps like a tight drum. He went out of that room and found that it opened into another, much larger, but with the same paneling of pure white, the same candlesticks of silver bullocks' horns. Only the floor was different: the same wood but now inlaid, in a central circle and for a width of a yard round the walls, with squares and parallelograms of rose, black, and green. The fireplace, still frowzy with dead ash, was enormous, and the dogs were in the shape of arms that were like Negroes' with iron fists clenched.

He looked round him, twice. He felt he had to be sure that things were actual. So he took his slow second look at everything, fixing with ponderous determination every detail on his mind: the coloring of the floor wood, the fireplace, the dead ash, the gilt crust on the ceiling, the dust bloom on the mantelpiece and the ledges of the windows, the silk shine, almost like snail slime, of the pink bell rope, and finally the snow falling beyond the windows. Then he went out. He went from that room to another. Leaving that, he began to go, with the same fixed deliberation, into every room downstairs. He had no emotion: no surprise

at all. His one idea was to see everything, as though he had been sent to survey it all by a very particular authority.

He went, finally, into the hall from which the stairs went up, serpentine-fashion, with steps of eight feet width, and iron balustrades figured with grapes and wheat ears held together by iron ribbons, and the great blood-colored banister of mahogany swinging up out of sight. He stood with one foot on the bottom stair for a long time, looking up. He took in the details with the same sharpness of extreme deliberation.

It was getting darker now, and it seemed as though he were standing at the bottom of some upturned well, with the ceiling reflecting, like a dome of water, a vague collection of painted cherubim and seraphim, fat as little pigs. He went up, at last, to look at them, taking every step at the same pace, his hand on the banister, feeling its egg-smooth polish. Like that he walked up the whole flight until he could look almost horizontally and not up at the painting on the ceiling. The balustrade ran for a short distance along the great second-floor corridor, and he stood with both hands on it and stared at the painting. Just below it a great double window dropped almost to the floor. It was like an immense glass panel of falling snow.

He walked slowly, at last, along the corridor. One emotion aroused, he began to feel others: wonder, a slow amazement, and above all a curious sense of attachment to the empty desolation of room after room. There was something about the forlorn dampness of them, the dead echo of his own feet in them, the gloom of their constant silence and the occasional sight, beyond their windows, of falling snow, that he liked without being able to explain why he liked it. He missed nothing. He got impressed on his mind every bell rope, the bits of split moulding where screws had been torn away, the dust, the skewed cane-colored blinds, the bits of spidery curtains, the spiders themselves that he

frightened across the white or emerald or even yellow walls.

There was another room, with a mirror that had never been taken away. It was fixed to the wall, with a spray of three gilt candlesticks on either side. He had a look at himself in it. That was something else he had never seen: a mirror. He saw himself in the too-short dung-colored corduroys, the high-lapeled, also too-short jacket, out at elbows, the string-tied kip boots, too small, which seemed to be looking at him out of their split lace-holes. He looked at himself without moving. He was stolid, thick across thighs and shoulders, ugly, in some way impressively ugly. The thick crude lines of his face, his coarse wiry hair and large mouth, gave him the appearance of a refined monkey. He looked at himself, as he looked at everything else, with solid, unmoved, indefatigable determination. It was a pose so fixed that it became, in time, quite dreamy. That brought out a momentary softness of his large gray eyes, so large and motionless that they were fascinating.

That room was his last. He had seen everything.

He got out the way he had come, shutting the window carefully behind him, and then out through a little arbor garden, where tussocks of Christmas rose were blooming, almost sea-green against the whiteness. The snow was falling heavily and silently on the empty garden. A thick crust of it lay on the long white empty rows of forcing frames, another already on the little olive hedges of box. The gates into the garden were locked. He climbed the twelve-foot wall and walked along it, on all fours, monkey-fashion, until he could drop down on the coal on the far side. As he slithered down on the heap, coal and snow clattered down with him. In a few seconds it was silent again: an enormous silence of snow-softened emptiness, of deserted gardens, of the great house without a soul inside it.

He walked down across the fields without looking back. He walked at a fixed pace, thick legs wide apart, arms swinging low and with a heaviness that, almost mournful, seemed beyond his years. He walked with head down, eyes on the snow.

It was only when he got to within fifty or sixty yards of the Shadbolt place that he looked up. He looked up, then, for one thing: a light. He could not see it. The house was in darkness, and he knew, then, what to expect. They would be sitting in the dark, the whole family, — Maria, Walter, Else, George, his mother, — waiting for his father. His father was a man who could not bear the darkness.

As he reached the door of the house he looked back. It was still snowing, faster now, and it was more silent. Looking back, he could see Spella Ho. He could just see it, white and square, above the long slope of white grass, under the whitening trees. He looked at it for about ten seconds. Then he went in. But in that moment, going out of one darkness into another, it occurred to him, for the first time in his life, and with the first impulse of consciousness, that somewhere, between himself and Spella Ho, something was wrong.

II

It was as he had expected: they were sitting in the room, in darkness, waiting for his father.

They were waiting, also, for him. At first, since the fire was almost out, he could see nothing. He could only feel them about him in the cold darkness of the small room. Then, as his eyes grew used to the darkness, he saw the five figures: his mother, still in the rocking chair; the two little boys, George and Walter, sitting on the floor; the two girls — Else, thirteen, and Maria, nineteen.

‘How is it?’ his mother said. ‘Does it snow all the time?’

'Thick,' he said.

His sisters were sitting on boxes. Maria turned her box over, lengthwise, so that he could sit with her. He felt the thick coarse serge of her skirt as he sat down.

'Your father en in,' his mother said.

He did not speak. He was thinking of the one lump of coal still left under the hay. Had she seen it?

'Wheer you bin?' George said.

'Scaring rabbits,' he said. 'That's all.'

They sat in silence. It was not only cold, but he could feel thin drafts, like wires of ice, skimming across the hairs of his neck. His hair had been cut with a basin, bob-fashion. It hung over his ears in thick rat tails, and it seemed, soon, as though he were wearing icicles of hair. At the windows, three panes out of five, there were sacks, enforced by slats of wood, bits of cardboard, nailed on. A piece of cardboard, loose, flapped and slapped in the wind. He could smell the snow. As he drew in his breath it was like drawing up into his nostrils two needles of ice, and once, as he stretched out his hand, he could feel Maria's hands in her lap, like frogs.

Soon his mother spoke again. Her voice was so feeble, now, that at first he did not catch what she had said. Then he heard her begin to sing. Then he knew what she had said. He got up. At the same time Maria and the rest got up.

His mother was singing, in a voice tender only because of its extreme weakness, the hymn, 'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.' She sang for a few moments by herself; then Maria joined in, then the children, then Bruno. One by one they fell into line and began to march round his mother, Maria leading, in a small circle in the darkness. All the time she led the singing, and all the time he could hear her hand tapping the beat on the chair frame.

They sang the hymn through once; then they sang it completely through again, without stopping the march. Then they sang 'O for a thousand tongues

to sing.' They sang that through twice, then sang two other hymns, repeating them and still not stopping, always beating their feet on the floor in time to the music. Then they went back to 'O for a thousand tongues to sing.' And gradually, as they sang, Bruno began to feel warmer. The blood trembled in his feet.

At the end of an hour, Shadbolt had not come. Mrs. Shadbolt stopped the singing and they stood still, in the strange dark silence, to listen for the sound of cartwheels. They could hear nothing. Then Bruno went to the door. He stepped out into the snow and was surprised to find, then, how deep it was and how fast it was still coming down.

He went back into the house and shut the door.

'En he coming?' they said.

He said no, he was not coming. His mother rocked for a moment in silence, the creak of the chair like a stiff bough in the wind. Then she began to sing again, this time 'O for a Faith that will not shrink,' and the children, one by one, joined in, Bruno last. Then, as before, they began to march round and round his mother, she leading the singing in her weak soprano that was now, for some reason, weaker than ever. They sang the hymn through, as always, twice. Then they sang another, and then still more, until almost another hour had gone by. At the end of that time his mother suddenly left off. She seemed tired. The children sat about on the floor and the boxes, in a silence that now seemed strange after the singing. Then, as they sat there, inactivity brought on, for Bruno, the stabs of hunger.

Now, when he felt hunger, the fact did not mean much. He was not only used to hunger, but inured to it, as a man becomes inured, at last, to a sound that has once disturbed him. And just as he was inured to the fact of hunger he was inured also to the fact that God would, in time, do something to dispel it. This was, and always had been, his mother's creed. And they had been brought up to

this. God was watching them; God would provide. They must trust God.

After a short time they sang again, this time sitting down. Then his mother said a prayer. She prayed for some time for Shadbolt. 'Guide his hand in the darkness, O Lord, and the snow.' Then she prayed for the nag. 'Guide thou, O Lord our Redeemer, the feet of the horse over them bridges. Keep him on the right path and the straight path, for Christ's sake.' Then she prayed for a time, with growing incoherence, for themselves, for things in general. Then, gradually, she went off into some rambling meditation, no longer coherent, of words and half words, which had no meaning, except that they were a declaration of her faith. Then she ceased altogether. She sat as though asleep, motionless and noiseless. The children sat quiet too.

Suddenly she fell out of the chair. Except for Bruno, the children sat momentarily paralyzed. He sprang up. 'Git a light! Light the candle, Maria! Light the candle!' He lifted his mother up in his arms and was surprised to find how light and frail she was. He seemed to have, suddenly, an enormous strength. He put her back in the chair, unconscious, her eyes wide open. The two little boys were crying, and when the candle came, with its tallow stink, he could see the scared white faces of all of them, thin-shadowed, as they bent round her.

'Git a blanket off the bed and wrap her in it,' he said to Maria. 'Git some water. An' rub her hands.' He made for the door.

'Wheer you going?'

'I'll be back.'

He went wildly and blindly across the yard. The snow, furious, fell in flat lumps across his eyes. He edged sideways, like a crab. He got to the haystack and it was better there, under the shelter of it, and he could see. He tore away the snow from the hay, still like a crab, scrambling to bury itself. Then he pulled away the hay, feeling with both

hands for the hardness of the coal. At last he got the coal. He wrapped it clumsily in great handfuls of dry hay and ran into the house.

His mother had not come round. He put the hay in the fireplace and then began to break up a box with his feet, ponderously, making sounds like small gunshots. The hay smoked and he piled the broken wood on it, blowing it with his mouth. Suddenly the flame sprang up, from smoke to hay and then from hay to wood. He broke up the coal with his feet and hands, and then gradually, with extreme care, he put the coal into the flames, watching it, until at last there was a great glow and the room itself seemed alight.

'Git the kettle and put on,' he said.

Maria went into the little back scullery for the kettle. The three children were crying.

'Git the kids to bed. Tek 'em up wi' the candle.'

With the children and Maria upstairs, he sat alone with his mother, watching her with one eye and the kettle with the other. The room was full of light. It fell full on his mother's staring, immobile face. 'Why don't she come round?' he thought. 'Why don't she come round?' The predominant emotion in his heart was not fear, but anger. He knew, more subconsciously than not, that she was dying. He had known that all afternoon. He accepted the fact of her dying stoically. But against the reason for her dying he felt, as he bent over her, trying to rouse her to consciousness, an immense unformulated anger that filled his heart like some huge vaporous pain.

At last Maria was down and the kettle was boiling and they were rubbing his mother's hands. They drew her, in the chair, close to the fire, so that her feet were against the flames. She did not speak. She sat with a queer resigned look of almost happy disbelief.

It was a look that never quite left her. They gave her sips of hot water. They rubbed her hands and held them by the

fire and bathed them in the warm water, but it was always the same. Her hands were as cold as though she were already dead.

They sat up all night, he on one side of her, Maria on the other. Shadbolt did not come. The fire went slowly out. About midnight she asked for some more water. It was still warm in the kettle, but she could not drink it, and it dribbled like weak spittle out of her lips.

All the time the anger in his heart continued. It remained huge and ungovernable, but as the night went on it formulated itself a little. It began to be directed, clumsily, against his first conscious notions of injustice. What kind of injustice it was, who was responsible for it if anyone was responsible at all, he did not then know. It was still connected somehow with the cold and his mother, with Spella Ho and the coal. It had something to do with the snow and his father. Beyond that it had no reason.

Between midnight and six o'clock he must have fallen asleep. When he roused himself his mother was not in the chair. Maria was asleep, clinging with both hands to the rockers. He got up. His mother was lying on the floor, halfway to the door, as though she had dragged herself up, in the night, to look for Shadbolt again. It was so dark still that he stumbled against her dead body.

He woke Maria. They lifted his mother and laid her in a corner of the room and covered her face with the blanket. It was dark and they did not say anything.

He went outside, determined to make another fire. He stepped into a world sunk in snow. It lay in huge crusts on the roof of the house and the hovels and the haystack. He sank into it up to his knees. A low wind was blowing it off the branches of the trees in little bitter dusty clouds. It was like a world of death, wonderfully silent, and it was still dark, but in the east, over Spella Ho, the light was just coming.

III

Up to that time he had lived an existence in which thought had played very little conscious part. He could not read or write.

He had not worked — regularly, at any rate — and for two reasons. First, his father claimed him. Shadbolt was a man of ideals, refreshed daily by the thought that his luck, always out, had turned at last. 'You stay where y'are. Along o' me. Content yourself. We're on a big thing. Bloke in St. Neots.' He kept Bruno about the yard, feeding and cleaning the pig, burying the privy refuse, cutting the nettles. He took him with him in the small hooded carrier's cart, to fetch lime from the kilns across the river, offal from slaughterhouses, skins from the tanneries down on the river to be brought up to the little dark thick-windowed shoe factories in Castor. Castor was a place, then, of six or seven hundred people. The Shadbolt house lay about three miles outside it, to the northeast. Shadbolt had a bad reputation. 'What's yourn's your own. What's other folks's is yourn if you can git it.'

Bruno had not worked, apart from this, for another reason. He had had jobs, rook scaring, dock pulling, harvesting, but he had never kept them long. He was not liked. This was something else of which he was aware vaguely, but not consciously. He did not notice it much. What he did notice was that he did not like other people. That, in the end, was the same thing, and because of it the jobs never lasted long. Out of work, he made the journeys with Shadbolt to the markets; they picked up eggs and cabbages and fruit and rabbits and sometimes boots in Castor, one day, and delivered them the next. They took passengers, women mostly. The passengers sat on the side seats, facing each other, under the canvas, with their feet on the parcels and sacks of cabbage and boxes. They always talked a lot, shouting question and answer through

the front flap to Shadbolt. Shadbolt did not like passengers. Passengers had eyes; passengers talked. He could have got on very well, a lot better, without passengers.

In his turn Bruno did not like passengers either. He made a point of never speaking to them. He sat silent, almost morose, in the front seat of the cart; or, when the time came, he climbed into the cart by the two iron steps at the back, foraged among the clutter of boxes, feet, and parcels, got the thing he wanted, and lumbered out. The passengers paid at the end of the journey. He took the money. Standing at the rear door, he waited with outstretched hand. At the age of twenty he could not count the money. Since the passengers did not know this, it never mattered. Shadbolt could count it.

Shadbolt was a mastermind. By a system of forgetfulness, cajolery, pure cheating, slick talk on doorsteps, he managed, somehow, to get paid, quite often, at both ends of the journey. He managed even to get paid for things he had not brought and for things he had not done. He managed, about once a month, to lose something — a parcel, a dozen eggs. 'Goods Carried at Owner's Risk, *by Order* M. Shadbolt,' he had painted inside the cart. That covered him, and in times of protest the old system of slick cajolery saved him. In times of desperation he pointed to the order printed in the cart. '*By order*. See that? That's legal. If I lost every blamed egg in the cart it would n't matter. If I lost every blamed packet it would n't matter. *By order* means it's legal. Means I ain't responsible. See? It's the law. Well, I'll git off. See y' some other time. On a deal. Big thing.'

Bruno had never had his father's gift for words. He spoke with dull reluctance, with physical difficulty. The huge lips could not frame the syllables, as though they were a heavy trapdoor operated from the brain by some clumsy device of string and pulley. Every now

and then the dull mechanism between brain and lips struck and refused to function, leaving him with open speechless mouth. Then suddenly the pulley did work and he spoke. He spoke then with double deliberation, with the intense slow emphasis of someone who has thought for a long time.

In the same way his mind took in the impression of things. It worked with the heavy, almost comic clumsiness of some ancient camera. It made a slow sombre exposure and then, as though to make sure, a second. Then, somehow, the impressions were locked away, the same picture, doubly taken, as fixed and permanent as though chiseled into rock. This gave him the air, almost stupid, of looking at everything twice. Because of it, he never forgot anything.

There were two things he could not understand about his father. Both concerned money, and both were, in reality, the same thing. With the passengers' fares and the money for the carriage of goods on a twenty-mile journey to St. Neots, Shadbolt would have by noon a pocketful of silver — ten shillings, twelve, occasionally fifteen. The pubs, from noon to midafternoon, accounted for about a third of that. Bruno sat in the cart in the market square and, sometimes for two hours, watched for the doors of pubs to open and let Shadbolt fall out. Shadbolt had a way of going into one pub, going out by the back door, and appearing finally from another.

Bruno knew that his father, then, always had money left, because Shadbolt could never get up into the cart and Bruno helped him, and all the time Shadbolt had one thought in his mind: his money. 'Is me money all right? 'Ave I still got it? Feel. Feel in me pocket. It's there, ain't it? It's there all right?' And Bruno would feel in Shadbolt's pocket for the money.

After that they still had to pick up goods, calling at twenty or thirty shops or houses. This took about two hours. In that time Shadbolt sobered a good

deal. They ended up, always, at a house by the river. Bruno had it imprinted imperishably on his mind: a small yellow-brick house with lace curtains—number six, in a row of ten. It had a canary in the window in a basket cage. Shadbolt went into this house by the back and stayed, generally, about twenty minutes, but often longer. By the time he came out, in winter, it would be dark, and in the darkness Shadbolt groped about with half-drunken stupidity for the cart, until at last Bruno helped him up again. But by that time, for some reason, the fact of the money no longer concerned Shadbolt. This never troubled Bruno until one day, heaving his father up by the buttocks into the cart, he put his two hands on Shadbolt's two jacket pockets and felt them empty.

The problem of his father and that house was one of the few things, before the death of his mother, that he had consciously tried to work out. What happened in that house and what happened to that money?

It was not until after the death of his mother that he found out. He found out by accident. About three weeks after the death of his mother he sat in the cart, in the small dark street, waiting for his father to come out of that house. He sat there for longer than he ever remembered sitting there before, for almost an hour and a half, before he began to wonder what was the matter. It was raining and his hand slipped on the greasy buttocks of the horse as he climbed down from the cart, and the horse shuddered with misery.

Round at the back of the house he could see a light shining down on the wet cobbles. He went round to the small back yard and found the window where the light was. The paper blind was drawn, but he could see into the room through the side slits, and there in the room he could see his father, with a woman. His father had his coat off. The woman was in her chemise, and on the table lay a pair of large mauve cor-

sets, terrifically ribbed. She was a large woman, fascinating and dominating to look at, with black pigtailed that were handsome but somehow unpleasant. She and Shadbolt were talking. The window was cracked across the bottom pane, and after a moment the boy could hear, more or less, what they were saying. After a time he saw that they were going through a repetition of the same argument. 'I gotta git back,' Shadbolt would say. 'I tell y' I gotta git back.'

'Why? What for?'

'I got stuff to take. I got the kids.'

'Kids. Ain' they old enough to take care o' theirselves? Ain' that gal old enough?'

'Yeh. But then they's the stuff.'

'Stuff. I tell y' if y' stop here I can git y' job as coachman. A smart job. Tips. Free beer. Livery an' everything. All you gotta do is stop here.'

'For good?'

'Well, you can't be in two places at once.'

'Ah, dunno,' Shadbolt said. 'I dunno. I dunno's I could n't be pulled for it.'

'Pulled for what?' she said. 'Talk sense. You go back there and what y' got? That rabbit hutch, the kids, no woman. You go traipsing all over the show for next to nothing. You got the horse to feed. Kids to keep.'

'You come there and live.'

'What? Me?'

'We can git married. We can smarten the place up.'

'Talk sense.'

Shadbolt stood silent, in a maze, trying to make a decision. Suddenly the woman put her large white arms on Shadbolt's shoulders and pressed her enormous body up to him. She took the end of one of her pigtailed in her hand and rubbed it softly across his skinny neck, like a brush. Shadbolt seemed bewitched. 'Well, stop one night,' she said. 'Stop just for one night. Matt. Ducky. Stop like you did that night it snowed.'

At the window the words had for a

moment no effect on Bruno. He stood staring and listening, unmoved, as though they had not been spoken. Then the woman did almost the only thing which, at that moment, could have moved or impressed him. She repeated what she had already said.

'Go on,' she said, 'stop like you did that night it snowed.'

The repetition of the words struck right down into Bruno's consciousness. He made a decision before he felt there was any need for a decision. He walked straight out of the back yard into the street and got up into the cart. He took the wet reins in his hands and drove off. He made the long drive home, sitting with his arms across his knees, his eyes fixed on the greasy lamp-yellow frame of the horse and beyond it on the solid darkness and rain. He sat with tremendously solid, apparently emotionless immobility. All his emotions were really part of one: hatred. But where he had once felt the emotion vaguely, against nothing, he now felt it solidly, with direct force, against his father. He felt it, all at once, to be part of his life. It was somehow linked up with his anger at the cold, his mother's rigid honesty, and her death. With it he felt the peculiar necessity of obtaining, against somebody or something, some kind of revenge. He did not then understand it. It was simply there, a form and a reality; and driving home alone, in the darkness and the rain, he was fully aware of it for the first time.

He did not see his father again for twenty years.

IV

It was the first important decision of his life. It was responsible for a problem. 'How are we gonna manage?' Maria said. 'Bruno, how can we git through?'

She was frightened. She saw, before them, a hard time. To him it was immaterial. Things had been so bad that they could, he felt, hardly be worse. Slowly, solidly, he evolved plans. 'I'll

kip on wi' the Thrapston round. I can do what he done. And 'stead o' St. Neots I'll go Northampton. That ain't so fur, and it ought to be better.'

At the back of his mind was a single thought. It generated the power necessary for the initiative he must now take. It drove him out of apathy into resolution. His father had had another woman. For a long time, possibly for years, his father had been going to the house with the canary in the front-room window. He had gone in with money and had come out without it. That was wrong; somehow he had to set it right. Not now, perhaps. Not for ten years; perhaps not even for twenty years. But it would come.

'I'll go Northampton Wednesdays and Saturdays,' he said, 'for a start.'

So, on the first Tuesday, he made a tour of Castor, with the cart. He had wanted to paint up on its cover 'Northampton Market: Wednesdays and Saturdays,' but neither he nor Maria could form a letter. He went to every shop and house in Castor, telling how he would start, in the morning, on the first of the regular runs to Northampton, and had anyone anything to send and did anyone want to go? That solid, systematic tour took him till late afternoon. At the end of it he had nothing to show except a box of duck eggs and some tobacco for a woman lying in the infirmary, to be delivered with a message: 'Tom's well and Hannah's expecting in July.' People were suspicious. Where was his father? What was the idea?

He went back to the Shadbolt place, to the scraggy tumble-down hovel and the miserable damp room, in solid despair. He stabled the horse, gave it a handful of the coarse pulled-out hay from the stack, and then stood in the yard, trying to think. To go all that way, fifteen miles and back, for one parcel, for threepence, for nothing — where was the good of it? Yet he knew he must go. He had taken his threepence carriage money and with it he had

bought a loaf and a quarter of red cheese. That act had finished him.

Thinking, he stood looking, more unconsciously than not, at Spella Ho, huge, white, and in some way desolate as ever, with its dead chimneys lifted above the wintry trees. And suddenly, looking at the chimneys, he thought of something else: the coal.

Darkness was already falling, and after waiting for a little while he found a sack and went, as he had done on the day before his mother's death, across the fields to the house. In his mind was almost precisely the same thought as on that day; but where he had then been obsessed by the thought that coal meant warmth, he was now obsessed by the thought that coal meant money. He must have money. There was a gap in his life, and it had, somehow, to be filled up. Money would fill it; the coal would make money. He saw nothing wrong in that. If his father could go into the house with the canary and give away the money that ought, by right, to have been his mother's and Maria's and his own, then he could go to Spella Ho and take the coal, and one act would do something to balance the other.

All about Spella Ho it was quiet again in the stormy winter air. As before, he filled the sack with coal, his mind slightly on edge at first, then quite calm. It was almost dark. The enormous shell of the house towered up sepulchrally among the still bare trees. Nothing stirred at all. He dragged the coal back across the dark fields and hid it under the cart seats, ready for morning. Then he found another sack and went back to Spella Ho and filled it and dragged it home, like the first, in the darkness. It began to rain as he came home and he felt secure.

It was still dark when he drove off next morning. He drove without the cart lamps, not seeing a soul. He sat with the same fixed immobility as ever, one thought in his mind: to get rid of the coal, to make money. He rested the horse outside Northampton and gave

it a feed of hay from the nose bag. It was about nine o'clock. He drove on in the rain to the infirmary.

He went into the stone building. He found the woman from Castor in a room with four other patients. The place seemed cold and stale. The old woman lay in her small hospital bed, propped up, with her nightcap on, looking like a white cockatoo. She was in a temper. He set the box of tobacco and duck eggs on the bed and said: 'Tom's all right and Hannah's expecting in July, and here's the bacca and the duck eggs.'

'Who the bleedin' hell said anything about duck eggs?' she bawled at him.

'They did. They sent 'em.'

'Well, you take 'em back! I never said anything about duck eggs. It's that damn fool of a gal o' theirs. She's deaf. I said for God's sake send me some bacca and a new pair o' legs. *Legs!* Not eggs! I don' want the damn duck eggs! They taste bad to me! Take 'em back.'

'All right,' he said.

He took the lump of tobacco out of the box and put the box of eggs under his arm and began to walk out. She called him back.

'Here!'

He went back and stood by her. She was a furious little woman, grizzled and tough and shrill as an old bird.

'What?' he said.

'You never washed yourself this morning,' she said.

He stood silent.

'And I'll tell ye another thing. You never had a mossel o' breakfast.'

He still had nothing to say. She said: 'You take and git yourself a wash and look a bit decent. You look like some blessed hooligan. And take them damn duck eggs too and sell 'em or do summat to git yourself some vittles. And what's that whip in your hand?'

'It's a horsewhip. I drove in from Castor.'

'You'd feel it round your backside,' she said, 'if you were one of mine. Coming out mucky! You can't help your

face, but you can keep it clean. You'll git a lot further if you're clean.'

That was all she had to say. Bruno went out of the hospital, got up into the cart, and drove on into the town. He was puzzled. What was this about keeping clean? He looked at his hands. The skin was like tree bark, deeply fissured with marks of dirt that had bitten in until they were like old scars. His nails were like claws, long and tough, split and broken, with semicircles of old dirt blacker than the smears of coal on the flesh. He turned his hands over, as he drove, and looked at them, first one and then the other, and then both together. They were hands of extraordinary ugliness and size, with thick crude fingers. They sprang from powerful short wrists. He pushed back his sleeve. His arm was stained by old rivulets of sweat from the elbow downwards.

He took the cart and put it into the dead-end street behind the market place. He took the box of eggs and walked round the market. Eggs were scarce.

'How much are eggs making, missus?' he said to a woman on a stall.

'More'n folks can afford.'

'Give me a shilling for these-ere duck eggs,' he said.

'How many?'

'Eight,' he said. 'They're good eggs.'

'You say so. How do I know they ain't month old an' more?'

'They're good eggs, I tell you,' he said. 'I fetched 'em in yesterday.'

'Sixpence,' she said. 'Folks ain't gone on duck eggs.'

He walked away. He had set his mind on a shilling. A shilling was life. He would get a shilling or nothing. He took the duck eggs back to the cart. Supposing he washed? He thought about it for a moment; then he went to a house and asked the woman who answered his knock for a bucket of water for the horse. She gave him the water and he lifted the bucket into the cart and there, under cover of the canvas, tried to wash himself. Without soap, the water was

harsh on his arms and would not soften. It moistened the coal dust so that, shortly, the water was black. He washed his face a little and then dried himself with a piece of sacking.

He went back to the market. The eggs were a windfall; he had to sell them. But he had his mind set on a shilling — a shilling or nothing. 'How much y' give me for these-ere duck eggs, missus?' he said to a woman on a poultry stall.

'Don't you missus me,' she said.

'How much you give me?' he said. 'Eight eggs.'

'A penny apiece. Eightpence.'

'Shillin' I want.'

'Want on,' she said. 'That's all.'

He walked off. A shilling or nothing. He found a woman sitting with her egg baskets by herself, away from the market, on the edge of the street.

'A shillin' for these-ere eggs,' he said.

She looked up at him, with large shrewd eyes. 'You'd look better,' she said, 'if you washed yourself once in a while.'

'I just washed,' he said, astounded.

'It musta bin a lick an' a promise.'

'I just washed, I tell y', he said.

'What with? A hund'ed o' coal?'

He stared at her, solidly. 'Coal?' he said. 'You don' wanna a hund'ed o' coal, do you?'

'What else do you sell?' she said. 'Pigeon milk?'

'I gotta hund'ed o' coal I could sell y'.'

'Where? In y' weskit pocket?'

He told her about it: how it was in a sack, in the cart; how he would bring it. She said, 'How much?' — still derisive.

'A shillin'.'

'What?'

'That's cheap,' he said, stubborn.

She could only stare at him, in wonder at coal so cheap. 'A shillin'?' she cried, after a moment.

'A shillin' for the coal. Shillin' for th' eggs.'

'There ain' no difference, is there?'

'A hund'ed o' coal and eight duck eggs. There ain' no difference. A shillin'.'

'I never said nothing about difference. I said a shillin'.'

Astonished, she bought. He was to take the coal to an address she gave. The house would be locked, but there was a woman, next door, who would let him into the coal house. He was to ask for Mrs. White. She was a widow.

'You come in here every week?' the egg woman said.

'Yeh.'

'You bring me a hund'ed o' coal at that price every week?'

'Yeh. I'll bring it.'

'All right. You bring it.'

She gave him a florin. He looked at it. 'What's this?' he said. 'This ain't two shillin'.'

'What ain't? That's a two-shillin' bit.'

He looked at it vaguely, at the Queen's head, shining silver. It meant nothing to him. It was one coin. Somehow he had fixed in his mind that he must have two. Two shillings, two coins. He gave it back to the woman. 'Take it back,' he said. 'Give me the proper money.'

'Proper?'

'I want two shillin's.'

'That's two shillin's, ain't it?'

'I want a shillin' for the coal and a shillin' for th' eggs. A shillin' for each.'

In despair, she gave up. She took back the florin and gave him two shillings, separately. He was satisfied. He moved to go. 'And while you're down there,' she said, 'go into my washhouse and find a mite o' soap and git some o' your muck off. And wash your eyes out.'

He found the address: a two-storied house in a plain smoke-bricked row. He swung the coal out of the cart on his back and dumped it against the wall while he knocked at the widow's house for the key next door. He waited a moment and then the woman came, and he was slightly astonished. She was a woman of less than forty. She was decent, with pinned-up brown hair and a clean sprigged pinafore. She was nice to look at, a real town woman, easy and just a

little flash, with the blue cameo brooch at her neck and her polished button boots.

He told her about the coal and the key. She went into the house to fetch the key and then unlocked the next door and took him through the passage and the kitchen to the coal house behind. He dumped the coal and then he told her about the washhouse. 'She said I could wash. But I got another hund'ed o' coal to git rid on, and it don't seem worth it.'

'In the cart?' she said.

'Ah,' he said. 'A shillin' a hund'ed.'

'A what?'

He said it again. She too, like the woman in the market, could not believe it. 'An' good coal,' he said, as though she needed encouragement.

'Bring it in,' she said. 'Bring it in through my place. I'll have it.'

So he took the coal through her passage and dumped it, as before, into the coal house, in the back yard. The woman said, 'Come in while I find the money. Step on the mat.' He stood in the small, neat, whitewashed kitchen, on the doormat, while she found her money. The money was in a green teapot, in a cupboard. The woman gave him a florin. It still did not mean anything to him and he put it in his pocket.

'Here,' she said.

'What?'

'The two shillin'. The change. You said a shillin'.'

He took the florin out of his pocket. 'Yeh. A shillin'. That's right.' He was vaguely aware of something wrong, but he did not understand what.

'I want a shillin' change,' she said.

He took the two separate shillings out of his pocket and held them in his hand. The woman took one. He let her take it, dumb, not understanding. She said, 'How often are you going to have this coal?'

'I can git it every week,' he said.

'Well, you bring me a hundred every week until the winter's over.'

'Yeh. I will.'

'Every Wednesday?'

'Yeh. Every Wednesday.'

'You can come and wash in my kitchen,' she said, 'if you like. Wash at the sink.'

She set a bucket of water for him in the sink, and a lump of soap. He put his hands in the water and lathered the soap a little. She said, 'Have a strip wash. Take your coat off.'

Slowly he took his coat off. There was something here that he had not met before. He did not understand it: the fact of the woman asking him in, asking him to wash, to take his coat off. His conception of life did not include it.

Then, as he took off his coat, the woman gave a small cry of horror. It was directed against his shirt. The shirt was an old one of his father's. It hung on him like a rag, sleeves ripped up, back torn up from the tail. He had on an old pair of leather braces, fixed to his trouser tops with nails, and where the leather had crossed the shirt sweat and rain had brought out a stain the color of cow dung.

'This the best shirt you've got?' she said.

'Yeh.'

'You don't mean it's the only one you've got?'

'Yeh.'

'Take it off,' she said.

He undid his braces and drew the shirt over his head. He had a body of mature thickness, the hair black and thick already on his chest and armpits, and the woman, having had up to that moment the notion that he was a boy, seemed surprised by it. 'Now git washed,' she said, quickly.

She went out of the kitchen and he heard her feet above him, upstairs. She came down with a blue-and-white flannel shirt in her hand.

'How old are you?' she said.

'Twenty.'

'You're more than twenty,' she said.

'No.'

She looked at his thick body, its black hairiness, the dirty rivulets of old sweat

across the neck and arms. She stood as though slightly fascinated by the very ugliness of it. She said: 'Ah, go on. You're more than twenty.'

'Twenty-one this year. This October.'

'Ah, well.' He was telling the truth and it was clear she did not believe him. 'How you come to be coal-hawking?'

'Well, it's my old man's trade, by rights. He git coal down in big lots, down the river. Then hawk it. This is the fust time I ever bin here.'

She believed him. Though it was unnecessary, he covered up the lie with a slice of truth, quickly: 'I just lost my mother. Things ain't very grand.' That explained the shirt.

It also reminded her of the other shirt. She held it out. 'It's a shirt of my husband's,' she said. 'I got no more use for it.' She stood holding it; then she saw that, because of his wet hands, he could not take it. So she put it down on a chair, hanging it over the back, so that the empty arms hung loose. Something it was like the limp ghost of the man who had worn it. Bruno struggled to soap his neck, and as she finished laying out the shirt she saw his difficulty.

'Here, let me do that,' she said. 'It would n't be the first time I'd done it for a man.'

She took the soap from him and got a piece of soft flannel and rubbed the soap on it. She began to rub his neck and back. His physical response was abrupt — so abrupt that it produced in him a sudden anxious and yet weak rigidity of all his muscles. His stomach turned over. He clenched his hands on the sink while his body went through its phases of passion and weakness, and his mind through a dull revolution of thought in an effort to understand what was happening.

'Turn round,' the woman said. 'While I've got the flannel in my hands I may as well soap the front as well as the back. Make a good job of it.'

'Ah.'

'Your face'll look a lot prettier after

a mite o' soap and water. I used to say that to my chap. He used to come home like this.'

'What did he do?'

'He was a furnace worker. Iron furnaces. He got killed there. His clothes were burnt right off of his body.'

She spoke quietly and he was sorry for her. She had clear blue eyes and they were still young. She got the towel and began to dry him, with deliberate gentleness. She said, 'I got trousers and suits of his. Nice suits. He earned good money. He was particular. No pop-shop stuff for him.' She felt the tops of his dirty too-short corduroys.

'You're growing out of your trousers,' she said. 'You finish drying yourself. I'll see if I can find you a better pair upstairs.'

Two minutes later she called him. She told him to come up, that it was all right. Never mind his boots.

He went upstairs as he was, in his trousers, naked above them. He felt curiously fresh, vigorous. She had some clothes spread out on the patchwork counterpane of the bed. 'I thought you could fit a pair on,' she said. 'I'd give you a pair and be glad to if they'd fit.'

She took a pair of trousers and hung them down from his waist. She touched him. She took another pair and hung them down, and she touched him again. Suddenly he felt an explosion inside himself: a terrific ejection of something blowing him sky-high. He seized hold of her with strength that surprised himself. She put up no resistance. It was a symbolical conquest: woman. He felt himself hurled, like some white-hot trajectory, into manhood.

He remained in that house, with the woman, almost all morning, eating her food, talking.

And that night, as he drove back to Castor in the mizzling winter rain, with the lamps shining dull orange on the back of the horse, he brought reason to bear for the first time on the actions of his life, of that day in particular. The

whole of the happenings of that day had been brought about by woman. Up to that time he had not thought about women. Now suddenly he saw that they might be the key to a new kind of life: a life of pleasure, boiled beef, hot steaming vegetables, money, free clothes, passion itself. Why had that woman done so much for him? How was it she would not believe him when he told the truth and yet believed him when he told her a lie? Would another woman be like that? Would any woman take that amount of interest in him, be so generous, give him boiled beef and the invitation to come again?

All this was to assume a great importance in his life. Meanwhile what was most important of all was that now, for the first time, he had money. It had already occurred to him that coal meant warmth, but it was now proved that coal meant money. He saw that money and women were the predominant features of that day, but he felt also that somehow they were bound up with each other. They were the complementary parts of a new power.

For several weeks he continued to go up to Spella Ho, under cover of darkness, to steal two or three hundredweights of coal, always in secret, selling the coal later in Northampton at the old absurd price of a shilling, with the addition, in the case of the widow, of a meal of hot meat and the pleasure of the bedroom. The house never failed to fascinate him: the enormity of it, the emptiness, the bareness of the gardens, the strange air of faded luxury. Occasionally he would go up just before darkness fell, and walk round it, and look in at the windows, and hear the starlings flocking explosively in the silence of the cedars and down the long avenues of limes, and feel inside himself some inexplicable, not fully alive, notion of envy; and once he climbed inside again, walking from room to room in the falling darkness, staring at the staircase and feeling the apple polish of the great upward bow of the mahogany

balustrade, until envy turned to mystification, and he was led to try and straighten it all out for himself: the problem of work and women, work and money, luxury and poverty, of the things that were beginning and were to go on shaping his life for a long time.

Then, in the early spring, he had a narrow escape.

V

He was visiting Spella Ho, at that time, three or four evenings each week, fetching the coal. It did not occur to him that it was a crazy undertaking, that it was wrong, or that he might be found out. The days were lengthening and the evenings getting lighter and colder, and often it was six or seven o'clock before he dared to attempt anything. Then one evening he went up earlier than usual, and suddenly, as he crouched there on his knees filling the sack with coal, a man walked into the courtyard.

Bruno lay flat on the coal, his heart going fast. The man came and stood in the centre of the yard and stared about him. He was well dressed. He stared about him for a moment and then pulled a book and pencil out of his pocket and wrote something down. Then he stood back and looked at the house and wrote again. Then he looked at the coal. Then slowly he began to walk away. He stood in the courtyard and coughed into his hand once or twice, and then stooped through the gate into the garden and disappeared.

That was the last time Bruno ever went to Spella Ho for coal. It was a severe blow. Coal was money; money was everything. He was puzzled as to what to do. Then, three days later, something else happened.

He used to stop at Orlingford, five miles from Castor, and pick up parcels at a small general store by the post office. One morning, as he was jerking the reins to go, a small fiery man ran out of the post office, waving an umbrella.

'Hey! Northampton?'

'Whoa. Yeh.'

'Then why the hell don't you have it up on the cart? Gin us a hand.'

The small man got up into the driving seat. As he climbed up something dropped out of his mouth.

'Hey, wait a minute.'

He climbed down out of the cart. In the mud lay a cough drop, smooth-sucked. He picked it up. He rubbed it on his sleeve and put it into his mouth.

He got up into the cart and Bruno drove on.

'What say your name is?'

'Shadbolt.'

'Shadbolt. Why n't you have it painted up?'

'I can't write.'

'You can't what? You can't *what*?'

The little man snapped and chattered in wonder. He kept baring his small yellow teeth like a ferret. He could not believe it.

'You mean to tell me you can't write? How the hell do ye expect to do business if you can't write?'

Business? A new word. Bruno did not answer.

'You want your name painted up. Shadbolt. Big letters. "Shadbolt: Carrier from —" Where d' ye carry from?'

'Castor.'

"Carrier from Castor to Northampton." Big letters. Both sides the van. Bigger the better.'

'All very well for you to talk, mister.'

'Talk? I'm not talking. I'm telling you. What the hell's the use o' traveling with a cart like this, with nothing on it? How d' ye expect folks to know where you're going? You're in business. You gotta be fly.'

Bruno sat silent, arrested. What was this business? Why should his name mean so much?

'How many people you reckon to take every week?'

'Two or three.'

'There y' are. Two or three. Terrible. How many's this cart hold? A dozen?'

What I thought. Then why don't you have a dozen? Folks don't know, that's why. You ain't told 'em.'

'I told everybody in Castor.'

'How? Word o' mouth? Advertisement?'

Advertisement? Another word he did not know. Bruno sat puzzled.

'You never had nothing printed? No bills?'

'Printed?'

'There y' are! What I thought.' Triumphant; with a great air of mystification. 'What I thought. You ain't awake. You ain't *born*.'

All through the journey the little man elaborated that theme: how Bruno was not yet awake, not born; how he ought to be aware, now, that he was in business; how he ought to expand that business, advertise, make folks travel; how he ought to have the name Shadbolt on the lips of the public. How else was he to get known, to do anything, to make money? The little man got worked up, ecstatic, bouncing about on the seat. Money. That was it. Money.

'Yeh,' Bruno said, 'that's it. Money.'

'You mean that's your trouble? No money?'

'Well —'

'I know. I know. You're a little man. You got no capital. You're making a start.' Then suddenly: 'How much d' ye want?'

'Me?'

'Yes, you. You want money, don't you? You want your name painted up, bills printed. How much d' ye want? Name your figure. Same interest on all amounts.'

Business, advertisement, capital, and now interest. They were terms which to Bruno meant nothing at all. What was this? A trick? The pulley operating his brain seemed to stick, so that suddenly he could not think. The little man rattled on: —

'Will a couple o' pounds do you? Repay monthly. Shilling in the pound interest. You'll eat that. Won't know

you're paying it. In a couple o' weeks you'll be carrying twenty or thirty people backwards and forwards. Easy. What d' ye charge? Shilling? There's twenty or thirty shillings afore you can wink. In six months you'll be so smart you won't know yourself. New horse. Smart van. Look at that nag, now. Look at it. Terrible. How the hell you think folks are going to travel behind a nag like that? Nothing but bone and guts.'

The question of money settled, it came to a question of the printing. He, the little man, whose name was Coutts, knew of a place there, in Northampton, where printing was good and cheap. He had influence there. He could get a discount. He took a pencil from his pocket and a small rent collector's notebook. 'You want something like this.' He wrote: 'Shadbolt the Carrier. Castor — Orlingford — Northampton. And return. Twice weekly. Wednesdays and Saturdays. Single 1/- Return 1/9. All classes of goods carried. Personal supervision. Prompt attention. Cheap rates. Leaves the Green Dragon, Castor, 8 A.M.' He read it aloud.

Bruno was impressed, but at the same time slightly dubious. He tried to say something, but Coutts rattled on: —

'I know what you're thinking. You want to know where the money is, don't you? If it's all aboveboard? Eh? That it? Ah! I know. Well, listen. Where d' ye eat? Midday? Anywhere? Never mind. You come along with me to-day and have some dinner at Porter's eating house, just behind the market there. Half-past twelve. All you got to do is sign a paper.'

So he went along to Porter's eating house, at half-past twelve, and there Coutts was sitting at a scrubbed deal table, eating fried onions. He ordered fried onions for Bruno. 'Fourpence,' he said. 'But I get 'em for threepence. I'm a regular. I'll get 'em same price for you.'

The brown delicious fried onions came

on a thick white plate. Bruno shoved them up and into his mouth with a knife. Coutts, almost finished, wiped his plate with a piece of bread.

'Good?' he said. 'Ah, give me fried onions afore anything. Ease the bowels, free the kidneys, break the wind.' He belched. 'Manners.'

He took a sheet of paper from his pocket. 'Well, here you are. All you got to do is sign this. You better just read it first. Never put your name to anything without reading it.' He gave the paper to Bruno.

'I can't read,' Bruno said.

'Eh? I forgot. Clean forgot. Well, I'll read it.' He put on a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, held the paper out. 'All it says is this — it's just to cover you — it says, "I, Bruno Shadbolt, hereby agree to pay the sum of two shillings per month interest on the sum of two pounds loaned to me by Amos Coutts until such time as capital sum is repaid, delivered under my hand: pro tem." All you got to do is sign,' Coutts said.

'When do I git the cash?'

'Now! No waiting. That's what it says. Pro tem. On time. No waiting. All you got to do is sign.'

Coutts had pen and ink on the table. Bruno picked up the pen and made a cross at the foot of the paper. Coutts wrote B. Shadbolt by the side of the cross. Then he blew on the paper and put it in his pocket.

'Well, that's that. Another plate o' fried onions? Then we'll go to see the printer.'

Bruno had another plate of fried onions, under the impression, for some reason, that Coutts would be paying for it. But towards the end of the meal Coutts pulled some money out of his pocket, counted it, and gave Bruno a sovereign, and then nineteen-and-fourpence in silver and coppers. 'That's the money,' he said. 'I taken the onions out.'

Bruno wiped his plate with his bread

and then put the money in his pocket. Coutts called the waiter and paid for the onions. 'Three plates, ninepence,' the waiter said. Coutts gave him the ninepence.

They went out. As they walked along to see the printer Coutts said: 'I'll give you a bit of advice. Never pay what folks ask. See? Take the printer. He'll ask for a pound. Sure to. Leave it to me and I'll get it done for eighteen shillings. Never pay what folks ask. That's a mug's game.'

All that Coutts said, owing to his habit of repeating almost everything, was deeply impressed on Bruno. He never forgot that first meeting with Coutts: the money, the signing of the paper, the fried onions, and later the dingy little printing house, with its presses and inks and ink smells, where they arranged for the leaflets to be printed. He never even forgot its details: how much the onions cost, how much the printing was to cost.

At first the printing was to cost twenty-five shillings. Coutts protested. He and the printer held a small argument. Then Coutts suggested that things could be better settled, perhaps, in private, and they went into a small office, leaving Bruno outside. When they came out, Coutts said, 'It's like this. The printer don't know you. If you can put the money down he'll do it for twenty-two and six. Five hundred leaflets.'

Bruno took some money out of his pocket. He made a pretense of counting it, but the florins and half crowns and shillings had no meaning for him at all. Suddenly Coutts saw this. 'Let me count it. You're all fingers and thumbs,' he said. He counted out twenty-five shillings and gave the printer twenty-two and six. The printer promised the leaflets for Saturday morning. Coutts and Bruno went out into the street.

Bruno was impressed but puzzled by Coutts. What was Coutts? What did he do for a living?

'Me?' Coutts said. 'I got property.

I speculate. I got interests all over the country.'

Property? Speculation? The words had only the vaguest meaning for him. There was something here, in Coutts, in Coutts's manner of getting a living, that he could not bottom. He tried to look as if he understood. Coutts shook hands.

'Well, I shall see you. I'm always about. I'll see you once a month at least. And don't forget to get your name painted up.'

He began to jog away on his little frisky legs. Suddenly he turned back.

'Half a minute. Something else. I been looking at you. You'd go a lot farther if you smartened up a bit. Get yourself a shave or else grow a beard, one or the other. You'll get a shave for twopence at Wilson's, round the corner. I go there. He does me for a penny. You tell him you know me.'

In the barber's chair Bruno sat thinking it out. Interest, speculation, capital, discount, property: the words stood up before him, making the edifice of a new world. It was a world to which he felt drawn, suddenly, by a growing power, not yet fully realized. He felt that he had to know more about that world, that there were things in it which he had to conquer and get straight.

'Tuppence,' the barber said.

One of those things was money. 'I know a man named Coutts,' Bruno said. 'He told me to say so and you'd do it for a penny.'

'Coutts?' the barber said. 'Ever heard of the forty thieves? Never mind what Coutts says. Tuppence.'

He gave the barber sixpence and then stood in thought, turning over the words in his mind. The barber gave him three pennies and two halfpennies change.

'How much is this?'

The barber explained, counting the coins. 'Don't you understand the value of money yet?' he said.

'Not altogether.'

'Then it's about time you did.'

He did not answer. He went out of the barber's shop and up the street, in thought. First the woman, the coal, the boiled beef, the bedroom. Now Coutts. Coutts, money, business, discount, interest, speculation. He rubbed his finger in preoccupied perplexity across his strangely smooth chin. What did it mean? Where did it lead to? It was time he knew. The boundaries of his world were growing. It was time he understood.

VI

Spella Ho was opened again in the summer of 1874. Bruno woke, one July morning, to see smoke suspended above it in small brown-gray clouds. He climbed the haystack in the Shadbolt yard in order to see it better. Even then he felt he could not believe it.

He had to go down into Castor that morning to fetch up a load of hides from the wharf, and he stopped at the Bell for a drink, and the whole town was full of it: how the house was being opened again, by a family named Lanchester, how the bailiff and the first servants had already come. Then as he went with an empty cart from the tannery back through High Street, making for home, a man named Fortescue hailed him from a shop. Fortescue was the fanciest grocer in Castor. Bruno stopped the cart and got down and went across the street. 'You going anywhere near Spella?' Fortescue said.

'Going there now.'

'You're just the man I want. Draw over. I got about a couple o' hundred-weight o' stuff to go up.'

He drew across the street and Fortescue loaded him up with sides of bacon, baskets of eggs, cheeses, canisters of tea and coffee, bladders of lard, packages of spice, until the back of the cart was almost full.

'And for God's sake go careful. Mind them eggs.'

And again Bruno caught the accent of reverence, really fear, inspired not by

people but by money. Impressed but not awed, he said:—

‘When do I git paid for this?’

‘They’ll pay you at Spella. Soon as they come. They’ll pay, all right, they’ll pay. I’ve arranged that. You’ll be all right.’

‘They got money?’

‘Plenty. Pots.’

‘Everybody’s making a hell of a fuss about them. What sort of family are they?’

‘Oh, I don’t know what sort of family they are. I don’t know nothing about that. I only know they got money, that’s all.’

Bruno drove off, Fortescue looking after him with something like anxiety, calling:—

‘For God’s sake be careful.’

Bruno drove round under avenues of elm and oak, by the wall of the park, to the front entrance of Spella Ho. For the first time in almost a year the gate was unlocked. He saw the greenish-gold dribbles of new oil on the hinges as he pushed them back. He drove up the long and now summer-dark avenue of limes and round to the back of the house, where the coal stood and where he had so often stood himself. It seemed strange to be there, to see the change brought about by habitation: servants clattering about inside the house, gardeners with green baize aprons digging over the flower beds, shearing the hedges of box and yew, tying the vines and peaches in the great glasshouses. He had so long connected the place with emptiness and silence—and now only the coal remained as he had always known it, the enormous black tomb of his first endeavors to make his start in life.

Servants came and helped him unload the groceries. When they had finished he asked about his money. He had in mind the sum he would ask, the sum from which he determined, even then, nothing should make him depart.

‘You see the bailiff,’ the servants said.

The bailiff could not help. He was a

tall, streaky man with a lipless mouth, and he seemed to have gone beyond reverence into fear of something. ‘I got no way of paying you until Mrs. Lanchester comes,’ he said. ‘And she won’t be here until Monday. Can’t you send an account?’

‘What’s an account? I want the money.’

‘Sorry. No means of having your money until Mrs. Lanchester comes. When she comes she’ll pay you, if she thinks fit. If she don’t, she won’t.’

‘I’ll call Tuesday,’ Bruno said. ‘She won’t eat me, will she?’

‘Might do that.’

So when he went up to Spella Ho on the following Tuesday he took with him some of his handbills. He reasoned that, with so large a house, many things would have to be carried up from Castor. He reasoned that there was, here, a chance not to be missed.

The bailiff took him into the house by a side door and down the passages and on beyond the great staircase, where he had so often been himself. He knocked at the door of a room and a voice grunted something and Bruno found himself inside the room. It was the small room with the bullocks’-horn candlesticks, and he remembered it well.

The room had been turned into a kind of office, with a long mahogany writing table. The table was strewn with papers kept down by silver paperweights and a vast silver inkstand with wells of cut glass like wine decanters. At the table were sitting Mrs. Lanchester and a young girl. He was never again shocked or surprised by the sight of a woman as he was shocked and surprised at that moment by his first sight of Mrs. Lanchester. He saw before him a woman uglier than himself: an old small woman with a face like some distorted lump of clay, the skin having the same olive iron-blue color and the same shining drawn-smooth texture as a fresh-cut lump of clay.

He faced her. He felt a great desire

to look at the girl, but the magnetism of the old lady held him. In turn something about himself seemed to hold her. Her eyes nailed him down, but his own also fascinated her.

'Shadbolt?' she said.

It was as though she had shot at him with a verbal popgun. She sucked in her already hollow cheeks, drew slightly back, then ejected the word like a shot of spittle. He nodded. She shot again:

'Got your bill?'

'No.'

'Well, you should have! You should have a bill. Always. How much is it?'

'Ten shillings.'

He had fixed his mind on that sum. Nothing was going to shake him from it.

Without saying anything to him she turned to the girl. She said: 'Louise, pay this man five shillings and write a bill.' The girl wrote; she wrote stiffly and laboriously, as though her great gray puff sleeves were made of iron. She kept her head bent at an angle of subservience. She had a great frothing mass of small-curved black hair, so that, as she bent her head, she looked almost like a silky spaniel. She wrote without speaking or looking up, with religious deliberation, in obedience to commands that had been spoken too often to need repeating now.

All the time the old woman stared at Bruno. He did not move. He was determined on one thing, inflexibly. She saw the determination in his face and it merely increased her own, and she sat with eyes that never once flickered away from the arrow straightness of long-practised contempt.

At last the girl had the bill written. She passed it across the mahogany to the old lady. She counted out five shillings from a chamois bag and passed that also to the old lady. The old lady read the bill; then she counted the money; then she fixed money and bill together by a finger and thumb and slapped them down across the table; finally she sucked in her cheeks and shot out at him: —

'Receipt that.'

He did not move. Thanks largely to Coutts, he knew now what a receipt was. He knew what money was; he was beginning to know what it meant and what it could do. He could count.

'I said ten shillings,' he said.

'You'll take five and be glad of it and get out!' she shot at him. 'Receipt that.'

'No!'

'Receipt it.'

He did not trouble to speak.

'Receipt that bill and get out of this room! Before I have you kicked out!'

'No!' he said.

'You may as well know now that five shillings is all I mean to pay and all I am going to pay. If I had my rights I should n't pay you anything. Fortescue should pay you, and next time, by God, he *shall* pay you.'

'I don't care about next time,' he said.

'Very wise of you. There'll be no next time. Now receipt that bill.'

'No.'

'Receipt it!'

'I'll receipt it for ten shillings and nothing less.'

He stood stocky and imperturbable at the table, opposite her, unawed and unshaken. He felt, quite consciously, that to get that ten shillings was an important thing in his life. It was a test. If he could get ten shillings from her he could get anything from anybody.

'Who put you up to this?' she said.

'Somebody put you up to this. Somebody told you I had money to throw about.'

He did not speak.

'Well, you may tell whoever put you up to it that I have no money to throw about. I'm an old woman, and what money I have I want. I've worked for it. Money has never grown on trees for me.'

Again he did not speak, deliberately.

'Where do you live?' she said. 'On the estate?'

He told her, with a show of independent reluctance that impressed her.

'What do you do for a living?'

That was his chance. He took one of his bills out of his pocket and passed it over the table to her. She took it, with a special show of grimness. She read it without spectacles, with fiercely focused eyes and slightly side-to-side motions of her head.

'Who composed this?' she said. 'You?'

'Yes.'

'What's this about cheap rates? What's it mean? Cheap for those who can't pay more?'

'I'm the only carrier in Castor,' he said.

She put the bill on the table. She smoothed it with her hands.

'Do you want a job?' she said.

'I don't know,' he said. 'What is it?'

'I'm raising my rents on the estate. I want someone to collect them. You're about the stubbornest person I've met for years.'

'What do I get?' he said.

'Commission,' she said, just to see how he would take it.

'No,' he said.

'All right, you can have it which way you like. Wages or commission. It's the same thing in the end.'

'I want wages and commission,' he said.

'You *what*?'

'It's dirty work. It ought to be worth paying for.'

Her hands stopped smoothing the paper. She sat there in complete blank incredulity, motionless. She sat for almost a minute, speechless, looking at him and beyond him, in anger turning to a sort of acid respect.

'I will pay you,' she said, 'five shillings a week and a commission of five per cent on all the increases you collect.'

'You think I can't collect them?'

'Never mind what I think. Do you accept that?'

'Yes,' he said.

'Get yourself a hard hat and a decent necktie and a dicky bit,' she said. 'You start next week, after the notices of the increases are out. You bring all monies

to me. Don't take any notice of anybody. Bring it to me. Miss Williamson here will give you a list of tenants. You must see her. You'll know the people. I expect you here at eight o'clock next Monday morning.'

He agreed, said 'Good evening,' and went out. As he went out of that room, with its still shut-up odors of damp and sunlight, he looked back at the table: not at the woman but at the girl. She was still sitting there, like a black spaniel, head down, like some soft tired dog waiting to be taken for a run, and he knew that he wanted to see her again.

VII

He did see her again, but not for some time. When he went up to the house on the following Monday, looking squatter than ever and slightly absurd in his white dicky front and paper collar and hard black hat and crape tie, it was the bailiff and not the girl who was waiting with the pony and trap and the list of tenants. The bailiff was also wearing a hard hat and white collar and front, so that they looked together like a semi-comic pair of ill-doers in disguise, Bruno monkey-like and grim, the bailiff tall and bony, like a starved stork. Bruno had wondered about the job and why the old lady had given it him, and now he saw why. It was because she did not trust the bailiff.

So they drove about the estate from house to house, collecting rents, in silent distrust of each other, hardly speaking. To Bruno it was the easiest job, the easiest money, of his life. But it was also something else. He saw it as the beginning of an immense opportunity. He saw the bailiff and the girl as parts of the mechanism of that opportunity. He felt that he had to see the girl not so much for herself as for the chance she might give him. She had looked so oppressed and abject sitting there, like a curled, kept dog, and yet he did not pity her. His predominant thought was

to see her again, and know more about her.

He began to know more about her when, at midday, he and the bailiff stopped to eat a dinner of bread and cheese at a small pub just beyond the boundaries of the estate. The bailiff, bored and half-angry about things, began to drink gin.

'What about that girl?' Bruno said.

'Who? Oh, the girl. Her. Cold pork, Shadbolt, cold pork. Dead. Would n't let you look at her. Keep off it. London's the place for women. Whistle 'em like dogs.'

'What's she do? What is she?'

'Don't know. Can't make out. She's a sort of companion-secretary — God knows what. Keeps the books. Got her fingers right in the pie.'

'I got to see her. When can I do that?'

'Evening time.'

'After we git back?'

'After we're bleeding well back, worse luck. I wish to hell I was never going back. What a shop. No life. No women. Ah, don't talk about it. Terrible. Drink up. What a shop.'

Bruno drank porter. The bailiff ordered himself more gin. They talked until midafternoon, or rather the bailiff talked. Bruno had only to listen.

And, listening, he heard a lot that he had not expected to hear: how Mrs. Lanchester had made her money, why she had come to Spella Ho. 'Sprung from nothing,' the bailiff said. 'Made money by twisting people. Never did a minute's work in her life. No education, no breeding. And crafty as hell.' Three parts drunk, resting on the pub table with tired India-rubber elbows, the bailiff went beyond reminiscence into confidences. 'Don't tell nobody, don't breathe a word, will you? She taken this place, down here, out o' the way, because it's quiet. Twig it? She ain' known here. And where she is known things is getting too hot for her. Twig it?'

Then, as they drove home, the bailiff,

sobering up a little, was frightened. 'By God, don't you say nothing. Don't you say nothing. Don't mutter a syllable to that lump of cold pork, for God's sake. I'm supposed to be off the beer. I promised.'

They drove home to Spella Ho. When they arrived, the bailiff took Bruno into the house, by various back entrances, to see Miss Williamson. She occupied a small sitting room in the servants' quarters, a room of about ten feet square furnished with one cane chair, a deal table, and a bamboo jardiniere. At the window hung coarse wallflower-red curtains which kept out a good deal of light. The girl was sitting at the window, with her hands on the ledge and her head on her hands. She looked uncomfortable and unhappy, and when he came in she only stared up at him with large, surprised eyes, not knowing what to do or say.

He was not sure what to do or say himself. Then he said something about the rents being safely collected, and added, lying: 'Finch said I better report that to you.'

'Did Finch get drunk?' she said.

He was too surprised to speak.

'He always gets drunk the first chance he gets after the first day of the month. He's paid then. Are you sure he did n't get drunk?'

He stood in momentary confusion. She, on the other hand, had a fine calmness. He remembered Finch's injunctions and stood silent.

'You can tell me,' she said.

He looked at her much as he had looked at the old lady, straight and with a determination not to be ruffled, and yet it was not the same. He felt some unspeakable quality of excitement when he looked at her. And after a moment, as though she saw it, she released, much as the old lady had released her words, an extraordinary smile. It struck him flat by its amused frankness.

'What did you come to see me for?' she said. 'You know you're not sup-

posed to come and see me. There'll be trouble if Mrs. Lanchester finds out.'

'This is your room, ain't it?' he said.

'It's where I'm put,' she said.

He looked round the room. He had been in it before, several times. He remembered it as one of those rooms where he just held the door ajar and stuck his head in to see a pile of forgotten croquet sticks and a litter of light-yellowed papers.

'This was nothing but a rubbish room,' he said.

'I know. I cleaned it out myself.'

He looked round the room again. He saw that it had no fireplace. Where the fireplace might have been two large white-doored cupboards had been built in. Then something occurred to the girl.

'How did you know?' she said.

'I worked at Spella once,' he said quietly.

He knew she did not believe him. But this time she did not say so. She communicated her disbelief by another smile. He did not know what to say. He had wanted to say so much, to find out so much, and he was knocked flat by her astonishing candor.

'You're like most men. You think it rather nice to tell lies to women.'

The value of truth had not struck him. He had not even considered truth. Truth was something you told when there was no excuse, no profit, in telling anything else. It was a movable quality. You could engineer it according to need. He had engineered it very often.

Then something happened. He caught the sound of footsteps in the corridor outside. They were slow, slipper-shuffling footsteps, and, looking up, he saw for the first time fear in the girl's face. She looked at him helplessly. And that second of helplessness and fear rushed the two of them closer together, he knew, than they would have got in a month of talking.

She pushed him into the cupboard without saying anything, and he lay hunched up, in darkness, among a stale

litter of papers and dust and disused articles of croquet. He lay there and heard Mrs. Lanchester come in. He heard them talking. And he felt the springing up in himself of some irresponsible excitement, as though he did not care a damn. He had, as he lay there, only one thought in his mind: to see the girl and to see her as often as reason and time would let him. It was not simply that he liked her. It was as if his life had turned a crazy somersault and he was no longer himself.

VIII

When he went up to Spella Ho on the following Monday morning to begin work with Finch, he saw, without being told, that something had happened. Servants were running to and fro in dumb panic, the trap was not harnessed, Finch was not to be seen, and he had the impression of the old lady sitting there, somewhere in the house, like some tyrannical bomb ready to explode.

It was not until Miss Williamson came down to find him in the stables that he knew that Finch had packed his box in the night and gone. 'Everybody knows it,' the girl said, 'except Mrs. Lanchester. He told us all he was going. Now nobody dare tell her. I've tried to tell her, but she won't listen. She wants to talk to him about the rents. Now she's shouting about for you.'

'Me?'

'Yes. You've got to go up.'

So, in surprise, he followed her into the house and upstairs, past the great ceiling painting he had often stared at and admired, and into Mrs. Lanchester's bedroom.

Mrs. Lanchester was still in her bed, a commodious mahogany four-poster with red drapings, and the tassel of her white nightcap was bobbing about in fury.

'Where's Finch?' she bawled at him. 'Have you seen Finch?'

'No.'

'Then what's happened to him?'

He stood at the foot of the bed and stared at her with deliberation. 'Finch has packed his box and gone.'

'What?'

He knew that she had heard and he did not trouble to answer. His indifference heightened her fury, which she turned suddenly on the girl.

'Why should Finch do this? He owed everything to me. If it had n't been for me he'd have been in prison. He'd been in trouble. Why should he do it?'

He kept his eyes on that aged and amazingly virile face and said in a voice of no expression at all:—

'For one thing, you did n't pay him enough.'

She sprang into a fresh frenzy, so that her nightcap was partly dislodged, showing the bald putty-colored head beneath. She began to shout at him. She had not spoken a dozen words before he turned and began to walk out of the room.

She called him back. 'Come here! Stand here by the bed! Closer, closer. Here, by the table.'

He stood by the bedside table. He saw her daytime wig lying on the mahogany, upturned, like some gray horse-hair bird's nest. He showed, and felt, no excitement at all.

'Don't you dare go out of that door,' she said.

There seemed no need to speak.

'Now,' she said.

He continued to look at her, as though to say 'And now what?'

But what she said surprised him. 'I want somebody to take Finch's place,' she said. 'I want you.'

As though a little surprised herself by what she had said, she added, as though in excuse: 'If you think you can do it. Can you?'

'What'll you pay me?' he said.

He spoke slowly, with completely unemotional hardness, knowing how hard she could be.

'I'll pay you what I paid Finch,' she said.

'I want double what you paid Finch,' he said.

Indifferent, he turned to walk out. She let him get as far as the door. Deliberately he put his hand on the white glazed knob and turned it. At the last she made some impotent noise of pained acceptance, recalling him.

'All right,' she said. 'A pound a week and your keep. You would n't get a job like it in London.'

'Put it on paper,' he said.

At that she raved again, clenching her fist at him, shouting, clawing the absurd nightcap off her head with furious fingers, reviling him until a fit of coughing hit her like a blow and laid her back on the pillow. 'Can't you trust me?' she whispered. 'Can't you trust me?'

'Do you trust me?' he said. 'Did you trust Finch? That was the trouble.'

She had no answer immediately but a small wave of a bone-white hand, a tired and in some way pathetic signal moving feebly against the dark background of bed curtains, dismissing him. Then she revived to say: 'Get on with the rents. Take somebody with you. You'll be carrying money. Take Miss Williamson. She's got the books.' And then a last spark of spite: 'She ought to be safe with you.'

When he left the bedroom the girl followed him out and they went downstairs together. All down the long spacious wine-carpeted staircase they had nothing to say to each other. Many things, as she afterwards said, were troubling her, but only one thing was, and had been for some time, worrying him.

And at the foot of the stairs he told the astonished Louise Williamson what it was.

'I can't read or write,' he said.

IX

He sold his horse and cart and, having assets of eight pounds, seventeen shillings, went to work and eat at Spella Ho. He saw the old lady every morning at

half-past eight. He got to know the way up the magnificent staircase better than he had ever dreamed he could know it. He took orders, catapulted at him in rage or despair or semi-lunatic tears between great spits at the large white chamber pot standing by the bedside, and kept up the illusion that he knew more than he did.

His duties were so simple as to be almost crazy too. Mrs. Lanchester, hating all animals, kept no stock within the hundred and fifty acres of park, across which the sun-faded grass, never cut for two summers, rippled and shook its plummy seeds like corn. In the park every gate was kept locked, and it was Bruno's duty every morning, before the first interview with Mrs. Lanchester, to see that they were still locked. With a bunch of keys like a jailer's in his hand, he did a two-hour walk round the grass-choked boundaries, ending at the main gate at the foot of the avenue of limes, which he unlocked for the day. On Mondays he collected, with Louise Williamson, the rents of thirty cottages. For the rest, he had nothing to do but to repeat his tour of the gates in the evenings and be ready to respond, like a bell, to some lunatic and lightning call from the room with the silver candlesticks, where Mrs. Lanchester worked all morning and most of the early evening over ledgers dating back to the forties.

All this gave him much spare time; and in that spare time Louise Williamson, a little scared of the position in which Bruno found himself, offered to teach him to read and write. Since Mrs. Lanchester slept behind drawn blinds every afternoon, it was in the afternoons that they mostly worked. 'You've got to learn,' she said, 'because if she ever finds out, you're done.' He saw that himself. And, wanting to learn, he learned quickly.

To him Louise Williamson seemed a girl of considerable refinement. She spoke well, with a slight London accent, and after a time he began to speak with

a sort of stiff refinement himself. Listening to her, he was fascinated by the tender, beautiful sideways expression of her small-curled head, always so like a tired spaniel resting and waiting. He had never known, and afterwards knew he never again would know, anyone like her.

She in turn was attracted by several things about him: by his initiative where money was concerned, by his immobile intentness whenever she spoke of it, and most of all by the extraordinary dreaminess that went with his ugliness. She was also troubled by something. Having been brought up religiously, in fear, she was horrified that he did not know the difference between lying and truth.

'What about it?' he said.

'It's wrong. Don't you see?' she said. 'It's *wrong*.'

'I never told you a lie,' he said.

'Yes,' she said, 'you did. You said you once worked at Spella, and it is n't true.'

So he told her about the coal. 'That's what I mean about telling lies and being honest,' he said. 'We wanted that coal. But my mother was too honest.'

'That coal would n't have saved her life,' she said.

'How do you know?' he said. 'How can anyone tell?'

One day she was more than usually upset by this and tried to make him promise always, as long as he lived, to tell the truth.

'As long as I live might be a long time.'

'Promise all the same.'

'What good will it do you?'

'It won't do me any good. It'll do you good.'

'I'll tell the truth when there's no use telling anything else,' he said.

'No. Promise.'

'You mean if I ever see the chance of making a hundred pounds and could do it by telling a clacker I must n't do it?'

'Yes.'

'That's a tall order.'

'Promise all the same.'

'It's daft,' he said.

'It's not. It's right. Promise,' she said, 'for me.'

'No!'

'Oh, Bruno!'

Suddenly the way she said his name, affectionately, with some implication of despair, broke through his emotion. They were sitting in long-unmown and now almost white-headed grass in the park, and he put his arms around her and kissed her twice, once briefly and tenderly, once at length, with passion.

After that she would talk of only one kind of promise. 'Promise,' she would say, 'to love me as long as you live.'

'As long as I live,' he would tease her, 'might be a long time.'

X

They began to live a life of increasing intimacy. They met in Louise's small sitting room, without a candle, for safety, and if footsteps approached she hid him in the cupboard. He began to see through her eyes into regions of unsuspected tenderness.

Just as secrecy had driven them into intimacy, intimacy very shortly itself began to drive them into the thought of something else: escape. This was, in the very first place, Bruno's idea. It was an expression of ambition. He longed to be moving. He felt that with Louise, with her education, her gift for figures, they could get away, to a large town, to London perhaps, and start life together. But Louise held back. Rightly she felt that they must have money. How were they going to live? How could they hope to make money?

'How did Mrs. Lanchester make her money?' he said. 'She swears she began from nothing.'

'That's different.'

'She made money by speculation. You know she did. Why should n't we do it?'

'That's just wild talk.'

'How? What that crazy old tit can do, I can do.'

'She's very shrewd and she has n't always been crazy.'

'All right,' he said. 'Take Coutts.'

'Who is this Coutts you talk about?' she said.

He told her; he told her about the agreement. 'I should like to look at that agreement,' she said.

'Coutts has got it.'

She looked at him in astonishment. 'You mean to say you signed an agreement without being able to read it, and then did n't have a copy?'

Then he saw what a fool he had been.

'You'll probably go on paying interest on that loan for the rest of your life.' She teased him gently. 'And that might be a very long time.' He looked despondent, angry at his own stupidity. 'Luckily it's probably an agreement that does n't hold water.'

'Anyway,' he said, 'that's one mistake I shall never make again.'

He had at that time not paid the September and October installments to Coutts. Discussing what to do, they reasoned that it could not be long before Coutts turned up, looking for his money.

In this they were right. Coutts turned up at Spella Ho on a sultry afternoon in late October, having traveled by train as far as Orlingford, walking the rest of the way. He was sweating and in a temper. Being a man of shrewdness, he had brought the agreement with him, prepared to brandish it like a sword. Seeing him sweating across the park, Bruno found Louise, and they met him together at the gate coming in from the park. Coutts began to say what the hell did Bruno mean by not paying his interest? He clenched the agreement in his hands and waggled it in Bruno's face. Bruno snatched the agreement out of his hands, tore it up, and threw the pieces in his face. He then seized Coutts by coat and breeches and, amazed at his own strength, dropped him over the five-foot iron fence into the park. Coutts stood for about ten seconds, weeping tears of rage, and then ran.

He ran straight down into Castor; and there, first in the Bell and later in the Dragon, began the story that Bruno had beaten him up over some trivial matter of money. 'He bent my arms back until they cracked and then kneed me in the guts and then threw me against a bloody great iron fence.' A man said: 'He'll come it once too often. He damn near got fighting over some rent over at Alf Bailey's last week.'

'Rent?' Coutts immediately seized on this, a matter of money, as something in his own line. 'What rent?' Then he heard, in exchange for his own story, the story of Bruno as it was then common gossip in Castor: how he had bitten off more than he could chew over the carrier's business; how he had nosed his way into the job at Spella Ho; how, as soon as he began to collect them, the rents had gone up. It was a story inspired primarily by jealousy; Coutts fed it with anger. 'You say that old woman's dotty,' he said. 'What's to prevent him putting the rents up without her knowing and pocketing the difference himself?'

'You may depend that's what he bloody well does do,' a man said.

That night the two stories, feeding each other, ran all over Castor. Mixed with liquor, they became fantastic. Inspired by jealousy, they began to be heard with hatred. There arose the picture of Bruno as some upstart autocratic giant, stamping on people. It became a public matter, and Bruno himself, for the first time in his life, a public figure.

A young man named Rufus Chamberlain was in the Bell. He was a head taller than Bruno, a smart fellow, with flashy black eyebrows and beautiful moustaches, who smoked cigars and reckoned himself the best-dressed man in Castor. He was a man who liked sport, and it was he who first suggested that they should go up to Spella Ho, in a gang, get Bruno out, and give him something to remember. 'It'll be sport if it's nothing else,' Chamberlain said. 'In any case, who's going to be bossed about by a nit like Shadbolt?'

Late the following afternoon, Saturday, Chamberlain and about fifty men from Castor, all in beer, with half a dozen scrag-haired women, marched up the avenue at Spella Ho and stood on the terrace in front of the house and chanted for Bruno. 'Who put the rents up?' they chanted. 'Come on, Shadbolt, show your ugly mug. Who put the rents up? Who put the rents up?' They stood there for about ten minutes, whistling and shouting and catcalling, before anything happened. A chamber pot, hurtling down, struck a man on the shoulder, spun him on his back like a kitten, and smashed on the stone flags. The anger of the crowd shot up like an explosion of fire.

'Shadbolt! The mucky sod!'

They set up a roar at the windows, elbowing about, booing, the women screeching like bony parrots. A man picked up a stone and threw it at the house. It was like a signal for a bombardment. The crowd surged down from the terrace to the flower beds below, searching for stones, then began, at first in frenzy, then more systematically, the smashing of every window on the south side of the house. They threw in competition at the top windows of the attics, shouting for Bruno.

All the time Bruno was not there. He was sitting at home, in the Shadbolt kitchen, in nothing but his trousers, waiting for his only shirt to be washed and dried. Maria had been saying to him: 'It's time you got another shirt. You're getting on in the world and you ought to have two.'

They were still discussing the shirt, which was still not dry, when an undergardener from Spella Ho came tearing across the fields in panic.

'They're smashing every window in Spella!'

Bruno put on his jacket, unexcitedly, without waiting for his shirt. He had only one thought: Louise. Not a good runner, he took his time across the fields to the house, saving his strength, nursing

a slow but terrific accumulation of anger. He walked, almost marched, with the fixed determination of a man who knew, to a pin point, where he was going.

He walked out of the park into the yard at the back of the house just as the crowd, having broken every window in the front of the house, was surging round to begin breaking those in the back. When they saw him they stopped. It struck them instantly that there had been a mistake.

The crowd for a moment did not know what to do. They had been angry, for about an hour, and violently, with a man who had never been in the house. They felt momentarily ridiculous. Then suddenly anger surged back in them: anger not because he was to blame, but because he was not to blame. He had cheated them and they were doubly furious.

Chamberlain shouted: 'Here the sod comes!' Bruno's jacket flapped open, showing his bare trunk, so that he looked like a man who had just hastily dressed. 'Looks as if he's been sleeping with the old woman.'

Bruno went straight on, without hesitation, and, as though it had all been steadfastly preconceived, hit Chamberlain a terrific blow in the throat. Chamberlain went mad. He came in and hit Bruno all over the place. He hit him three times in the face, knocking him down, and twice round the back of the neck, with a hook. He slit his left eyebrow as though with the cross slash of a thin knife and then hit him with terrific power under the heart. Bruno was down three times and came up again.

He came up again as though automatically. The blows had no effect at all on his determination. He got up and Chamberlain hit him; he fell down and got up and Chamberlain hit him again. He got up the third time with blood like a vivid splash of ripe fruit all over his face.

Then he hit Chamberlain. It was a blow that afterwards was remembered

and talked about for longer than the cause of the fight. He went in and hit Chamberlain, off his balance, a moderate blow in the chest. As Chamberlain staggered Bruno brought his fists together and smashed them down into Chamberlain's eyes. It was like a double hammer blow. It smashed down as though to squash out the pupils like jelly.

The crowd were thrilled and shocked. Chamberlain was down and they got him to his feet. They pushed him into the fight again. It was a fight that then began to be an exhibition of desperation, Chamberlain staggering about half-blinded, his head in Bruno's belly, Bruno down, the fight itself moving in circles and then diagonally across the yard towards the wall of coal in the corner, blood and spit and the shouting and bawling of the crowd and the beer spew of a woman clotting about it in a thick pandemonium of excitement.

Finally the men could no longer stand on their feet. They began to hit each other, blinded by blood, in attitudes of falling. Chamberlain fell back in the coal, Bruno with him. They got up and raked the air with despairing semicircles, launching at each other attacks of bloody and almost comic weakness. Finally Chamberlain sprawled forward on his face and could not get up again.

Bruno stood for a moment stolidly looking at him, for the first time indeterminate. A man broke out of the crowd, swinging him round by the shoulder.

'Damn you, you threw that pot at me!'

Bruno hit him automatically, almost with indifference. The man staggered back into the crowd, absorbed by faces. Those faces, as Bruno stared at them, waiting for an aggressive motion, seemed for some reason to be swimming in blood. They receded and swayed forward and yet remained. They moved and yet nothing happened.

And after about a minute he knew that it was the end.

(To be continued)

Few Doctors Die of Diabetes



Few doctors who have diabetes die of the disease. Why? Because they know how to keep it under control.

Insulin is the great modern defense against death from diabetes. It is now so dependable that many doctors feel justified in promising adult diabetic patients almost as long a life with the disease as without it. With insulin, a diabetic child can grow, study and play with other children on nearly even terms.

Diabetes is more frequent among middle-aged, overweight persons and those in whose family there is a history of the disease. But many people predisposed to diabetes may escape it by keeping underweight through correct diet and exercise.

A neglected mild case of diabetes is apt to become severe, while the severe case, carefully treated, usually does not progress. There are more than a hundred thousand persons in this country with mild diabetes who need insulin but

do not take it. Many of these diabetics prefer to risk the consequences rather than have three or four injections of insulin each day. They no longer have this reason for endangering their lives.

A new form of insulin—protamine insulin—injected once daily is effective in treating the majority of mild cases—and at first most cases are mild.

Many unnecessary deaths among diabetics are the result of coma or infections. They might be avoided if the doctor's orders regarding insulin, diet and exercise are heeded.

The usual reward for obedience to the doctor's orders is added years of comfort and of life. Doctors know this, and that is why few of them die of diabetes.

Send for the Metropolitan free booklet "Diabetes" which tells some of the symptoms and describes how to guard against the disease. Address Booklet Department 838-T.



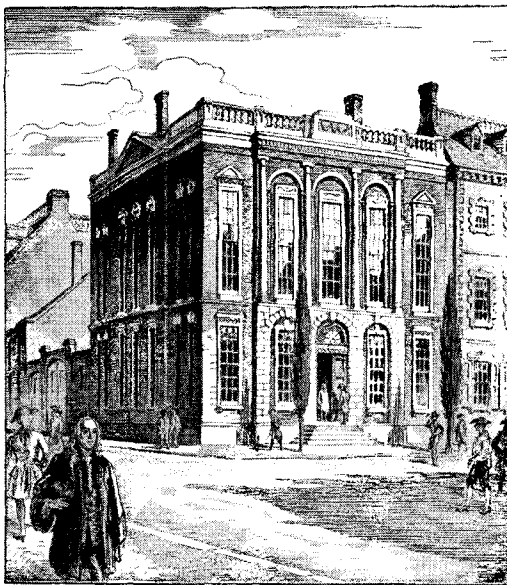
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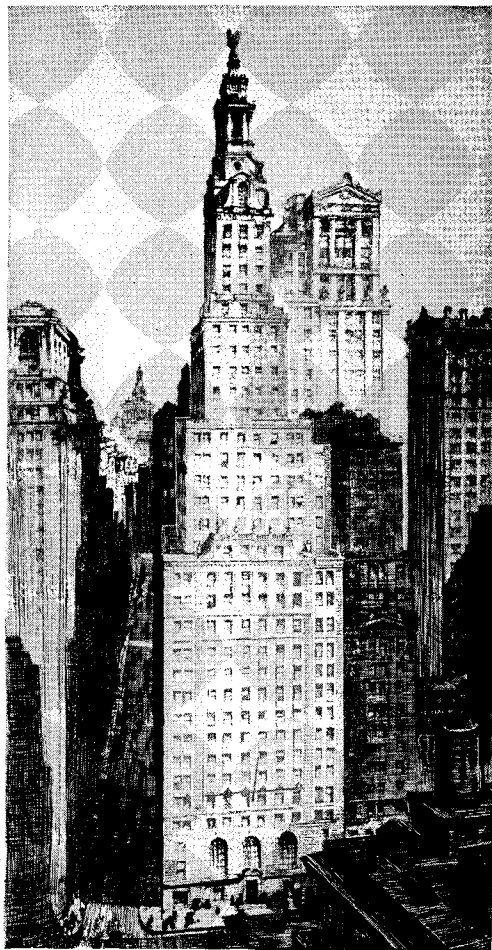
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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The Bank of New York erected the above building in 1797 on the site still occupied at the Corner of Wall & William Sts.

The *Return* of an Old and Honored Name



Present building of the Bank of New York.

On July 1, 1938, the Bank of New York & Trust Company changed its name to Bank of New York. This change, however, merely marks the return of an old and honored name, by which the Bank was known for 138 years of its 154-year existence.

This Bank was founded as the Bank of New York by Alexander Hamilton and a small group of other leading New York citizens on March 15, 1784, five years before the American Constitution was adopted, and when New York was a city of

only 23,000 people. It was New York's first bank and for 15 years its only bank. It was known to the citizens of early New York simply as "the Bank." It gave the City its first orderly financial accommodations, and did much to establish sound banking practices and principles for future American business.

The change is one of name only. It will not involve any change in our policies or in the character of our business. Both our trust and commercial banking business will be conducted as heretofore.

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 Wall Street — New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET